

THE BLANKET INDIAN
OF THE NORTHWEST
BY COL. G. O. SHIELDS

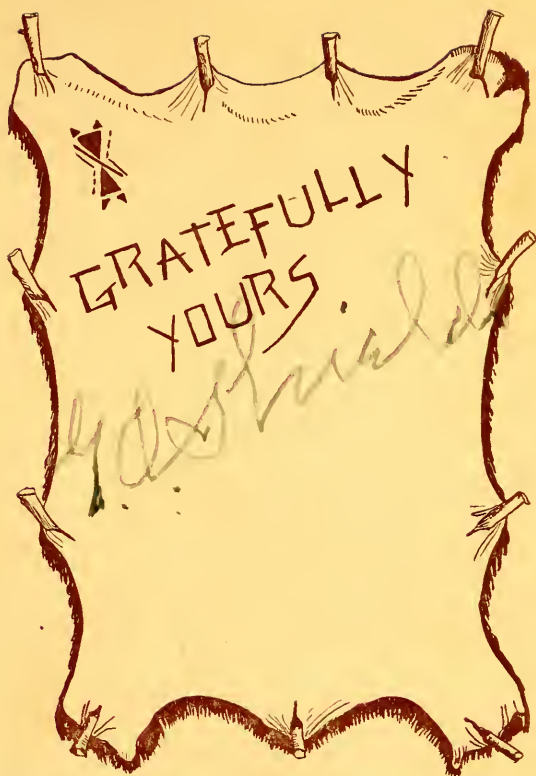
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Chief Joseph
"The Noblest Roman of Them All"

THE BLANKET INDIAN OF THE NORTHWEST

BY COLONEL G. O. SHIELDS

AUTHOR OF

"THE BATTLE OF THE BIG HOLE"

"HUNTING IN THE GREAT WEST"

"BIG GAME OF NORTH AMERICA"

ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

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One of the scouts who piloted Custer up the Rosebud, and the only man of Custer's force who escaped alive. He disguised himself in the clothing of a dead Sioux and got away unnoticed.

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On festal occasions, in which the whole tribe is concerned, often several hundred Indians come together some of them traveling hundreds of miles to reach the rendezvous.

PUBLISHER'S FOREWORD

This book has been published from the manuscript without "Author's Corrections." We believe we may claim for it the distinction of being the first book that has ever gone to press without any changes except for variations due to typographical errors. It is a high compliment to the author for his carefully prepared copy and it points a moral in the saving of needless expense — especially in these days when mechanical operations are so costly. Corrections must cease at some time: Why not before the writing goes to the printer? That is the philosophy that the author, an experienced copy writer, has co-operated with the publisher in carrying out in a practical way.

If a comma has been innocently misplaced, we pray you put one in to accord with your own ideas; and receive the book as you would the writer's spoken narrative, with a cordial freedom from condemnation for trifling human errors.

PREFACE

This book happened in a peculiar way. It was thus :

For years I have been lecturing on the Blanket Indian of the Northwest, using pictures on the screen. About two years ago I proceeded to put the subject matter of that lecture on paper. On almost every page of the manuscript I incorporated facts and incidents that could not be given in the hour's talk, but which I felt should be put on record for posterity.

The lecture consists almost entirely of personal reminiscences of Indians I have known, hunted with, camped with, feasted with and starved with. The material kept growing and I kept adding to the story from day to day, till the bulk finally became sufficient for three or four one hour talks.

Finally it dawned on me that I had in my mind and in my library enough material for a book, entirely different from any now in print, so I began an extensive course of research and writing which occupied nearly a year, and the present volume is the result.

I am glad to acknowledge my indebtedness to various authors whose works I have studied and used to a greater or less extent; notably the Handbook of American Indians, prepared by the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, and published by the Secretary of the Interior; the

excellent work of Major James McLaughlin, entitled, "My Friend the Indian"; that of Dr. Joseph K. Dixon, entitled, "A Vanishing Race"; "The Indian and His Problem," by Francis C. Leupp; Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady's "North-western Fights and Fighters"; "General Miles' "Personal Memoirs," etc.

For illustrations I am indebted to the Hon. L. A. Huffman, Miles City, Montana, D. F. Barry, Superior, Wis., Major Lee Moorhouse, Pendleton, Oregon, all of whom have lived and worked among the Indians many years; and to Chas. F. Fish, Fall River, Mass., an ardent collector.

Some of the pictures I made myself, along the trail while exploring and hunting on the frontier, when there was a frontier.

G. O. SHIELDS,
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New York City.

CHAPTER I

NATIVE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE RED MAN

"The Indian with his pipe of peace is slowly passing away,
But the Irishman with his piece of pipe is surely here to stay."

To lovers of the picturesque it is a source of keen regret that the Blanket Indian, the most striking and conspicuous figure this country has ever produced, is passing. And by this I mean the Indian who formerly wore a red blanket, a beaded buckskin shirt and leggins, a gorgeous war bonnet, and who painted his face, his hands and his horse in a manner wonderful to behold. Of course we all approve the action of the Federal Government and of the missionaries in educating and attempting to civilize the red people; but at the same time we deplore the great loss we have sustained in consequence.

While the Government has transformed the Blanket Indian into a farmer it has made of him a very inferior one.

Francis E. Leupp, in "The Indian and His Problems," says: —

"Although the Crows and the Klamaths do creditable general farming when they wake up to it, and they and certain Sioux bands breed some good horses; although the Assinaboines make hay well, and the Chippewas are lumbermen by instinct, and the Apaches are clever at vegetable gardening; though the Navajos have a natural gift for sheep herding; and the Blackfeet make fair progress with cattle when they are taught how; though the Mission Indians furnish much of the labor on the fruit ranches of southern California, and the Pueblos of various names raise a little

corn and a few peaches under conditions which the white farmer would regard as hopeless; still, every one who knows Indians will agree that as a race they do not take to husbandry of preference. There is as wide a difference of tastes and talents among them as among other peoples.

“Mechanical employments attract the larger multitude. In Oregon and Nevada I have seen excellent dwellings built entirely by young Indian carpenters. The furniture for my headquarters in Washington I had made in the school shops at Carlisle, Haskell, Chilocco and Hampton. Many Indians are good blacksmiths, and one of the best of these is stone blind.

“The round-houses and machine shops of the leading railroads in the Southwest show a thick sprinkling of young Indians among their skilled laborers. On the North Pacific coast some of the best pilots are drafted from what the old treaties called the ‘fish-eating tribes.’ The Chippewas take to road and bridge building so readily that it was proposed to organize among them a corps of sappers and miners for the Cuban campaign of 1898.

“The steam saw-mills of the northern forest belt, from Minnesota to Oregon, are Indian manned in part; and on a little independent railway on which I once traveled in the West, an Indian was the engineer and stoker, handled a part of the baggage, jumped off at a way station here and there to sell tickets, and occasionally lent a hand to relieve an overworked conductor.”

Some of the Indian’s most prominent characteristics, and some in which many white people are sadly deficient, are:

His firmness of purpose, his dogged determination to do whatever he undertakes; his perseverance; his fortitude under suffering; his ability to work hard and to do without food or drink for long periods of time.

I never heard an Indian say, “I can’t,” nor have I ever heard one even express doubt as to whether or not he could

do a thing. About as near as he ever comes to committing himself, either for or against a proposition, is to say "mebbe so."

When an Indian undertakes to do a thing he *does it* if within the limits of human power, regardless of difficulties, or hardships, or unfavorable conditions. When an Indian is on the trail and dinner time comes, if there happens to be no food in sight he simply buckles up his belt and goes on, without uttering a word of complaint. When supper time comes if there is still no food he tightens his belt another hole, rolls himself in his blanket and goes to sleep. He does not cuss the luck, or the country, or the government, or the leader of the party, or the weather, or the game, or anything or anybody. He accepts the situation like a philosopher and makes the best of it.

If to-morrow or the next day he kills a deer or an elk, or a moose, he camps there, builds a fire and proceeds to fill up. He eats, and eats, lets out hole after hole in his belt and keeps on eating, for hours. Then he lies down, sleeps it off, gets up and goes at it again.

The average Indian has but a meager sense of humor, and many of them none at all. You rarely see an Indian smile, even when a number of them are together, and you still more rarely hear one laugh aloud. Even the children go about their play as seriously as if they were going to a funeral.

Years ago I made a canoe trip up the Fraser river to the mouth of the Douglas and up that some 50 miles, with an Indian. In the Fraser the salmon were running and occasionally one would get some kind of a funny streak on him and make a long run, consisting mainly of a series of leaps through the air, diving alternately and swimming just far enough to get momentum for the next leap. Then he would rise into the air again; and so on until he would go 100 or 200 yards before stopping. I asked the Indian

what it meant; whether the fish was trying to get away from a larger one that was after him, or whether he was in pain, or what?

The Siwash replied: "No, all same play, raise h—." But did he smile? Not he. He spoke as seriously as if at a funeral.

Once when riding over a mountain trail with two friends, we met a Crow Indian who had been hunting. He made the sign as he approached that his heart was good and we rode forward and shook hands with him. He was at once attracted by a hammerless Sharp's rifle I carried across my saddle, and asked if he might examine it. Under other circumstances I would not have allowed it to go out of my hands; but my friends were ready for business and so I passed the gun over to the red man. He took it, looked it over carefully, patted it affectionately, put it to his shoulder and looked through the sights. Then he took it down, patted it again and said:

"Nee-po-lee-phut a-huke, bad-tsass"; which being interpreted means, "great gun, shoot a heap, shoot to-day and kill to-morrow."

And that came about as near humor as any remark I ever heard an Indian make. Still, he did not smile.

Some years ago I employed two Indians to go with me into the high mountains in British Columbia, after Rocky mountain goats. We were to travel two days up a canyon that stood almost on end, and that was about as near impassable as any man could possibly imagine. Then, after reaching the head of it we were to climb some stubborn, frowning cliffs that we could see from the valley. So, we were compelled to go light. We took all the bacon and hard-tack we could carry, but under the terrific strain and the intense labor we were performing these vanished rapidly, so that by the end of the second day our larder was low.

Near night we arrived at the head of the canyon, where

the creek we had been following tumbled out of a small lake. We had traveled only about 10 miles in a straight line, and the aneroid showed that we had ascended 4,860 feet. There were several perpendicular falls in the creek, of 25 to 50 feet each, and one of nearly 80 feet, and the stream was a veritable torrent from start to finish. There was a great deal of down timber and many lateral canyons and gulches coming in, which we had to cross; so when we reached the lake we were about as near dead as human beings can get without ceasing to breathe. We started to make camp and while I was preparing my bivouac one of the Indians disappeared. I asked the other where he was, and he replied:

"Mebbe so gone fish."

"Fish?" I said: "There are no fish in this lake, are there?"

"Mebbe so," he said.

"What kind?"

"Mebbe so salmon."

"How on earth did they get here?"

"Dunno."

"But George has no tackle, has he?"

"Mebbe so hook."

By this time I heard a noise in the brush and here came George carrying a salmon over his back that was nearly as long as he was, and that would weigh at least 30 pounds.

I asked him how on earth he got it, and he said he hooked it.

I said:

"What kind of bait did you use?"

"No bait."

I questioned him farther and found that he had brought with him a large hook, such as we use in the east for sharks; that he had tied this to the end of a pole; that he had walked out on a drift that had formed in the lower end of the lake, put his pole down between two logs, to a depth of six or

eight feet, and then had jerked it up every 10 or 20 seconds. He had not made many yanks when he hooked this monstrous salmon in the jaw and brought him struggling and pounding through an opening in the drift.

Arriving at camp he cut a short pole, which he trimmed so as to leave two branches, each about three feet long. These he sharpened at the ends and having split the salmon on the back spread it on a log and ran the two prongs through it, skewer fashion.

Then he sharpened the butt end of the pole and stuck it in the ground in front of a big, roaring fire I had built in the open side of a big dead tree. The fish soon began to sizzle and the oil to run down the pole. At frequent intervals George would drop his other work, turn the spit so as to change sides of the fish. Then he would rub the oil on his hair. He repeated this operation perhaps a dozen times, and at the end of an hour the salmon was roasted to the queen's taste, or the king's either, for that matter, and George's hair had an elegant polish.

Then he laid the smoking mass on a big log, pulled out the skewers and we assaulted the fish with our hunting knives. I cut off a piece that was probably eight inches wide, a foot long, three inches thick and that would have weighed at least three pounds. At home I should have been ashamed to take half of it on my plate at once; but in camp it is different, especially if you have been climbing mountains all day. In an hour I had finished my task. Then I completed the arrangements for the night, and, with rosy visions of a breakfast of cold salmon, hot coffee and hard tack, crawled into my sleeping bag and soon forgot all my troubles.

Within the next two or three hours I was awakened, several times by the sound of voices, and other indications that my companions were still feasting; but they finally went to bed. Along toward morning I again heard sounds of feasting, and looking out from under the flap of my sleeping

bag saw the two Indians sitting by the fire eating fish. I was too tired to be annoyed or even disturbed by their conduct and, turning over, dropped asleep. When daylight came I crawled out and found the Indians slumbering like babes in the wood. I was ready for a big breakfast; but, to my consternation, when I turned the canvas back and looked for the remaining half or so of the fish, there was not a vestige of it left, except the backbone and ribs! The two savages had eaten every particle of the 30 pound salmon, except the dainty morsel I ate for supper.

A few years later I hunted moose in northeast Minnesota, in the Lake of the Woods country. On my way to the moose country I met an Indian coming out, on horseback.

I asked him if he had killed any game, and he said he had.

I said, "Where is it?" He motioned over his shoulder to the northeast.

I said, "Where are you going now?"

"Me get squaw, pappoose, go camp wid de moose."

And I knew his plan was to move his family and his worldly effects to the carcass and camp there until they had eaten it. Or, perhaps they would dry and smoke a part of it; but it is safe to say they would work over-time eating, for the next week or 10 days, and by that time there would be little left of the moose, no matter how big he may have been on foot.

In the domestic economy of the red people it falls to the lot of the squaw to do nearly all the hard work. The buck kills the game, or does the fighting and brings home the scalps or other trophies. After a long day's drive across country, when camp is reached the man gets off his horse, lights his pipe, sits on the ground, leans back against a tree and smokes; while the squaw unsaddles the horses and pickets them out to graze; gathers the wood and water, cooks

the supper, makes camp, and when the meal is eaten the lord and master rolls his honorable corpse in his blanket and goes to sleep, leaving the squaw to do whatever other chores may be necessary.

I was in the Panhandle of Idaho years ago and came across an old Scotchman, who had drifted into that country, married a squaw and was living in a log shack, without a floor and with only one small window. Playing around the house were half a dozen half-breed children, dirty, unkempt and wearing but scant vestiges of clothing; yet this man was a graduate of the University of Edinburgh and his father had been a wealthy merchant and landowner in Portland, Oregon.

I asked him about the game in the country, and whether there were any caribou left. He said:

"Yes, plenty of them. One of the young men went over east yesterday and killed 18, and to-day they have gone to pack them in."

I said, "They took horses to carry the meat on, I reckon."

"Oh, no, you couldn't get horses into that country. It's too rough, too much down timber. They took women."

The next afternoon the caravan hove in sight, the four bucks walking in front, carrying their guns only, and the dozen squaws staggering along, each under a load of 100 pounds or more of venison.

And the next day they were to go back and bring in the rest of the meat — 36 miles for each round trip.

The Indian has a remarkable faculty of adapting himself to his environment, whatever that may be. He can always find something to eat, something to make a shelter of, and something to make a fire with.

When a party is on a hunting trip, or on the war-path, or going to visit friends, or going anywhere, for any purpose, they aim to camp each night in the vicinity



Tepee Poles in Place

Left for the next party that may camp here
Photographed by the Author in Wilcox's pass, Alberta, Canada

of timber, and if they can accomplish this, as soon as the packs are thrown off the squaws proceed to cut tepee poles. These are usually 12 to 15 feet long, and two or three inches in diameter at the butt. If they are to be carried along the next day the bark is peeled off, and when this is done 8 or 10 of the poles are tied together about three feet from the top, with a rawhide thong or a piece of rope. Then they are up-ended and the squaws spread the butts of the poles so as to form a circle 12 or 15 feet in diameter, placing the poles about two feet apart on the ground.

When the frame of the house is thus formed two of the squaws take the sheets of canvas that have been brought along for the purpose, and, walking around the group of poles, spread the canvas and draw it taut over the frame, making the ends fast to the poles by means of thongs.

The laps of canvas are continued, one after another, until the shelter reaches nearly to the top of the poles. Here an opening is left about a foot in diameter and a sheet of canvas, a yard square, is stretched around the upper ends of the poles, to serve as a wind screen. This is shifted from one side to the other, as the wind changes; so that there may always be a draft from the bottom of the tepee up through the opening. Then a fire may be built in the center of the tepee, and no matter from what quarter the wind comes, the smoke goes out at the top, and the inmates may eat, or sleep, or loaf, and are never annoyed by smoke.

In the earlier days the skins of buffalo, elk or other animals were used to cover the tepee frame, instead of canvas, but since the game was exterminated the Indians must depend on the white trader for tepee cloth.

In cold weather the lower edge of the canvas is kept in place by pegs driven in the ground at intervals of about two feet, and in hot weather the walls are looped up, so that the breeze may blow through.

The door always faces the East, so that the occupants may greet the rising sun. The usual door is a piece of can-

was or dressed skin, stretched over a frame, and, in case of a permanent camp, decorated with a picture, or with porcupine quills or other ornaments. The dressed skin of a panther, coyote or buffalo calf, with the hairy side out, was sometimes used.

Beds are arranged at will, and curtains of canvas or skin are hung so as to protect the sleepers from rain or snow that might enter through the smoke hole.

The chief's tepee, whether of skins or canvas, is usually decorated with crude paintings, representing prominent episodes or events in his life.

To strike and pack the tepee is the work of only a few minutes, and if the journey is to be across the prairie the poles are taken along. If not, they are left standing for the next Indian who may come that way, and new ones are cut at the next camp. Some of these poles are used for travois, for carrying the duffle.

Chief Running Bird said at a recent great council: "I was glad to come here and see the old time tepees, the kind our fathers used to live in. I grew up in this kind of a tepee and had good health, and now when they give us houses to live in I am not healthy at all. The reason we can not have good health in houses is because the Great Father gave us tepees to live in, where we had plenty of air, and we feel smothered in houses. When I come out and sleep in a tepee I sleep a great deal better."

Another old Indian said: "When we made a camp we seldom stayed more than 10 days. Then we pulled down our tepees and moved, and we kept our health good by traveling."

There is much food for reflection in these remarks.

When the white man goes into camp, in summer, he has to combat the mosquito; but the noble red man ignores that pesky varmint. He simply and religiously refrains from the use of soap and water, and the residuum of perspiration

and camp fire smoke that soon coats his person renders him impregnable to the mosquito's boring tools.

Of course the methods of the red man in war are not such as we practice or approve of; but it must be remembered that they have been, from time immemorial, savages. An Indian does not realize that he is doing anything unfair, or unsoldier-like, when he crawls through the grass in the dark, to within 10 feet of a sentinel, who is pacing his beat, and cuts him down with his hatchet, or stabs him to the heart with his knife. He does not realize that he is doing anything unmanly, or unsoldier-like when he scalps a victim, or even when he mutilates his body in other ways. The Indian of the earlier days saw nothing unfair or cruel or savage in burning prisoners at the stake, because the red man had been trained to such customs for thousands of years.

And it is not strange that occasionally a white man, who has lived on the plains many years, has fought Indians habitually and who has almost forgotten the ways of civilization, should drop into their ways and sometimes should turn the tables on them.

A case in point is a Government wagon master at Fort Keogh, Montana, back in the '80's. He took his rifle one morning, mounted his big gray horse and rode up the Rosebud, 20 or 30 miles to get a deer. He hunted all day without getting a shot and toward night started home. He knew there were hostile Indians in the country and kept a careful lookout over the crests of the ridges. Besides, he frequently looked behind him, and on one of these occasions saw four Indians a mile back, coming at top speed of their horses.

He guessed their aim at once. They had been hidden in the brush while he had passed; had seen that he had a fine horse, a good rifle, a good saddle, bridle and blanket, and they wanted these; so they concluded not to shoot for fear of killing the horse, but to rush the man and capture him

and his outfit. They saw that the hunter had been riding all day while their horses were fresh, and they counted on an easy capture.

The hunter laid his plans in an instant, put spurs to his horse and fled as if in an effort to beat them to the post. A mile ahead of where he had made the discovery was a deep coulee that had in it some brush. When he went down into this he slid off his horse with his gun, left his bridle rein on the horse's neck and struck him with his quirt to make him go; hoping thus to give the Indians the impression that he had been thrown from his horse and that the horse had gotten away from him.

This was just what the hostiles wanted and they knew they had the man. But sometimes it is better not to know so much than to know things that are not so. As soon as the wagon master started the horse down the home trail he ran back to the brink of the cut bank and lay prostrate, with one arm over the bank to hold the muzzle of his rifle above the grass. Then he let the Indians come until within 50 yards of him. They were stretching their necks to get a glimpse of him in the coulee, so that they might shoot; but before they saw even the edge of his hat brim he turned loose and dropped the leader out of his saddle. As quick as thought he shoved in another cartridge and fired at the second Indian. He also tumbled, and the third followed suit. This was enough for the fourth, and he turned and struck out on the back trail as fast as the horse could go; but before he got out of range the wagon master killed the horse and set the Indian a-foot. Then another shot finished him.

The wagon master was so elated over the success of his ruse and over having beaten the Indians at their own game, that he treated them as he knew they would have treated him, if they had gotten him; he scalped them, took their guns and horses and whatever else they had that was worth taking, and rode into the post. When he reported to the



How the Pappoose Gets His Ride

commanding officer he was roundly reprimanded and threatened with punishment for scalping the Indians; but when he stated the case to the gruff old Colonel, the latter said:

“ Well, I don’t know but I should have done the same thing if I had been in your boots.”

The plains Indians are the greatest horsemen in the world, next to our American cowboys. Indians are taught to ride from the time they are two years old, and by the time an Indian boy is 10 he is as much at home on a horse as a white boy is on the ground. As the Indian grows he becomes an entirely fearless rider and almost forgets how to walk. Nearly all the plains Indians are bow-legged, like a bull dog. Their legs have grown crooked from having bestriden horses from childhood, when the bones were soft; so they are not graceful walkers, by any means.

The Northwest Indians, are, by nature, savage fighters. For generations past they have been taught to hate the white man, and the greatest achievement an Indian of the past generation could look forward to was that of killing or scalping a white man, and better still a number of them. The war methods of the red man were thoroughly savage of course, but we have no right to blame him for that. He was born so, bred in scenes of bloodshed and his savage instincts were just as natural to him as our humane instincts are to us.

For a hundred years this nation has waged a bitter war, a war of extermination, against the Indian. Many thousands of lives have been sacrificed on both sides, and the soil of the whole western half of the continent is enriched by the best blood of both races.

Great commanders and great heroes have been developed on both sides. The names of such man as Sully, Sheridan, Sibley, Harney, Miles, Gibbon, Howard, Custer, Merritt, Fetterman, Crook, Terry and Mackenzie among the whites,

and Chief Joseph, Red Cloud, Rain-in-the-Face, Crazy Horse, Gall and American Horse among the red men, will live in history for all time to come. Time and again the Indians have been, as one writer expresses it, "starved into rebellion and beaten into subjection"; but it was an unequal struggle; a war of millions against thousands, of civilization against savagery, and there could be but one result. The millions prevailed; the thousands were defeated, subjugated, crushed; their broad domain was seized and overrun by the invaders, and the survivors of the weaker races were driven into remote corners of the great land that for ages had been its possession by every right of law and justice.

The Indian is a tireless traveler. A party of them frequently ride until dark, eat their supper, go to bed, get up at two or three in the morning, eat a hasty snack of jerked meat or pemmican, saddle and away again before daylight; ride all that day and well into the night, and so on. This of course only when in pursuit of, or fleeing from an enemy, or when in a great hurry to overhaul game of some kind that may otherwise escape them.

Naturally, the western Indian is an adroit, skillful hunter. He is born and bred to this and while he has not the least sense of sport, yet he is often in the saddle long before daylight when hunting; and in some cases hunts all day long, returning to camp after dark. The Indian is not, however, a good shot at long range; and it is physically impossible for him to be such. All Indians have black eyes and black-eyed men are never good long-range shots.

If you will go to a rifle range when soldiers are practicing and look into the eyes of the men who are competing at the longer ranges, especially those who are making good scores and who are wearing badges or medals that they have won

in competitions at 500 to 1,500 yards, you will find that they all have gray or blue eyes.

The Indian is a crack shot of course at short ranges, say 200 yards or under, but he kills most of his game at less than 100 yards. His success in hunting is due to the fact that he is a tireless, patient stalker. An Indian frequently crawls on his stomach 200, 300 or even 500 yards, to reach an animal that is asleep, or that is feeding in the open. The red hunter crawls to within 30 yards of a deer or an elk and shoots him from behind, the bullet entering the flank and ranging forward into the vitals.

Instead of pursuing such tactics as these, your white hunter would have fired as soon as he got within 200 or 300 yards of the animal; and with his superior eyesight, and assuming that he is a crack shot anyway, he would do as good execution, or perhaps better, than the Indian would at 30 yards.

Indians are inordinately fond of dogs and every family has five or more. This means a whole herd of them for the camp and when a stranger appears over the horizon pandemonium breaks loose.

The Indians starve their dogs unmercifully, even when they have plenty of food for themselves, and when the cupboard is bare the poor dog does not even get a bone. They are often reduced to eating grass, and sometimes dead grass at that. They eat all manner of offal, even to the droppings of horses and cattle.

A house painter told me that once when doing some government work at the Crow agency and living in a tent, the dogs annoyed him greatly by sneaking in and stealing everything they could eat, carry or drag away. They chewed his saddle, ate off the stirrup straps and cinches, ruined a saddle blanket and a pair of shoes, and even devoured a pail of white lead that he had left open.

He laced the tent closely in front, staked it down tight all around, but the poor, starving brutes would dig under.

One night when he went to bed he laid his big hunting knife near his bunk. Soon he was awakened by one of the intruders and saw, by the moonlight, a nose pushed under the tent wall. He struck at it, hoping to put the hungry beast out of his misery, but instead cut the end of his nose off.

The dog yelled and sniffled a few minutes, but actually came back in half an hour and again tried to dig in. This time the painter waited till the dog shoved his head through the opening and that time finished him.

The Indians let the dogs sleep in the tepees and, in very cold weather, under the same blanket. In fact the Indian makes a chum of his dog, and when a friend comes whom he wishes to honor in the highest possible degree, has his favorite dog killed and served at the feast, in soup, stew and roast.

The Indian is inured to hardships and privations, such as hunger, cold, long rides, or in some cases long runs across country, and no matter how hard conditions may be, "it all goes in the day's drive" and he endures whatever comes with stoical indifference. His indomitable will, his bull-headedness and his unflinching nerve carry him to his destination.

Indians have rarely been known to waste game. They seem to have no idea of sport. They kill simply and purely for meat, clothing and shelter, and when they get enough to answer these purposes they quit; while the white man, in many instances, keeps on killing, for the sheer love of slaughter. Thousands of white men have been known to slaughter 10, or 20, or 30, or even 50 head of big game in an hour, for which they had no earthly use, and to go away and leave the carcasses without taking a pound of meat, or even a head. I have in mind an Englishman who hunted

with a guide whom I afterward employed; and when they encountered a big herd of elk in a canyon in the Rockies the Englishman killed 32 of them, though he could not and did not take a pound of meat, nor even a pair of antlers.

Although the hundreds of thousands of Indians with which the western country was populated when the white man first went there, had lived entirely on game for generations past, the game was as abundant as ever, and in fact, is supposed to have increased every year, for thousands of years; but when the railways were built into the west and the white hunters went there, they soon wiped out the game.

Major McLaughlin says:

“ I never have known an Indian to kill a game animal that he did not need; and I have known few white hunters to stop while there was game to kill.”

CHAPTER II

THE TRAINING OF AN INDIAN RUNNER

THE father of Rain-in-the-Face decided, when the boy was only a few years old, to make of him a great runner. Of course he was to be a hunter and a warrior as well; but in times of peace and in times when the family larder is supplied with meat there are messages to be carried across the plains or across the mountains; and these must be borne by men especially equipped for it, mentally and physically.

Sometimes a chief desires to send a message to another who may be 500 miles away, and the intervening country, or much of it, may be occupied by hostile tribes, or patrolled by U. S. Cavalry. In such cases the runner must travel almost wholly by night and lie concealed all day. He must travel on foot, for the presence of a horse might betray his whereabouts to the enemy and cost the runner his life.

Frequently time is an important factor. A war may be pending, or in progress, or for some other reason it may be necessary for the runner to reach the friendly camp at the earliest possible moment. So, he must fly by night, and little food, raiment, or bedding can be taken along. A gun is rarely carried, and even in the earlier days, when bows and arrows were in general use, the runner would seldom encumber himself with these. It was never safe to build a fire, under such conditions, and the runner must subsist on the short rations of dried meat that he could carry with him, and on roots, browse, or whatever other food he might be able to pick up during the long, lonely hours of the day when hiding in the desert, or in the forest. Sometimes the runner was discovered and pursued by an enemy. In such

cases he might have to leap into a river, dive and swim a long distance under water, finally coming to the surface under an overhanging bush, or under a bit of drift, where he could put merely his nose above water, and there lie concealed for hours, while the enemy hunted for him.

So, the successful runner must be trained for the work, almost from childhood; and so Rain-in-the-Face was. When only four or five years old his father put him at very vigorous exercises, and at manual labor. He sent the boy on short runs, in fact did everything that could be done to develop his strength, his muscular force, his quickness of action, his intuition, his keenness of sight, his ability to think rapidly, to meet emergencies, to adapt himself in every way possible to his circumstances, whatever they might be.

When the boy was 8 or 10 years old his father would send him away on a run of 10 miles across country. Sometimes the trip would take him through dense forests; at other times over ranges of hills; in another instance across a river that he would have to swim in going and coming; and the boy was required to blaze a tree, or to break down some bushes, or lean a pole against a tree, or do something to prove to the investigating committee who might go the next day, that he had been there.

Sometimes the boy would be started on one of these runs at sundown and required to go to the top of a certain hill, 10 or 12, or 15 miles away and there light a fire, so that everybody in the camp might know he was there, and when he arrived. As the boy grew in years and size the severity of the training was increased until by the time he was 20 years old he was required to do, and often did things that would have been impossible for any human being that had not been trained to that kind of work as severely as this boy had.

When Rain-in-the-Face was 24 years old he made one of the most remarkable runs that any Indian ever made.

In December, 1873 or 1874, while quartered with a portion of his tribe at the Standing Rock Agency, about 70 miles south of Bismarck, he got into an altercation with four white men, and killed two of them in self-defense, as he claimed.

As soon as his anger cooled and he realized what he had done he knew he would be hunted by the cavalry, and if caught would be shot or hung; so he fled into the desert, near night. This was of course in the dead of winter. There were two feet of snow on the ground, the temperature was ranging at 20 to 40 below zero, and the wind was blowing a gale, sweeping the snow up from the ground and driving it hither and thither. No pursuit was made that night, but early the next morning several squads of Indian police, and two detachments of cavalry, were sent after him. They scoured the country nearly all day, without finding a trace of the fugitive, until near nightfall. Then it became necessary for him to make a run from one hiding place to another, in order to warm his blood and avoid freezing to death.

Earlier in the day the flying snow had obliterated his tracks as fast as he made them; but this time a party of Indian scouts crossed his trail almost immediately after he had passed, and so could easily follow it. They soon found him concealed, as best he could be, in a shallow cleft of rock on the bank of a creek. He was crouched on the ground with his blanket drawn over him and a bunch of sagebrush pulled in front of him.

The sergeant in charge of the hunting party called to him to throw up his hands. Rain-in-the-Face realized that resistance there would be futile, and obeyed the order, knowing that while there's life there's hope.

He was bound, taken to the Agency and thrown into jail. This was a temporary, unfinished log structure, without a floor, and the cracks between the logs had not been plastered. There was no fire-place or stove and of course no



Rain-in-the Face, Minneconjou Sioux
A professional runner, noted warrior and third in
command under Crazy Horse in the Custer fight

fuel. There was six or eight inches of snow on the ground that had blown in through the openings in the walls, and the prisoner was confined in this house, near night, without food and with only one blanket; so that his only means of keeping from freezing was to walk almost constantly around the room.

Meantime, when the killing occurred, the cavalry officer stationed at the Agency had sent a courier to General Custer, who was in command at Fort Lincoln, near Bismarck, telling of the tragedy. The General sent the courier back with an order that the fugitive should be hunted down at whatever cost; that he should be brought in dead or alive; that if alive he should be thrown into jail and punished as severely as possible, pending the time when a courtmartial could be convened and the culprit disposed of in a legal way. And this meant, of course, that he would be hung or shot.

The courier returned the day after the prisoner was put in jail and the order was read and interpreted to him. On hearing it Rain-in-the-Face, as he told his friends afterward, swore vengeance on General Custer as the author of his sufferings. He swore that if he ever got out he would kill Custer, in a hand-to-hand fight if possible, and if not, then at longer range; that he would cut his heart out and carry it away as a trophy. And how well, or how wickedly he carried out this threat will appear later.

The Indian's hatred of the General grew as he suffered in the next few days.

As soon as the prisoner was incarcerated a dozen or more of his friends got together in a tepee some distance from the Agency, and laid a plan to release him, or at least to make the attempt. Two of the number were detailed to do the work and when darkness came the next night they started on their mission. They crawled on their hands and knees through the snow, one of them dragging under one

arm a pole, 10 or 12 feet long and some six inches in diameter. The other dragged a log, a foot in diameter and three or four feet long.

The building was of course guarded by a trooper, one end of whose beat terminated at one corner of the jail and the other end at another building 50 yards down the ridge. The confederates crawled to within a few feet of the building and lay flat on the ground until they saw through the darkness the dim outline of the sentinel pacing his beat. They waited until he came to the building, about faced and started back. Then the two men crawled rapidly to the building, laid the log close to one corner of it, raised one end of the pole, stuck the other end under the log next to the sill and then both climbed out on the pole, hand over hand. When near the end their combined weight pulled it down and lifted the wall of the building, bodily, some 18 inches, so that the prisoner easily crawled out.

His friends handed him a pair of snow shoes and a blanket, in which they told him, in whispers, a piece of dried buffalo meat was rolled. Rain-in-the-Face adjusted the snow shoes to his feet quickly, grabbed the blanket and ran, and in doing so the piece of meat dropped out. So, he went into the desert in that howling blizzard, at nightfall, with only one blanket, without a weapon of any kind, without a mouthful of food, when the temperature was 40 below zero and when the wind was blowing probably 30 miles an hour.

As soon as the prisoner fled the other two Indians crawled away, taking their tools with them, and when the guard came back on his round there was nothing to show that anything had happened since he left. At daylight the guard was changed and when the new corporal went into the jail to look after the prisoner, he found the room vacant. The alarm was given, several scouting parties were sent out, who hunted far and near for the fugitive, but being unable to find any trace of him in the drifting snow, returned to their quarters.

Now let us leave Rain-in-the-Face to his own devices, and consider, for a few minutes, the tragic story of the Sioux nation. And by nation I mean the eight tribes of Indians, federated together, as the states of this Union are federated, including the Brules, Yanktonias, Sissetons, Wahpetons, Uncapapas, Blackfeet and Oglalas.

For 50 years preceding this time these Indians had been swindled, right and left, by dishonest agents and other employees of the Government. Soured or otherwise damaged foods, moth-eaten blankets and clothing that could be bought in the market for perhaps 20 per cent of their original value, were issued to the Indians and charged to the Government at the full value of first-class goods. The Indians complained to the Government repeatedly and were always promised redress, but the swindling went on. Two or three of the dishonest agents were detected in their work by Government inspectors, tried, convicted and punished; but the others continued their crooked practices, only being more careful to cover their tracks as they went.

Finally a secret council of war was held by the chiefs and prominent men of all the Sioux tribes, and the wrongs to which the Indians had been subjected for years were discussed for probably the hundredth time; but this time it was resolved that the entire nation, and any other tribes that they could get to join them, should go on the warpath; that they should make one final protest under arms, and one final effort to free themselves from this oppression and corruption.

When the council adjourned runners were sent to inform all the tribes in the country now comprising Montana, Wyoming and the Dakotas, of the plans that had been made. Most of the chiefs, on receiving the message from the council, sent back word that they would join in the uprising. They had been urged in the message to go on the warpath as soon as the snow went off and the grass grew to such a height as to furnish food for the horses.

So, on the first of June, 1876, the red people of the whole Northwest arose as one man. They had been all winter providing and secreting food, arms, ammunition, and such other equipments as were necessary; and when the time came to march, every available warrior in all the tribes included in the area, went on the warpath, determined to avenge their wrongs or die in the attempt. They rendezvoused from all points of the compass and formed a great camp which stretched out along the Little Bighorn river until the village was over six miles long.

CHAPTER III

RAIN-IN-THE-FACE IN THE CUSTER FIGHT

WITHIN a week after the council of war was held, the military authorities learned of the proposed uprising and immediately started preparations to meet it. General Terry was in command of all that country, with headquarters at Fort Snelling. He sent an order to General Crook, who was in command at Omaha, to move as soon as the snow went off, with all the available force under his command, toward the head of the Little Bighorn, and there to join him, General Terry. He also ordered General Custer and General Gibbon to move at the same time.

Early in the spring Terry moved with all the force at Fort Snelling, going by rail to Bismarck, where he embarked his force on steamers, with Custer and the 7th Cavalry, went up the Missouri to the mouth of the Yellowstone and up that to the mouth of the Rosebud.

Crook moved at the same time, and at the mouth of the Rosebud Terry was joined by Gibbon and his force from Helena. A council was held in General Terry's tent on the night of the 23rd of June, which resulted in an order to Custer to move early the next morning with his command, up the Rosebud nearly to its head, then to ascend the divide between the Rosebud and the Little Bighorn; to locate the hostile Indian camp if possible and to halt his command, keep the Indians under observation and await the arrival of Terry and Gibbon, who were to form a junction with Custer on the Little Bighorn in the afternoon of June 26th.

Custer moved rapidly and reached his destination on the morning of June 25th, 36 hours ahead of time.

I rode over the same trail, through the valley of the Rosebud, in 1878, en route to the Bighorn mountains on a hunting trip. We saw and examined Custer's camp ground, where he and his men rested on the night of June 23rd, and we saw several Indian camp grounds that were made only a few days ahead of Custer. The trails made by the Indians and the Cavalry were a foot deep in places.

On arrival at the head of the Rosebud, Custer and his orderly rode to the top of a high butte from which he obtained a clear view of the Indian camp, stretched out up and down the Little Bighorn, a distance of three or four miles as he estimated, but in reality over six miles. Here Custer planned his attack. He considered the situation seriously, critically and carefully. He is supposed to have reasoned thus:

"I was ordered to wait here for Terry and Gibbon to come up, and under ordinary circumstances I should do so; but this is an emergency. The Indians know as well as we do that we have been approaching them several days. They know mighty near where we are now. They know Terry and Gibbon are coming up the Bighorn valley. They know Crook is approaching from the South. They have gathered here to make a final stand; but when they realize that these three armies are near them their bravado will desert them.

"They will realize when the trouble comes to a focus that they could not possibly stand an hour against these great forces, and before either of the big columns can reach here the Indians will evacuate this position, break up into small bands and resume their old tactics of raiding the settlements, killing and scalping men, women and children and burning property. Under the circumstances it is my duty to anticipate my orders.

"There are probably in this camp 3,000 people, 2,000

of whom are women and children. This means about 1,000 warriors. We have in the Seventh 700 of the best soldiers that ever looked through rifle sights; all trained Indian fighters and all crack shots. We can strike this camp at daylight to-morrow morning, while the Indians are still asleep; surprise them, stampede their horses, kill a large number of the men, and capture all, or nearly all of the others before they can get out of the country, and it is our duty as brave men to do this."

Custer's subordinates agreed to this proposition which was laid before them.

Custer and his orderly rode back to the column and it moved forward to the foot of the ridge which divides the Rosebud from the Little Bighorn, and went into camp, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Custer hoping to mislead the Indian scouts, whom he knew were watching him from the crests of the distant hills, into the belief that they were going to spend the night there and possibly several days, awaiting the arrival of the other commands.

And here it may be explained that the wily young chief in command of the Indian forces knew all about the approach of each of the columns. He had scouts out watching the three lines of troops, and every night when a column would go into camp, one of these scouts would ride at top speed of his horse across the plains and tell the Indian commander where the column had halted.

They had been watching Custer as they had Terry and Gibbon and Crook; and his every movement was known to the Indian General just as well as it was to the officer in command. Of course the Indians knew nothing of the orders that had been given Custer, but they knew him too well to believe that he would wait for the other commands to come up before striking. They knew he was always anxious for a fight. The reputation he had made in the Civil War had followed him to the plains and spread all over that country. It was discussed around every Indian

campfire in the Northwest, and when Custer first went into that country, at the close of the Civil War, he was not only feared, but was soon revered for his courage and his skill as a fighter. The Indians have great admiration for a brave man and the most unspeakable contempt for any man who lacks the quality of valor.

Custer had yellow hair and always wore it long, down over his coat collar; so the Indians, as soon as he went into that country, christened him "The White Chief with Yellow Hair" and rarely spoke of him by his real name.

Custer allowed his men to build camp fires, prepare their supper and sit around and rest until about nine o'clock. Then they were ordered to turn in. They were called at two o'clock in the morning, under whispered orders. No lights were made and the men were ordered not to speak a word audibly, nor to make any noise that could possibly be avoided. At a few minutes after two o'clock the command mounted and moved quietly up the trail toward the crest of the divide. But the red scouts had been lying close to the picket lines; they had heard the muffled sounds of bringing in and saddling horses, had seen by the dim light of the stars the men mount and file out up the trail. Then a scout had sped across the ridge like a meteor, to carry the news to his chief that Custer was on the move. That was all the doughty warrior needed to know. He guessed the rest.

Here let me explain that the man in command of the great Indian army was Crazy Horse. It was reported at the time, and has always been supposed ever since, by most people, that Sitting Bull was in command there; but such was not the case. Sitting Bull was there, sure enough, but he had no authority whatever. In fact he was not a warrior; he never fired a shot in battle in his life. He was simply a medicine man, and that means a combination of priest and doctor, in our way of doing things.



Te-a-tonka-e-a-tonka, Sitting Bull
The implacable enemy of all white men who made more
trouble than any other Indian who ever wore a blanket

He was a bitter hater of the white man and during the days when the Indians were gathering in that great camp, and while waiting for the soldiers to come, Sitting Bull went about the camp haranguing every group of warriors he could get to listen to him; urging them to stand loyally by their commanders, to fight to a finish when the time came, assuring them that if they would do this they could easily kill all the white soldiers, and that the Great Spirit would reward the braves by sending the buffalo back to them in millions, just as they had been there 50 years before. Bull told them they would be placed in full and complete possession of the country again; that the whites would all be destroyed, and that the Indians would come back to their own, in the fullest possible meaning of the term.

Custer rode to the crest of the ridge overlooking the Little Bighorn valley, arriving there about 2.30, and waited for daylight. Meantime he detached one battalion, three companies, from his left wing, with orders to Reno, the Major in command, to go up the creek two miles, cross as quietly as possible, swing into the rear of the Indian camp, but to remain at least a mile back of it, so as not to give the alarm until the proper time.

Then Custer detached another battalion of three companies to follow Reno with the pack train and support him if needed. Both officers were ordered to wait in their positions until daylight, until they should see Custer, with his remaining five troops charge the village in front, and as soon as he started on his advance they were to strike the village from the rear with all the force, suddenness and impetuosity they could command.

If these two officers had been loyal to their leader, Custer would undoubtedly have been able to carry out his plan to the letter. He would of course have found his task a much greater one than he had guessed, for it developed afterward, that instead of 3,000 people in the camp there were more

than 5,000, and that instead of 1,000 warriors as he had figured, there were over 3,000.

But the two officers to whose honor and loyalty Custer had entrusted his life and the lives of his valiant followers, betrayed their trust. They broke faith with their commander. They disobeyed his orders and gave him no support whatever.

Now let us assume for the moment that Custer and his force are still waiting on the ridge for daylight, and go back and take up the story of Rain-in-the-Face. He went to Canada and stayed a year or more. Then an officer was sent to the camp of the Indians who had taken refuge under "The Great White Squaw," as they called Queen Victoria, to negotiate their surrender to the Federal Government. After a week of parleying, negotiating and promising, he induced nearly all the Indians in the camp, some 200 of them, to come in and surrender, on the promise that none of them should be punished for the crimes they had committed. They were told by this accomplished diplomat that if they would come in they would all be paroled during good behavior, and would not be molested unless they committed other wrongs in future.

CHAPTER IV

THE GREAT RUN OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

RAIN-IN-THE-FACE came in with the others and rejoined his people just before they started on the warpath. Naturally he went with them and camped with them on the Little Bighorn.

Before they started I saw him and talked with him. I asked him to tell me the story of his flight across the plains, in the dead of winter, in the midst of that howling blizzard, without food, blankets, a gun, or any way to make a fire. (In fact he would not have dared fire a shot if he had found game, nor made a fire if he had had matches; for he knew he would be hunted, and a fire or the report of a gun might have revealed his whereabouts to his pursuers.)

He told me the story of this great run and I will tell it to you in his own words as nearly as I can recall them.

I asked him, through an interpreter, "Where did you go when you escaped from the jail at Standing Rock?" He said:

"I went to the camp of my friends, at the base of Woody Mountain, in Canada."

"How far is that?" I asked.

"Three hundred miles as the crow flies."

"How long did it take you to make that run?"

"Three days and nights."

"Do you mean to tell me that a man can run a hundred miles in 24 hours, on snowshoes, and another hundred in the next 24 hours, and another hundred in the next?"

He said, "I did it."

"How often did you sleep on the way?"

"I didn't sleep at all. I knew I dared not sleep. I dared not even sit down to rest, for if I had, under the terrible fatigue and hunger and strain from which I suffered, I would have lost consciousness; a stupor would have overtaken me and I would have frozen solid in half an hour. I was fleeing from the persecution, the wrongs, the outrages inflicted on me and my people, by the white men. I was going to my friends and had determined to reach them. I knew the only way I could do that was to keep going. I ran most of the way. Occasionally I would slow down to a walk to recover my breath and recuperate my strength a little; then I would forge ahead again."

"What did you eat on the way?" I asked. He said,

"Browse. When I would cross a dry coulee I would break off a handful of brush, willows or box elder, and eat it as I ran across the next plateau, may be 10 miles, or 20 miles, or 30 miles. Then when I crossed another coulee I would break off more and eat that as I ran.

"After running two days and nights and the greater part of the third day, late in the afternoon the wind lulled, the snow cleared from the air for a few minutes, and I saw the dim outline of Woody Mountain towering away into the sky. That gave me new hope, new courage. I knew the camp was not more than 20 miles away, and I knew I should reach it. I put on a new burst of speed and after running a few miles more the wind lulled again, the air cleared and I saw the outline of the great blue forest that surrounds the base of the mountain; and I saw three little columns of blue smoke curling up among the trees.

"I knew this meant the camp of my friends. I knew there were no other Indians and no white men in the forest at that time of year. Again I was inspired, and again I forged ahead. When I got within three miles of the forest I began to yell, giving first the war whoop, followed by the wail of distress. At first there was no response, but I kept

on shouting as I ran. Finally I heard three shots fired in rapid succession. I knew what that meant. It meant that my friends had heard my call and that they would come to me. I kept on going and a few minutes later I saw six men break from the cover of the forest and come toward me on a run. And that was the last I did know for two days and nights.

“When I regained consciousness I was lying on a buffalo robe in the tepee of one of my friends. Several of them were sitting about, watching me anxiously. Two of the squaws were rubbing my arms, legs, neck and shoulders, trying to restore the circulation of my blood and revive me. They were giving me frequent spoonfuls of hot soup. I slowly regained my strength and in a few hours was able to sit up; but it was three days more before I was strong enough to stand on my feet.”

Now you understand what a wonderful constitution, what a great physique, what herculean strength of body and mind was necessary to make such a run as that. And you understand that no man on earth, white or red, could have done it, unless he had been trained for it from childhood, as Rain-in-the-Face was trained.

This story contains an important lesson for parents and teachers. It shows how necessary it is for children, and especially boys, no matter whether they are to be soldiers, or farmers, or business men, or professional men, to have plenty of vigorous exercise while growing up, in order to equip themselves with strong, healthy bodies; in order to give them the greatest possible amount of fortitude, endurance, self-confidence, determination and the other mental equipment that is necessary to success in life, no matter what calling the man is to follow.

That is what the Wood Craft League and the Boy Scout movements are doing for the boys of to-day; and parents everywhere, in city and country, should see that their boys

are enrolled in one of these organizations and that they attend as many of the drills and hikes as possible. Compulsory military training would also fill a large part of this need.

It is a well known fact that most of the men who achieve the great successes in life, no matter in what line, were born, bred and brought up on the farm. Tilling the soil instills into a boy mental and physical qualities that can be had in no other way, and that is why so many farmers' boys come to be governors, judges of courts, United States Senators, generals in the army, or to fill other positions requiring great force of character and great strength of body and mind. The next best way to get these forces is by severe physical training, such as Rain-in-the-Face was subjected to from childhood, and such as any boy may take if he but has the necessary incentive, ambition, will-power and energy to go at it, and stay at it.

When Crazy Horse was making up his staff, on the day before the Custer fight, he appointed Gall, another great Sioux Chief, as second in command, and Rain-in-the-Face as third in command. The latter was given charge of the left wing of that great Indian army, nearly 1,000 chosen warriors, and how well he and the other commanders did their work the world already knows.

Now let us return to Custer.

When daylight came he deployed his remaining five companies into a thin line and advanced; but for some unaccountable reason, and one that the world will never know, he changed his plan of attack and rode down the ridge six miles, in plain sight of the Indian village all the time, and made his assault at the lower end of the camp, instead of in the center, as previously arranged with his subordinates.

Meantime Reno had blundered in and attacked the camp on its upper flank, without waiting for his chief to assault in

front, as planned. This attack was not only ill-timed and premature, but was made without proper or reasonable plan of action. It lacked system, order, force and discipline. The men were driven into the woods instead of being led by their commanding officer, and when the Indians met the troops in force Major Reno turned back and fled into the hills, without giving his men any intelligible or understandable order to retreat, and they were left to find their way out as best they could. The retreat became a rout and 29 men and three officers sacrificed their lives within a few minutes to the utter cowardice and inefficiency of the man who should have led and controlled them.

Crazy Horse, Gall and Rain-in-the-Face, on the other hand, had perfect control of their forces and had them so well in hand that when Custer finally assaulted the camp at its south end Crazy Horse had lined every dry coulee in that valley with warriors, with instructions to lie flat on the ground under the brush, not to show a head nor a hand, nor to fire a shot until Custer should ride into the valley and reach a point within a mile of the front of the village. Then they were to rise up and pour a deadly fire into his command from every point of the compass. And this they did. That is, they rose just high enough to deliver their fire over the crest of the ridge in front, and as each shot was fired the warrior dropped flat on the ground; so that when the first volley was poured into the advancing line and the troopers whirled in their saddles to return it, all they could see to shoot at was thousands of puffs of smoke. Yet the bullets rained on them, volley after volley, and in 10 minutes after the fight opened half the soldiers were dead. The survivors dismounted and took refuge behind their horses, many of whom had already been killed or wounded, but the fire came from every direction, and the carcasses of the horses were of little avail. At this point hundreds of mounted Sioux emerged from the timber and charged wildly at the troopers, yelling like demons. So,

the fight became simply a one-sided slaughter. In 30 minutes after the first shot was fired Custer and all his men were dead.

How well or how wickedly Rain-in-the-Face carried out the threat he made against Custer, in the jail at Standing Rock, is told by Longfellow in his thrilling and dramatic poem, written a few days after the fight entitled,

THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

In that desolate land and lone,
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
 Roar down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs
Muttered their woes and griefs
 And the menace of their wrath.

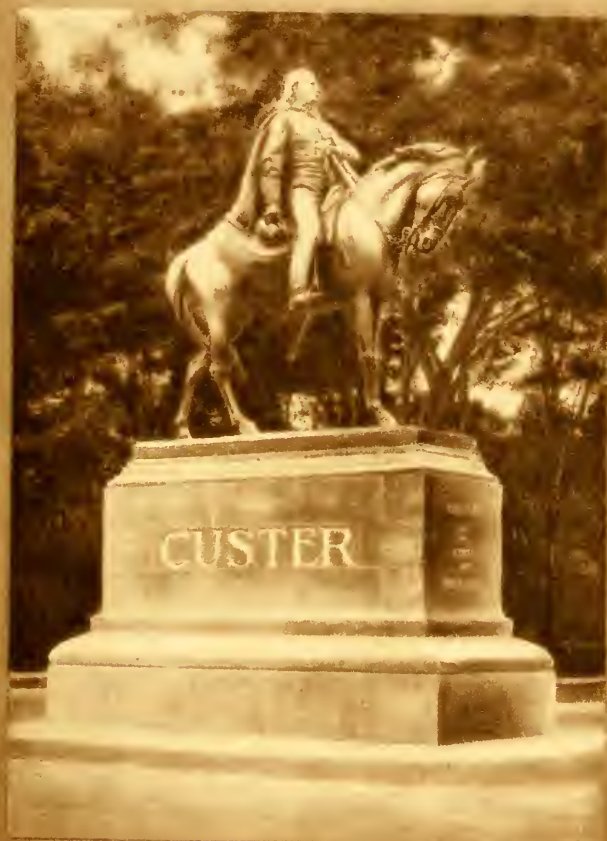
"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face,
"Revenge upon all the race
 Of the White Chief with yellow hair!"
And the mountains dark and high
From their crags re-echoed the cry
 Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide
By the woodland and river-side
 The Indian village stood.
All was silent as a dream,
Save the rushing of the stream
 And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war paint and his beads,
Like a bison among the reeds,
 In ambush the Sitting Bull
Lay with three thousand braves
Crouched in the clefts and caves,
 Savage, unmerciful!¹

Into the fatal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair
 And his three hundred men,
Dashed headlong, sword in hand;

¹ Longfellow fell into the same error as every one else, of supposing that Sitting Bull was in command.



Custer Monument at Monroe, Michigan

But of that gallant band
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death
Overwhelmed them like the breath
And smoke of a furnace fire.
By the river's bank, and between
The rocks of the ravine,
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night,
And Rain-in-the-Face in his flight,
Uplifted high in air
As a ghastly trophy bore
The brave heart, that beat no more
Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong?
Sing it, O funeral song,
With a voice that is full of tears,
And say that our broken faith
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,
In the Year of a Hundred Years.

Crazy Horse made the same mistake at the Little Big-horn that Meade made at Gettysburg; that is, in not following up the victory he had achieved. The Indians could easily have destroyed, or at least routed and killed many of the men under Reno and Benteen, if they had seen fit to do so; but they seemed gluttoned with victory and when they saw the bodies of Custer and his men strewn over the hills and in the ravines, and realized that they had killed the last man of that command, they were so elated that they returned at dark to their village and spent the night in feasting, dancing, singing, yelling and otherwise celebrating; leaving Reno and Benteen to retire from the field in safety.

These officers did not, however, take advantage of the opportunity to make their escape that night. They further evinced their utter incompetency by staying and entrenching their forces and awaiting a second attack, which came late the next day. Even then the Indians did not press their opportunity. They besieged the troopers a few hours and

then withdrew, and the entire Indian force retreated over the hills to the westward.

Reno and Benteen both admitted after the fight, that they had heard heavy firing to the south and knew Custer was engaged. They said they felt sure he was greatly outnumbered by the enemy and they should have gone to his relief; but both hated him bitterly and they said, "Let him get licked; it will take some of the conceit out of him."

In fact I have talked with many officers who had served under Custer and they nearly all hated him. He was a strict disciplinarian and always held his subordinates to the very letter of military rules and regulations. They called him a martinet and believed that much of his severity was unnecessary and unjust.

If Reno and Benteen had been loyal to their leader; if they had gone to him at top speed of their horses when they heard the fire open, instead of waiting for orders from him, they could no doubt have saved him and many of his brave men; but they were willing to sacrifice him and their comrades in order to vent their own spite against him.

Lieutenant C. F. Roe, of the Second Cavalry, and who was then with Gibbon's command, later a Major General, retired, showed me over the Custer Battlefield in '79 and pointed out the hill on which Reno and Benteen took position. It was scarcely three miles away from the scene of the great action, and these officers could have brought their commands into the action within a few minutes.

General Miles discusses this situation in one of his books. He says that when he visited the battlefield a few years ago he and his escort went to Reno hill and then, in order to demonstrate the possibilities, they rode from there to the spot where Custer fell, at a trot, in exactly 15 minutes.

On the ridge and in the ravines lay the bodies of Custer and 212 of his men. Add to these the losses in Reno's command and the total foots up to 265 killed and 52 wounded. The Indians lost 22 killed and many wounded.

It will never be known how many were wounded because they as well as the dead were all carried away.

General Terry offered to lend Custer a battalion of the Second Cavalry when he was leaving the Yellowstone, but Custer declined the offer and therein made the mistake of his life. He was naturally ambitious that the Seventh should have all the glory of attacking and defeating the Sioux, and believed his regiment was entirely competent to do that; but this was because he had sadly underestimated the fighting strength of the Indians.

CHAPTER V

HOW THE INDIANS NAME THEIR PAPPOOSES

As a rule the Indians do not name their babies at birth, or within a month or two, as we do. Sometimes they wait until a boy is two, or three, or five years old, until some trait or characteristic is developed, or until some incident occurs in connection with the life of the child that suggests an appropriate name for him.

The subject of this sketch was not named until nearly three years old. Meantime he developed a fondness for going out of doors when it rained, looking into the sky and letting the rain drops patter in his face. We think a child, when big enough to walk, should have sense enough to come in when in rains; but some of them have not. And some grown-ups have not.

The mother of this pappoose, however, did not object to her youngster staying out when it rained. She knew the water that fell from Heaven was clean and it saved her the trouble of washing the baby's face and hands. After the little Indian boy had played this prank several times the thought occurred to his parents that it afforded a good excuse for naming him. So he was promptly christened "Rain-in-the-Face," and from the time he was 10 years old, until the day of his death, when painting his face for festal occasions, or for the warpath, he always finished by putting on some dots to represent rain drops; and to-day you can find colored photographs of this famous warrior and runner, in the western art stores, showing his favorite facial decoration.

Another version of the story is that the squaw had put the pappoose in his buckskin cradle, leaned it against a tree outside the tepee, that a shower came and that some big drops splashed in the face of the pappoose; that he protested loudly against this; that his mother brought him in, wiped the water from his face with her bare hand and that when the husband and father returned and heard of the incident he named the pappoose on the spot.

Rain-in-the-Face had five brothers who were called, respectively, Bear Face, Red Thunder, Iron Horn, Little Bear and Shave Head.

Other instances of this custom among the Indians, of naming names as they came along, may be cited. A certain famous medicine man of the Sioux nation was taken with his parents on a buffalo hunt, when only two or three years old. The hunting party camped on the bank of a river and the hunters were soon busy killing buffalo on the plain a mile or two away. One of the hunters sent an arrow through a big bull which happened to strike him too far back to be fatal and went through the fleshy part of the hips, without touching a bone. It lodged so that the point stuck out on one side and the feathered end on the other.

The wounded bull of course left the herd, as any animal does when injured, circled about the prairie, the warrior following and shooting other arrows into him. The chase led toward the Indian camp and the bull circled among the tepees. When within a few feet of the one occupied by the little pappoose and his mother, he became exhausted from loss of blood and from pain, and sat down on his haunches, as a dog does. The women and children in the camp were of course greatly excited over the affair and gathered around to stare, to wonder and to comment.

The nameless little pappoose was in the front rank of the throng, eagerly watching the strange sight. The mother at once hit on this as an occasion for naming her young hopeful and he was forthwith christened, "Teo-tonka-Eo-tonka,"

which translated means "Sitting Bull," and he became the famous orator, agitator and hater of the white man, of whom every school boy and girl in the land has read and heard.

Another version of this story is that Sitting Bull was first christened Jumping Badger, that when 14 years of age he accompanied a war party against the Crows and in the fight that ensued the boy "counted coup" on the body of a dead Crow Indian. That is, he touched the body before any of his people did, and that gave him the right to claim the body as his own kill.

The father, whose name was said to have been Sitting Bull, was so proud of the feat of his offspring that he gave a feast a few days later, in which he announced in an impressive speech, that he had transferred his name to his son and that the latter was therefore entitled to be called Sitting Bull.

Another case of a boy getting a name from a peculiar episode occurred in a way somewhat similar. His mother took her little pappoose with her on a hunting trip, when a large party went after buffalo. As usual in such cases they camped on the bank of a stream, and the reserve herd of ponies was turned out to graze. A horse got frightened, probably at a wolf, or a mountain lion, or a bear, and went racing over the prairie. He ran through the Indian village, knocking down tepees and nearly running over several children. As he went by the tent where the mother and her pappoose were, some one shouted "That horse is crazy."

When the father returned from the hunt the mother told him the news of the day, and they at once agreed that their boy should be christened "Crazy Horse." And so began the history of one of the greatest warriors and generals that the red race ever produced. His ability as a fighter, a strategist, was so generally recognized that he was chosen to command the great Indian army that rendezvoused on the Little Bighorn, in June 1876. And Crazy Horse laid

his plans so well and carried them out so ably, that when Custer and his brave men dashed down across the valley and charged the Indian camp, he and every man in his command were killed within 30 minutes from the time the first shot was fired.

Among the Indians personal names were given and changed at critical epochs of life, such as puberty, the first war expedition, some notable feat, elevation to chieftainship, and, finally, retirement from active life was marked by the adoption of the name of one's son.

The names of some Indians are changed several times in the course of their lives, as events or achievements may seem to dictate.

The meaning of the name of Chief Gall was misunderstood by the earlier writers on the Sioux Nation and they spelled it Gaul. His mother bestowed his name on him when a child. She found him one day eating the gall of a deer that had been killed by one of their neighbors, and the event was such a striking instance of juvenile perversity that it was considered a good excuse for a name.

Many Indian names have been corrupted by careless writers in their translations or explanations. For instance, Big Head's true name was Big Brain.

Another noted Sioux was named Broad Trail; but the unpoetic historian who first wrote him down translated the words as Big Road, and so that Indian was called by the white people as long as he lived.

Still another was given an Indian name which indicated that the soldiers feared him, but the careless translator wrote it Afraid-of-Soldiers.

Up to a few years ago a warrior was known on the agency rolls as Bad Baby, though he lived to be 75 years old.

There are characteristic tribal differences in names, and where a clan system existed each clan had its own set of names, distinct from those of all other clans, and, in the majority of cases, referring to the totem, animal, plant or

object. At the same time there were tribes in which names apparently had nothing to do with totems, and some such names were apt to occur in clans having totemic names. Most Siouxan clans and bands had names that were applied in a definite order to the boys and girls born into them.

A Mohave child born out of wedlock received some ancient name, not commonly employed in the tribe. Among the interior Salish, where there were no clans, names were usually inherited in both the male and female lines for several generations, though new names were continually introduced that were taken from dreams or noteworthy events.

Loskiel records that a Delaware child was often named in accordance with some dream that had come to its father. According to Ross a father among some of the northern Athabascan tribes lost his name as soon as a male child was born and was henceforth called after the name of his son.

The Kiowa, being without clans, received names suggested by some passing incident or to commemorate a warlike exploit of some ancestor. Sometimes, however, they were hereditary, and in any case they are bestowed by the grandparents to the exclusion of the parents. Young men as they grew up assumed dream names, in obedience to visions.

The first name frequently refers to something which especially impressed the child's mother at the time of its birth. Often names were ironical and had to be interpreted in a manner directly opposite to the apparent sense. Thus the name of a Dakota chief, translated "Young-man-afraid-of-his-horses," really signifies "Young-man-whose-very-horses-are-feared."



The Lonely Outpost of a Vanishing Race
Photographed by Major Lee Morehouse

CHAPTER VI

A HOLD UP IN THE BITTER ROOTS

WHILE the Nez Perces were, generally speaking, a decent law-abiding people, yet there were bad men among them, as there are in every community, red, white or black, and on one trip over the mountains I encountered three bad Nez Perces. When going over the Lo Lò Trail, from Pierce City, Idaho, to Missoula, Montana, I met three Indians and we stopped and talked a few minutes, partly in the sign language and partly in pigeon English. They asked me where I was going and I told them. Then they asked where my friends were, and I motioned back and said they were coming. I knew it was necessary to mislead the red men, for if I admitted I was alone there might be trouble on the spot. This was soon after Chief Joseph's flight and capture, and the other members of the tribe naturally sympathized with him; so they were bitter against the whites in general.

I saw that the three bucks were sily sizing up my outfit, and it may be well to mention here that I had a good one. They went on their way and I on mine, but I realized that when they failed to meet any men following, they might come back and try to steal my horses, rifle, sleeping bag, and other things that they needed in their business. This of course to be done at night.

So, I kept a close watch of the trail behind me and after an hour, when passing around a spur of a mountain, in an open stretch of country, I saw the three men following me. They were nearly two miles away and were crossing an

other open park, similar to the one I was in. I made no movement to indicate that I had seen them, but went ahead apparently unconcerned. Of course they could not detect a movement of my head at that distance and did not know I had been looking back.

As soon as I reached the next clump of timber I swung off the trail and dropped down about 100 feet to a clump of cedars. Here I tied my horses, went back on the trail to the edge of the little park and hid behind a rock. I waited and watched until the Indians came in sight and finally within 100 feet of me.

They were scrutinizing the trail ahead carefully, but had not reached the bend where I had turned out, so they supposed I was still a mile or two ahead. At the proper moment I covered the leader with my rifle, stood up and ordered them to throw up their hands. They all grabbed their rifles, which lay across their saddles in front of them, and at that I fired, being careful however not to kill, but the shot disabled the leader's right arm.

Then I repeated my command and they let their rifles drop to the ground. I told them to dismount and walk back on the trail. They refused, but I told them there was no time to parley and that the next bullet would go through one of them.

They finally obeyed the order and when they had walked back 50 feet behind their horses (poor, jaded, half-starved brutes) I went forward and, still holding the muzzle of my gun so they could look in it, took their rifles, one by one, and broke them over the rocks with the other hand.

Then I tied the horses to trees near the trail and ordered the men to "klatawah," or in the vernacular of to-day to "beat it." They again protested, and said they must have their horses. I said:

"You can *not* have them and the best thing you can do is to get, as quickly as possible."

I watched them until they went out of sight, followed

them a distance and encouraged them to continue their hike until I saw them go around another bend in an open piece of trail nearly a mile away. Then I went back, turned their horses loose and leaving the saddles and bridles on them, brought my horses back to the trail, mounted and rode all that night.

Near daylight I entered the wagon road on Lo Lo Creek and soon reached a ranch where I got a much-needed breakfast.

I told the ranchman about the episode and he said:

"It is strange they didn't shoot instead of throwing up their hands."

I said:—"They would, only I had the drop on them, and you know that counts higher than any other card in the deck."

CHAPTER VII

A RAID BY CREE HORSE THIEVES

SAM FISHEL went from his farm home in Iowa, to Montana in 1865, when you could almost count the white men in that territory on the fingers of your two hands. During the first few years Sam lived by hunting and trapping. Later he was employed by the Government as a scout and was stationed at different times at Fort McGinnis, Fort Shaw and other military posts. We hunted together in the Snowy mountains in November, 1879, and around the camp fire at night he told me many interesting stories of early days in the territory.

He said that on one occasion he and a friend were trapping in the Snowy mountains, in the beginning of winter, and that one morning when they got up and looked out over the valley where their horses usually grazed they were not in sight. The men made a hasty trip to the valley and read in the snow the story that during the night a band of Cree Indians had come in from the North, surrounded their horses and run them off. The men of course realized the critical situation they were in, from having been set afoot in that big, wild country in winter.

Fortunately however they knew of two other men who were trapping in another section of the hills, only 10 or 15 miles away; and whom the Crees evidently did not know were in the country. So, Fishel and his partner went to the other camp and reported their loss. The neighbors were ready and anxious to go with them in pursuit of the horse thieves; so an expedition was organized and within

an hour the four men, mounted on four good horses and provided with blankets and food for a week, were off.

In due time they struck the trail and found that the Indians had traveled fast during the first two or three days of their flight; and that they had frequently left a scout to wait on the summit of a hill and look back on the trail to see whether they were being followed. The pursuers were far enough behind not to be seen by either of these scouts and the Indians finally concluded they were not being hunted and that, anyway, they were out of reach of any possible pursuit, so they slowed down. Furthermore, they thought they had the only horses in that whole country.

Toward night on the fourth day out the trappers rode cautiously to the top of a high ridge and peering over saw smoke arising from a belt of cottonwood trees in a valley three or four miles ahead. On further investigation they found that the Indians had gone into camp probably an hour or two before sundown and had turned out their herd of about 30 horses, including the stolen ones; some of them being hobbled so that they could not stray. The trappers went back to the foot of the hill, took cover in a clump of willows and waited for night. As soon as the darkness came they went to the top of a ridge within half a mile of the camp, saw the fires burning brightly and a number of Indians moving about, making camp, preparing supper, etc.

The trappers returned to their bivouac, ate a cold supper, hobbled their horses where they could get good grass, rolled up in their buffalo robes and went to sleep. They were up at four o'clock, ate a cold breakfast, packed and saddled their horses and rode before daylight, to within about 200 yards of the Indian camp. Here they halted, dismounted, threw down their bridle reins and crawled close to the camp. Only one fire was burning now and that was very low. They saw an Indian sitting by it wrapped in his blanket, and discovered that he was dozing. Presently the first streak of gray appeared in the East; the Indian roused,

noticed this, pushed the fire brands apart, threw some snow on them, wrapped himself in his blanket and went to sleep.

This was what the trappers had been waiting for. They crawled carefully and silently to within 30 yards of the camp. There lay the eight Indians, scattered about the fire, and all seemed to be sleeping soundly. Fishel told each man which Indian was to be his game, and as soon as it was light enough to see to shoot, they all drew careful aim and fired simultaneously. Four of the Indians sprang to their feet, grabbed their rifles and fired wildly. The other four were rolling, plunging and tumbling, in the throes of death. After firing the first volley the four survivors dashed toward their horses; but the trappers dropped them here and there, along the way, and not one of them lived to reach a horse.

Then the trappers unhobbled the horses that were manacled, mounted their own and drove the entire herd, including the stolen horses, to a trading post about three miles away.

They arrived there before the trader was out of bed, pounded on the door and when he asked what they wanted, told him they wanted to come in and thaw out, get something to eat and put their horses in his corral. The man came drowsily to the door, opened it, looked out, saw the large herd of horses there and recognized several of them as belonging to Crees whom he knew. He asked the trappers what it all meant and they told him. The trader said:

"Why, men, I can't let you put them horses in my corral and I can't feed you. My wife is a Cree, and no doubt you have killed some of her friends, or relations. If I should harbor you or feed you the Crees would come down here and kill me to-morrow."

"Well," said Fishel, "we're going to put our horses in your corral and we're coming in your house, and we're going to help ourselves to some grub. If you resist there will be trouble; if you keep still you can tell the Crees that we took

forcible possession of your house and your corral and that you did everything you dared do to prevent us from helping ourselves."

So, the trader threw up his hands, the horses were turned in the corral and given a good feed of hay. The men went in the house, warmed themselves, cooked and ate a hearty breakfast, paid the trader for it, mounted and went back to their camp, where they made a brief stop and then drove their herd on to Deer Lodge. Here they sold the surplus horses and learned that while they were gone the mercury had ranged at 40 to 50 below zero.

"And," said Fishel, "if we had known that we would have froze to death, plum sure."

A SALMON SMOKERY

If a village is to be fitted for winter the Indians build houses in more or less permanent shape, to withstand the winds and the frost. Some of them build frames like the one shown p. 149, and without a nail or a screw or even a wooden pin. The joints are all made with rawhide thongs or with bits of rope. After the frame is up it is covered with a heavy thatch of rushes, or weeds, or grass, or brush and then with earth, to a depth of a foot or more.

In such houses the only light is admitted through the door, and ventilation is afforded by the fire which is on the ground, in the middle of the tepee, and by a hole in the roof which allows the smoke to escape.

When meat or fish are to be dried a rack is built. This is a simple matter. Four poles are tied together near the top, stood up and the butts spread so as form a square on the ground. Shorter poles are tied to these, three or four feet from the ground and a lot of smaller poles laid across, forming an open floor or rack, on which the meat or fish are spread, or suspended by bits of string. Then a fire is built underneath, and blankets or canvas wrapped around

the frame to confine the smoke and cure the meat as fast as possible.

Years ago when on a hunting trip in British Columbia I sought an Indian village on the Douglas river, to get a guide and a packer. I arrived late in the day and called on the chief, who cordially invited me to stay over night. I accepted and he sent one of his young men to show me a shed where the Indians were drying salmon, and where he said I could sleep. It was a long, low, rakish looking building, with a leaky roof, with racks extending the full length and width, all hanging full of salmon, split and spread out. Two fires were burning on the ground and the building was full of smoke, though some of it was passing out at holes in the roof. A steady drizzle of rain was coming down, much of which found its way through numerous cracks in the board roof. The oil from the salmon was dripping everywhere and the so-called floor was a bed of greasy mud, on which I was supposed to spread my sleeping bag when the time came.

I went back to the chief and asked him if he could not give me a dry place to sleep. He said "sure," and sent me to a cabin which the Government had built for one of the Indian families and which was vacant at the time. It was very dirty, but had a good roof on it and was dry. I made a broom of brush and swept the floor. Then I gathered some wood from a nearby forest, made a fire in the fireplace and soon had a comfortable bivouac for the night. I was shy a chair, a hair mattress and a woven spring; I slept on the floor and by turning over frequently I managed to get through the night with comparative comfort.



Grave of a Noted Warrior
Meat Drying Rack

CHAPTER VIII

MORTUARY CUSTOMS OF THE PLAINS TRIBES

THE usual mode of burial among North American Indians has been by inhumation, or interment in pits, graves, or holes in the ground, in stone cists, in mounds, beneath or in cabins, wigwams, houses, or lodges, or in caves.

It appears to have been a custom in the Northwest, as well as in the East and Southeast, to remove the flesh of the late lamented by previous burial, and then to bundle the bones and bury them, sometimes in communal pits. It was usual in grave burials to place the body in a horizontal position on its back, although the custom of placing on the side, often with the knees drawn up, was also practiced; burial face downward, however, was rare.

Of the modes of disposing of the dead, included by Yarrow under "aerial sepulture," the following are examples. Burial in lodges, observed among the Sioux; these appear to have been exceptional and were merely an abandonment of the dead during an epidemic. Scaffold and tree burial was practiced in Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, etc., by the Chippewa, Sioux, Siksika, Mandan, Grosventres, Arapaho, and other Indians. The burial mounds of Wisconsin indicate this mode of disposing of the dead in former times, as the skeletons were buried after the removal of the flesh, and the bones frequently indicate long exposure to the air, on a platform above the ground and over which was built a double roofing, or tent, of driftwood.

The ceremonies attending and following burial were various. The use of fire was common, and it was also a

general custom to place food, articles especially prized by, or of interest to the dead, and sometimes articles having a symbolic signification, in or near the grave. Scarifying the body, cutting the hair, and blackening the face by the mourners were common customs, as, in some tribes, were feasts and dancing at a death or funeral. As a rule the bereaved relatives observed some kind of mourning for a certain period, as cutting the hair, discarding appearance, carrying a bundle representing the husband (among the Chippewa, etc.).

It was a custom among some tribes to change the name of the family of the deceased, and to drop the name of the dead in whatever connection.

An occasion that frequently brings together great numbers of Indians is the monthly or quarterly issue of rations and the payment of annuities by the Government, to the Indians. For these events some times an entire tribe of 2,000 or 3,000 Indians gather at the Agency, and moneys due them from the government, or supplies of food, clothing and blankets, are issued to them. These are made festive occasions among the red people, and when the meat and flour and other good things are handed out, several days and nights are spent in feasting, dancing, singing, and other kinds of revelry.

CHAPTER IX

COOKING THE SICK INDIAN

AND OTHER CUSTOMS AND PECULIARITIES

IN the olden times the northwest Indians had weird ways of treating their sick. Their doctors were called medicine men, and when an Indian was ill he naturally consulted one of these. Or if his wife, or his pappoose were sick he called the medicine man. Then the latter "made medicine" as he called it. That is, he pretended to go into a trance, or into convulsions or spasms, uttered strange sounds, made weird prayers to the Great Spirit, mixed strange herbs, burned them in the fire, blew the smoke in the face of the victim, and did many other queer things.

If these failed to have the desired effect, and if the patient was an adult, or even half grown, a sweat bath was ordered and from that moment the victim was in hard luck. Every permanent camp had a sweat lodge as one of its "public buildings," and if one was not already in existence it was speedily built for the occasion. It was formed by cutting 12 or more slim saplings, or poles, an inch or so in diameter at the butt, which were trimmed to their tip ends; the butts were sharpened and the poles stuck in the ground in a circle, four or five feet in diameter. Then the tops were brought together, criscrossed and woven in so as to form a cone. This was covered with blankets, skins, or canvas; or if the sweat lodge was to be permanent it was covered with grass. Then canvas or blankets or skins were spread over this, for the time being, to form a tight cover.

Meantime a hole had been dug in the center of the en-

closure a foot or so deep, and perhaps two feet in diameter, and a door left in one side. Water was carried and poured in the hole to fill it, and a fire was built near the sweat lodge. Rocks were gathered, piled on this and heated until red hot. Then they were thrown into the water and it was heated to boiling. A blanket was thrown over the opening, more rocks put in, and the boiling process kept up until the lodge was chuck full of hot steam. The medicine man's victim was then ordered to crawl in. If too ill to move, he was carried by attendants and shoved in; the hole was closed and the poor wretch kept there and cooked as long as the medicine man thought he could stand it. Then he was pulled out and told to run to the creek and jump in. The time might be mid winter; there might be a foot of snow on the ground, and a foot of ice on the creek. If so a hole was cut for the poor sick man or woman, and he or she was dumped in, doused and soused until almost frozen to death; then yanked out and chased and lashed around the camp until ready to fall dead from fatigue. Then the patient was wrapped in a blanket and put to bed.

In some cases the treatment killed and in others it cured; or at least the patient lived through it. In the latter case the medicine man claimed that his medicine was good; but if the patient died, his friends said it was bad, and in some cases they slew the "doctor."

When moving across the plains the Indians carried their outfits of blankets, food and cooking utensils, on two poles, attached to a horse, or a dog, and called a travois. For this two tepee poles were tied together near the tops, fastened to a pack saddle, which had been bound on the horse; the butt ends extending six or eight feet behind the animal. These ends were spread four or five feet apart. Shorter poles were tied across, about three feet behind the horse, in such a way as to form a rude platform, on this the freight



Old Method of Indian Burial
Squaw Painting a Buffalo Robe

was placed and roped down. This sometimes included the children, the old people, and even dead or wounded warriors.

Then the squaw, with her pappoose on her back, mounted the horse and rode all day, while he dragged the travois. Her husband meantime rode another horse and had nothing to do and nothing to carry. He smoked or chatted, or sometimes rode ahead and looked for game. When camp was reached he dropped off his horse and left him for the squaw to unsaddle and put out to grass. The lord and master meantime loaded his pipe, sat down and smoked while his wife did all the other hard work. Verily, they are great labor savers, these red men. They have the domestic science of life worked out to a dot.

Some of the Indians are endowed with a good deal of artistic sense and draw some clever pictures. Other alleged artists do very crude work, so crude that any one would know an Indian had done it.

The tribes north of Mexico, as well as those of every part of the continent except, perhaps, the higher arctic regions, delighted in the use of color. It was generally employed in embellishing the person and in applying decorative and symbolic designs to habitations, sculptures, masks, shields, articles of bark, skin, pottery, etc., in executing pictographs on natural surfaces of many kinds, as on cliffs, and on the walls of caverns, and in preparing the symbolic embellishment of altars and sacred chambers.

Color was applied to the person for decorative purposes as an essential feature of the toilet; for impressing beholders with admiration or fear; for purposes of obscurity and deception, in applying tribal, personal, or other devices, in the application of symbolic designs, especially on ceremonial occasions; and as a means of protection from insects and the sun. The native love of color and skill in its use were manifested especially in decorative work.

The pigments were derived from many sources, but were mainly of mineral origin, especially the oxides of iron and carbonate of copper. The aborigines were skilled in preparing the mineral colors, which were usually ground in small mortars or rubbed down on a flat stone, and in extracting stains and dyes from vegetal substances. The colors were applied with a dry point or surface, as with a piece of chalk, charcoal, or clay, or when mixed with water or oil, with the fingers or hand, or a stick, brush, or pad, and were sometimes sprayed on with the mouth, as in Pueblo mask painting. Brushes were rude, consisting often of fibrous substances, such as bits of wood, bark, yucca, or reeds, chewed, beaten or rubbed at one end until sufficiently pliable to deliver the color; and great skill was shown by many of the tribes in the use of these crude tools. Hair was not in general use, although excellent brushes are now made by the more advanced tribes.

The brushes used by the tribes of the Northwest coast were often provided with beautiful carved handles. Very interesting painting implements are seen in some sections. Paddle-shaped and spatulate bits of wood are used, applied edgewise for thin lines and flatwise for covering spaces; and striping tools having two or three points and neatly carved of bone or ivory are in use by the Eskimo.

The Plains tribes employed a flat piece of spongy bone from the knee joint of a buffalo or an ox. It had a sharp edge of rounded outline which served for spreading the color over large areas. These tools, being porous, have the advantage of holding a quantity of liquid color.

Shells were frequently used for paint cups, while for this purpose the Pueblos made miniature jars and bowls of pottery, sometimes in clusters. Colors in the form of powder, sand, clay and meal were and still are used, by several tribes in preparing dry paintings for ceremonial purposes, which are executed on the floors of ceremonial chambers or altars.

D. F. Barry, a photographer who lived several years at Bismarck, and who photographed many of the Unkpapas and Yanktonias, including Sitting Bull, Gall, Rain-in-the-Face, and other notables of the Sioux Nation has paid over to the noble red men, his clients, various trifles in the way of compensation for standing, sitting, or lying before the camera. His usual *douceur* was an old white shirt. He found he could do more with one of these than with almost anything else, although he tried everything from 15 cents to a ham bone. They were a peculiar people, these reservation Indians, and for years had a superstitious dread of the camera, a superstition, by the way, that was confined to the men; for the squaws did not object to having their beauty shown, while they still retained their freshness.

Mr. Barry tells an interesting story of his famous picture of Gall, and the difficulty he had in getting the chief to sit for it. The picture is that of an ideal savage. His head is beautifully poised on a big, firm-looking neck, from which the cords stand out prominently, as he throws his head back. The expression of his face is partially disdain, and is suggestive of a fierce nature.

"Gall was very difficult," said Mr. Barry. "I had been for years trying to get him to sit, for he was a great man in his nation; the greatest of all the chiefs, for Sitting Bull was not a warrior; he was a mere medicine man. I was frequently on the reservation, but could never get Gall to sit.

"One day he came into my gallery and seated himself as though to stay and visit awhile. His blanket fell open a little as we talked, and I saw he had no shirt. I thought my chance had come, so I gave him some food. He took it gratefully, as one gentleman might accept hospitality at the hands of another. He was different from most of the Indians, and I had been afraid of offending him by offering him anything; but after he had eaten I got out a clean white shirt and handed it to him. He grunted and put it under

his blanket. I saw he was pleased. He kept it there some time; but a desire to put it on overcame his dignity, and the first thing I knew he was struggling into the shirt. His neck was several inches bigger than mine, and he had trouble; but finally squeezed into the garment. He had put the bosom behind, and had, of necessity, left the neck band unbuttoned, getting just the effect I wanted. He looked at me a minute, then pointed to the camera and went and sat down where he had seen other people sit. I placed the camera and took a look at him.

"He had carefully tucked his blanket around his ears, leaving little but the tip of his nose visible. That would not do, for the picture would look no more like Gall than it would like me. I stepped over to him, pulled the blanket gently away and turned the shirt back as far as possible, so as to show as much as I could of his wonderful chest. He looked at me in surprised resentment when I touched his head to pose it, and in an instant had assumed the very pose I most desired. He held the pose long enough for me to snap the shutter and this picture is the result.

"Sitting Bull had almost a mania for having his picture made in his later years. He was never much averse to it, but always had to be paid for his trouble. He would take anything in the way of a gift, until Buffalo Bill took him away with the show, and that ruined him, for he found he could sell his pictures readily, and declined to sit afterward.

"Rain-in-the-Face was the most docile Indian that ever sat before my camera. He was always willing to pose, and had a ready palm for gifts. He was a great convenience to me in keeping down my stock of linen, for he had a mania for white shirts. He had been about the worst of the Sioux at the time of the Custer affair, and was no doubt largely responsible for it; but had become a decent Indian, and bore a good reputation after he lost his only child, a little boy."



Chief Gall

Second in command under Crazy Horse in the Custer fight
He once denounced Sitting Bull as a coward

The mother squaw wraps her blanket about her in such a way as to leave some slack at the back, and in this she deposits her pappoose and carries him about camp, or on the trail, or wherever she goes. The Indian baby rarely cries. He learns early in the game that it is useless to cry, for if he does his mother pinches his nose, so that he can not make any noise worth while, and he soon gives it up. He learns while a mere infant to make the best of his lot and to suffer in silence, if he must suffer. (See illustration, page 21.)

For many years past the government has been enlisting certain young Indians in the military service, mounting and equipping them as cavalry. They are called Indian Police and have been used in some of the wars between the whites and Indians. Their principal duty now is to police the country under the orders of the Indian Agent, or of an Army officer, run down law breakers and preserve the peace generally. (See illustration, page 285.)

The Indian is passionately fond of gaily colored clothing, of regalia and decorations of all kinds, and when togged out in a red blanket, a beaded buckskin shirt, leggings, eagle feathers and war paint, he is as proud as a peacock. An Indian will spend his last cent for eagle feathers, or handsomely beaded buckskin garments that will enable him to show off to a little better advantage than his companions, and when his outfit is complete he is indeed a gorgeous creature.

Eagle feathers sell usually at about \$5 apiece among the Indians, and so the hunter who kills an eagle is in big luck. It takes a lot of feathers to make a war bonnet, with a train extending to the ground, and a lot more to decorate a spear or a coup stick.

Before the horse came from the South the flap at the back rarely extended below the waist, but when the horse

came and warriors mounted, the ruff was so lengthened that when the Indian walked it trailed on the ground. The making of a war-bonnet was a great event and was accompanied by song and ceremony. Each feather before being placed in position was held in the hand and over it was recounted the story of some war honor. A bonnet could not be made without the consent of all the warriors and it stood as a record of tribal valor and a mark of distinction granted to the man by his tribe.

The Indian is careful in laying out his color scheme and it becomes a mosaic of artistic talent. Feathers are gathered from the eagles, skins are taken from wild beasts, bones, beads, sparkling metals and sea shells are blended with brilliantly colored paints that he has compounded in a mortar. The woman enters into the work with intelligent zest, and when completed the whole array of blended colors is beyond the criticism of the tribe.

The back of an Indian's war bonnet and war shirt is always more gaudy and sumptuous than the front view, and this because when Indians pass one another their salutation is brief and formal. They ride on; but turn in their saddle and look back to take an inventory. The wealth of the Indian, his position in the tribe, his ceremonial attainment are all passed on and an estimate is duly entered. The color scheme goes on through the entire Indian wardrobe to pipe sack, coup stick and moccasins.

CHAPTER X

SOME GREAT SIOUX WARRIORS

AMONG the North American Indians a chief may be generally defined as a political officer whose distinctive functions are to execute the ascertained will of a definite group of persons united by the possession of a common territory or range and of certain exclusive rights, immunities, and obligations, and to conserve their customs, traditions and religion. He exercises legislative, judicative and executive powers delegated to him in accordance with custom for the conservation and promotion of the common weal.

The wandering band of men with their women and children contains the simplest type of chieftaincy found among the American Indians, for such a group has no permanently fixed territorial limits, and no definite social and political relations exist between it and any other body of persons. The clan or gens, the tribe and the confederation present more complex forms of social and political organization. The clan or gens embraces several such chieftaincies, and has a more highly developed internal political structure with definite land boundaries. The tribe is constituted of several clans or gentes and the confederation of several tribes.

Among the different Indian communities the social and political structure varied greatly. Many stages of social progress lay between the small band under a single chief and the intricate permanent confederation of highly organized tribes, with several kinds of officers and varying grades of councils of diverse but interrelated jurisdictions.

With the advance in political organization political pow-

ers and functions were multiplied and diversified, and the multiplicity and diversity of duties and functions required different grades of officers to perform them; hence various kinds and grades of chiefs are found.

There were in certain communities, as the Iroquois and Creeks, civil chiefs and subchiefs, chosen for personal merit, and permanent and temporary war chiefs. These several grades of chiefs bear distinctive titles, indicative of their diverse jurisdiction. The title to the dignity belongs to the community, usually to its women, not to the chief, but he owes his nomination to the suffrages of his female constituents. Few people of to-day are aware that female suffrage prevailed among red women hundreds of years ago.

In most communities the chief thus chosen was installed by some authority higher than that of his chieftaincy. Both in the lowest and highest form of government the chiefs are the creatures of law, expressed in well-defined customs, rites and traditions. Only where agriculture is wholly absent may the simplest type of chieftaincy be found.

Where the civil structure is permanent there exist permanent military chieftainships, as among the Iroquois. To reward personal merit and statesmanship the Iroquois instituted a class of chiefs whose office, on the death of the holder, remained vacant. This latter provision was made to obviate a large representation and avoid a change in the established roll of chiefs. They were called "the solitary pine trees," and were installed in the same manner as the others. They could not be deposed, but merely ostracized, if they committed crimes rendering them unworthy to give counsel.

When the civil organization was of the simplest character the authority of the chiefs was most nearly despotic; even in some instances where the civil structure was complex, as among the Natchez, the rule of the chiefs at times became in a measure tyrannical, but this was due largely to the rec-

ognition of social castes and the domination of certain religious beliefs and considerations.

The chieftainship was usually hereditary in certain families of the community, although in some communities any person by virtue of the acquisition of wealth could proclaim himself a chief. Descent of blood, property and official titles were generally traced through the mother. Early writers usually called the chief who acted as the chairman of the federal council the "head chief" and sometimes, when the tribe or confederation was powerful and important, "king" or "emperor" as in the case of Powhatan. In the Creek confederation and in that of the Iroquois, the most complex aboriginal government north of Mexico, there was in fact, no head chief. The first chief of the Onondaga federal roll acted as the chairman of the federal council, and by virtue of his office he called the federal council together. With this his preeminence over the other chiefs ended, for the governing power of the confederation was lodged in the federal council. This was composed of the federal chiefs of the several component tribes; the tribal council consisted of the federal chiefs and subchiefs of the tribe.

Communities are formed on the basis of a union of interests and obligations. By the union of several rudimentary communities for mutual aid and protection, in which each retained part of its original freedom and delegated certain social and political powers and jurisdiction to the united community, was evolved an assembly of representatives of the united bands in tribal council, having a definite jurisdiction. To these chiefs were sometimes added subchiefs, whose jurisdiction, though subordinate, was concurrent with that of the chiefs. The enlarged community constitutes a tribe. From tribes were organized confederations. There were however several grades of councils constituted. In the council of the Iroquois confederation the sub-chiefs had no voice or recognition.

Among the Plains tribes the chieftaincy seems to have been usually non-hereditary. Any ambitious and courageous warrior could apparently, in strict accordance with custom, make himself a chief by the acquisition of suitable property, through his own force of character and by creating a large, strong force of followers. In fact the Indians played politics, "even as you and I."

HOW RED CLOUD BLUFFED UNCLE SAM

Red Cloud, Makh-pi-ya-luta, "Scarlet Cloud," was frequently known among his people as Makh-pi-a-sha, "Red Cloud," a principal chief of the Oglala Teton Sioux of Pine Ridge reservation, the largest band of the Sioux nation, and probably the most famous and powerful chief in the history of the tribe. The origin of the name is disputed, but it is said by ex-agent McGillicuddy, to refer to the way in which his scarlet-blanketed warriors formerly covered the hill-sides "like a red cloud." If this be true, the name was bestowed after he had obtained recognition as a leader.

Red Cloud was born at the forks of Platte river, Neb., in 1822, and died at Pine Ridge, S. Dak., Dec. 10th, 1909. He was a member of the Snake family, the most distinguished and forceful of his tribe, and rose to prominence by his own force of character, having no claim to hereditary chieftaincy, which in the Oglala band rested with the family represented by "They-fear-even-his-horse," ("Young-man-afraid-of-his-horse"), the latter being more conservative and more friendly toward civilization.

Red Cloud's father died of drunkenness brought about by the introduction of liquor into the tribe without stint, commencing about 1821.

When in 1865 the Government undertook to build a road from Fort Laramie, Wyo., on the North Platte, by way of Powder river, to the gold regions of Montana, Red Cloud headed the opposition for his tribe, on the ground that the influx of travel along the trail would destroy the best re-

maining buffalo range of the Indians. The first small detachment of troops sent out to begin construction work were intercepted by Red Cloud with a large party of Oglala Sioux and Cheyenne, and held practically as prisoners more than two weeks, but finally were allowed to return when it seemed to the chief that they might be massacred by his young men.

In the fall of the same year commissioners were sent to treat with the Oglala for permission to build the road; but Red Cloud forbade the negotiations and refused to attend the council.

On June 30, 1866, another council for the same purpose was called at Fort Laramie, Red Cloud this time attending and repeating his refusal to endanger the hunting grounds of his people. While he was speaking a strong force of troops under General Carrington arrived, and on being told, in reply to a question, that they had come to build forts and open the road to Montana, he seized his rifle and with a final defiant message left the council with his entire following.

Carrington then set out on his mission, which included the rebuilding and garrisoning of Fort Reno, on Powder river, and the establishment of Fort Phil. Kearney and Fort C. F. Smith, the last named being on Bighorn river, in Montana. Another protest to Carrington himself proving ineffectual Red Cloud surrounded the troops and working force at Fort Kearney with perhaps 2,000 warriors and harassed them so constantly that not even a load of hay could be brought in from the prairie except under the protection of a strong guard, while it was made unsafe to venture out after game that was abundant all around.

On Dec. 21, 1866, an entire detachment of 81 men under Captain Fetterman was cut off and every man killed. On Aug. 1st, 1867, another severe engagement occurred near the post.

In all this time not a single wagon had been able to pass over the road, and in 1868 another commission was ap-

pointed to come to terms with Red Cloud, who demanded as an ultimatum the abandonment of the three posts and of all further attempts to open the Montana road. A treaty was finally made on this basis, defining the limits of the Sioux country as claimed by the Sioux, Red Cloud refusing to sign or even to be present until the garrisons had actually been withdrawn, thus winning a complete victory for the position he had held from the beginning. He finally affixed his signature at Fort Laramie, Nov. 6th, 1868.

From that date he seems to have kept his promise to live at peace with the whites, although constantly resisting the innovations of civilization.

He took no active part in the Sioux war of 1876, although he is accused of having secretly aided and encouraged the hostiles. Being convinced of the hopelessness of attempting to hold the Black Hills after the discovery of gold in that region, he joined in the agreement of cession in 1876. In the outbreak of 1890-91 he remained quiet, being then an old man, and partially blind, and was even said to have been threatened by the hostiles on account of his loyal attitude toward the Government.

As a warrior Red Cloud stood first among his people, having counted 80 coups or separate deeds of bravery in battle. As a general and a statesman he ranked equally high, having been long prominent in treaties and councils, and several times a delegate to Washington, his attitude having been always that of a patriot from the Indian standpoint.

Unlike Indians generally, he had but one wife, with whom he lived from early manhood. Personally he is described by one well acquainted with him as a most courtly chief and a natural born gentleman, with a bow as graceful as that of a Chesterfield. For some years before his death he was blind and decrepit, and lived in a house built for him by the Government. His immediate band is known as the I-te-shi-cha.



Red Cloud in His Dress Suit
Note his remarkably strong characteristic nose

Major E. R. P. Shurley, who served in the campaign above described, writes this account of it.

“ In 1865, after the close of the Civil War, the Government authorities had leisure to take up Indian affairs. For some time the different tribes had been in an unsettled state.

“ Rich gold mines had been developed in the vicinity of Virginia City, and a stampede of thousands of prospectors followed. In a short time the place grew from a straggling hamlet to a town of considerable size. The route west of Green river and the mountains, to Virginia City, was roundabout and difficult. There was another road, however, via Fort Laramie, up the Eastern slope of the Big Horn mountains. Most of the distance was through one of the finest countries in the world; good grass, game in plenty, and magnificent scenery; but there was one drawback to this route — the Indians.

“ The Sioux and Kiowas objected to having that, the last of their hunting grounds, desecrated by the whites. Here were found buffalo in thousands, elk, antelope and bear. The country was fruitful, in season, with wild plums, grapes and berries; while the streams were alive with trout. Notwithstanding the objections of the Indians, the authorities at Washington decided to take possession, establish posts and open a shorter route to the Gallatin Valley.

“ The 18th Infantry, to which I had the honor to be appointed, was stationed at Louisville, enjoying the peace and the hospitality of that pleasant city. One day it received an order to repair to the ‘ land of the Dacotahs ’ without delay; there to establish the necessary posts to protect emigration, and to open a route to Virginia City, Montana.

“ Why the 18th should have been selected, which had only recently returned from the front, was to us a problem, unless it was because the commanding officer was not in the graces of Secretary Stanton. The story was told that the Secretary, on opening another letter from our Colonel, who was after a ‘ soft snap ’ in the East, turned to his chief

clerk and demanded: 'What is the next place to hell to send a regiment?'

" 'To the Powder river country,' " was the reply.

" 'Then order the 18th Infantry there at once,' " commanded Stanton.

" It would have been well if the old 18th with its three battalions had gone; but before it could start, it was divided into three regiments. The second battalion was numbered the 27th, and sent to the Powder river country. This regiment did a great deal of fighting; and about 200 officers and men are buried at Forts Reno, Phil. Kearney and C. F. Smith, sacrifices to an impotent Indian policy on the part of the Government.

" In 1866 not a wagon train passed up or down that did not have to fight its way. The 27th established the three posts mentioned. I was attached to the column of General John E. Smith, who, in 1867, with 350 men, left Fort Sedgwick the 2nd of May, arriving at Fort Phil. Kearney July 3rd. The General was a gallant officer and had made his mark while commanding a division in the Army of the Tennessee.

" When General Smith's column, as it was called, reached Fort Kearney, it was suggested to the General that an old boiler and engine, then at the post could be used toward building a saw-mill at Fort Smith. These were parts of a mill burned by the Indians. Accordingly, the quartermaster, General Daudy, caused a six wheel truck to be built for transporting the engine. Drawn by 12 yoke of oxen, it was, after much trouble, hauled to Smith. Then it took all the expert mechanics in the ranks to get the thing into shape.

" It was a wonderful mill when completed. All of the running gear was made of wood. An original saw-mill, surely; but by its aid the problem of lumber for the new barracks was solved.

" Old Fort Smith was situated on one of the most pleas-

ing sites in Wyoming. It was built on a bluff 500 yards from the Big Horn river, and a mile above the great canyon that extends Westward 100 miles, to the Stinking Water river. Fort Smith was one of three posts built to hold the Indians in check. It was a stockade post, and once stood an assault against a force of Indians 20 times the strength of the garrison. After our arrival, the old wooden barracks were replaced by buildings of adobe, the bricks being made by the men, and the lumber sawed at the mill.

"The Indians were bad. The Government did not mean war, but the Sioux and Arapahoes and Kiowas did, and they lost no opportunity to let us know it.

"We were then considered as out of the world; and were, so far as getting news from the East was concerned. Months intervened between mails. Wagon trains were strongly guarded, and even then there was constant fighting with the large bands of Indians, who took advantage of any inattention of the escort, to 'jump the train.'

"The garrison at the fort was most of the time in a state of siege. A man going from the stockade to the river took chances. Occasionally our friends the Crows (Absarakees) to the number of 300 or 400, would camp near us. Then we had lively times. Their old enemies, the Sioux, would come in to give them a fight; and the garrison would look on.

"Old Smith at times was a monotonous post. The sun would rise out of the plains and disappear over the mountains. Slowly the days passed. Game was abundant. From the top of the stockade could be seen buffalo, elk, antelope and sometimes bear. Small game was equally plentiful, but it was risking one's life to hunt. Many of the men took the chances, however, so we were usually provided with game. During the winter of '66 the garrison lived mainly on corn. No train came through, while the Indians, numbering thousands, had their winter quarters on the Little Big Horn."

Chief Gall was a man of wonderful fortitude, endurance and will power. He was of humble parentage, but was well educated in the Indian way, receiving the usual consideration of his people for an orphan, his mother being a poor widow. As a young man he was a warrior of note, and that he was possessed of military genius of a high order was shown by the disposition he made of his forces at the battle of the Little Bighorn, June 25th, 1876, where he led the right wing of the Sioux Army. He fled to Canada after the Custer affair, but in 1880 he and Crow Chief withdrew from the Sitting Bull following, leaving the latter with but few people. With his followers Gall surrendered to Major Guido Ilges, Jan. 1, 1881, and settled as a farmer on Standing Rock reservation, S. D. He denounced Sitting Bull as a coward and a poltroon, in a council where Bull sat, and became a friend of the whites, wielding a potent influence in procuring the submission of the Indians to the plan of the Government for the education of the children.

He was a man of noble presence and was much esteemed for his candor and sagacity by the whites with whom he came in contact. He was influential in bringing about the ratification of the act of March 12th, 1889, the last agreement with the Sioux by which their great reservation was divided into separate reservations and certain portions were ceded to the U. S. From 1889 he was a judge of the court of Indian offences at Standing Rock Agency.

Gall was well fixed financially and while he did not spend his money recklessly he always dressed well on state occasions.

When the Sioux went on the warpath in 1875, on account of the occupancy of the Black Hills and other grievances, Crazy Horse was the leader of the hostiles. General Reynolds, commanding a column of the army of General Crook, in the winter of 1875, surprised Crazy Horse's camp and captured his horses; but the Indians succeeded in stampeding the herd in a blinding snowstorm and again



Pe-Zhi, Chief John Grass, in Ceremonial Dress
Note the pipe of peace in his left hand
and the eagle wing in his right

mounted and rode away. When General Crook first encountered Crazy Horse's band on the Rosebud river, the former was compelled to fall back after a sharp fight. The band at that time consisted of about 600 Miniconjou Sioux and Cheyenne.

Later, Crazy Horse was joined on Powder river by warlike Sioux of various tribes, others going to swell the band in Dakota. Both bands united and it was this vast aggregation that met on the Little Bighorn.

When General Miles pursued the Sioux in the following winter the two camps separated again, south of the Yellowstone river, Crazy Horse taking his Cheyennes and Oglalas and going back to the Rosebud.

General Mackenzie destroyed his camp on a stream that flows into the Tongue river, losing several men in the engagement in which troops could scarcely have withstood the repeated assaults of double the number of Indians. Crazy Horse surrendered in the spring with over 2,000 followers. He was suspected of stirring up another revolt and was placed under arrest Sept. 7, 1877, but broke from the guard and was shot and killed.

Miles says of Crazy Horse:

"He was the incarnation of ferocity, a fierce, restless warrior who, at the age of 26, had become the leader of the Oglalas, the most warlike tribe of the Sioux nation."

Pe-zhi, known to white people as John Grass, was for many years a conspicuous figure in the councils of the Sioux nation. He was an hereditary chief of the Blackfeet, as were his grandfather and father. He was always a friend of the whites and did the Government valuable service in many cases of dispute between the Indian bureau and the Indians, or between the military authorities and the Indians. After years of such service the Government rewarded John by appointing him Chief Justice of the Sioux nation, at the munificent salary of \$6 a month! For many years thereafter John held court once a month and settled various dis-

putes that arose among his people. His word was always regarded as law, and no Indian ever thought of appealing from any decision rendered by John Grass. He is still living on Standing Rock reservation, and owns several hundred head of horses and cattle.

American Horse, an Oglala Sioux Chief known in this tribe as Was-e-ehun-ta-shun-ka, was probably the son or nephew of the American Horse who went out with Crazy Horse in the Sioux war and was killed at Slim Buttes, S. D., Sept. 29th, 1875. As speaker for the tribe American Horse signed the treaty secured by the Crook commission in 1887, by which the Sioux reservation in Dakota was reduced one half. Nearly half the tribe's representatives withdrew from the council and prepared to fight the Government, alleging that the promises of the commissioners could not be depended on. These were the malcontents, excited by the messianic craze that had recently reached the Sioux, and which resulted in the killing of Sitting Bull, its chief exponent, in 1890.

The expected benefits of the treaty proved illusory. While the tribes were gathered at the agency to treat with commissioners, their herds of cattle destroyed their growing crops, and were subsequently stolen. The signers expected that the rations of beef that had been cut off by the Government would be restored, and the agent began to issue the extra rations.

In the following year, when drought ruined the crops, authority to increase the rations having been withheld, they were reduced at the most unseasonable time. The Sioux were actually starving when the malcontents took their arms and went out to the Badlands to dance themselves into the exalted state necessary for a final struggle with the whites. American Horse and other friendlies induced them to submit, and the episode would have been concluded without further bloodshed had not a collision occurred between some raw troops and Big Foot's band, after its surrender.

In 1891 American Horse headed the delegation from Pine Ridge to Washington, composed of leaders of both the friendly and the lately hostile parties, and the conferences resulted in the issue of living rations and in fairer treatment of the Sioux.

Dull Knife, chief of a band of Northern Cheyennes, who first came into public notice in 1868 when, as one of the representatives of his tribe, he signed the treaty of Fort Laramie, May 10th, made by the Northern Cheyennes and Northern Arapahoes with the U. S., his name appearing as "Tah-me-la-pash-me, or Dull Knife." In 1875, or early in 1876 Dull Knife's band, numbering about 400 warriors, suddenly attacked Washakie's band of Shoshonis, at that time on the Bighorn river, near the mouth of Gray Bull river. Several men were killed on both sides, but no decisive result was obtained. (See illustration, page 213.)

In 1876 the Northern Cheyennes, including Dull Knife's band, joined the Sioux under Crazy Horse in their general uprising, which extended through this and the following year. They were present at and were participants in the Custer fight on the Little Bighorn, in June 1876, and according to Chief Gall's statement, at the beginning of the battle the Cheyennes fought Custer's command while the Sioux attacked Reno's force, and after the latter had been driven back, the entire body of warriors turned on Custer's troops.

On Nov. 25, 1876, the cavalry under Col. Mackenzie attacked Dull Knife's camp at daybreak, destroyed 173 lodges and captured 500 ponies. Although the Indians escaped with heavy loss, they later surrendered and were moved to Oklahoma and placed with the Southern Cheyennes.

Greatly dissatisfied with their new home, an attempt was made by a large party under Dull Knife to escape to the north in September 1878. They were pursued and a part of them captured and confined at Fort Robinson, Neb.,

whence they made a desperate attempt to escape on the night of Jan. 9th, 1879, during which most of them, including Dull Knife were killed.

Spotted Tail, Cin-te-gi-les-ka was head chief of the Brule or Burnt-thigh Sioux. He was born about 1833, near Fort Laramie, Wyo. He was not a chief by birth, but rose by dint of his fighting qualities. He won his wife in a duel with a sub-chief and proved his prowess in battle many times, so that when the head chief died the tribe passed over the hereditary claimant and aspirants of riper years and experience, in favor of the young warrior. He had borne a conspicuous part in the destruction of Lieut. Grattan's detachment in 1864 when it entered the Brule camp to arrest an Indian who had taken an old cow abandoned by some emigrants, and in the subsequent depredations on the Oregon trail. After signal punishment was inflicted on the tribe by General Harney at Ash Hollow, Neb., Spotted Tail and two others of the murderers, whose surrender was demanded, surprised the soldiers at Fort Laramie by marching in, arrayed in war dress, and chanting their death songs, to give themselves up in order that the tribe might be spared. "Spot" regained his freedom and was chief of the Lower Brule in 1865, when commissioners treated with the Sioux for a right of way through Montana and was in favor of the treaty, though neither he nor any other prominent chief signed. With the other chiefs he signed the treaty of April 29th, 1868, accepting for the Tetons a reservation embracing all of the present South Dakota west of the Missouri river, and assenting to the construction of a railroad, the Government acknowledging as unceded Indian territory, the sections of Wyoming and Montana north of the North Platte as far west as the Bighorn mountains and abandoning the road to the mines.

When gold was discovered in the Black Hills, Spotted Tail and Red Cloud, who were recognized as the chiefs at



Cin-te-gi-les-ka, Spotted Tail
Head Chief of the Brule Sioux, a fierce, aggressive
fighter and a bitter hater of white men.

the respective agencies, called by their names, went to Washington to negotiate a sale of the mineral rights, and thoroughly to inform himself of the value of the minerals, Spotted Tail visited the hills, hung around the camps of the prospectors, listening to their talk, but pretending not to be able to speak or understand English, and learned that the mines were immensely valuable.

Under the treaty of 1868 the chiefs could not make treaties for sale of lands, hence commissioners who were sent to the Indians, found that Spotted Tail had raised the Indian expectations so high that \$60,000,000 was demanded for the concession. The Government would not agree to this and miners were permitted to pass into the Black Hills without hindrance. Then all the young men on the reservation joined the hostiles. Red Cloud was suspected of disloyalty and in the course of the campaign that followed the Custer disaster in 1878, Spotted Tail was appointed chief of all the Indians at both agencies and negotiated the settlement by which his nephew, Crazy Horse, came in from Powder river and surrendered in the spring of 1877.

Having allowed the hordes of miners and prospectors to take forcible possession of the Black Hills, the government took the land from the Indians at its own price, \$30,000,000, one half what Spotted Tail asked for it, and less than one quarter of its real value, as events have proved.

Young-man-afraid-of-his-Horses, a chief of the Oglala Sioux, contemporaneous with Red Cloud and one of the leading lieutenants of the latter in the war of 1866 to defeat the building of the Montana road through the buffalo country of Powder river. His Sioux name, Ta-sunka-ko-ki-pa-pi, is not properly interpreted, it really means that the bearer was so potent in battle that the mere sight of his horses inspired fear. After the peace of 1868 he lived at the Oglala agency and died at Pine Ridge, S. D.

Low Dog, a Brule Sioux, wears in this picture a blue shirt, that he probably bought from a Government trader, or perhaps got from some soldier in a trade. He holds in his hands two battle axes, one extending across his lap, and the other with the head resting on the ground between his feet. His leggins are elaborately beaded and are doubtless the result of many weeks of tedious, tiresome work on the part of some loyal squaw. (Illustration, page 188.)

Crow Dog, an Oglala Sioux Chief. He took no prominent part in the Sioux war of 1876, but in 1881 he shot Spotted Tail in a brawl, and for this was tried before a jury and sentenced to be hanged; but the United States Supreme Court ordered his release on habeas corpus, ruling that the Federal courts had no jurisdiction over crimes committed on reservations secured to Indian tribes by treaty. Other deeds attested the fearless nature of this man, and when the ghost-dance craze emboldened the Oglalas to go on the warpath, angered by a new treaty cutting down their reservation and rations, Crow Dog was one of the leaders of the desperate band that fled from Rosebud agency to the Badlands and defied General Brooke's brigade. He was inclined to yield when friendlies came to persuade them and when the irreconcilables caught up their rifles to shoot the wavers, he drew his blanket over his head, not wishing, he said, to know who would be guilty of slaying a brother Dakota. When the troops still refrained from attacking, and the most violent of his companions saw the hopelessness of their plight, he led his followers back to the agency, toward the close of December 1890.

I have pleasure in introducing to the reader a Southwest Indian, or rather half Indian, Quannah Parker, chief of the Southern Comanches.

He was the son of a Comanche chief and a white captive woman. His father, Nokoni, (wanderer) was the leader

of the Kwahadi division, the wildest and most hostile portion of the tribe and the most inveterate raiders along the Texas border. In one of the incursions, in the summer of 1835, the Comanches attacked a small settlement on the Navasota river, in east Texas, known from its founder as Parker's Fort, and carried off two children of Parker, one of whom, Cynthia Anna Parker, then about 12 years of age, became later the wife of the chief and the mother of Quanah, born about 1845.

The mother, with an infant, was afterward rescued by the troops and brought back to Texas, where both soon died. Quanah grew up with the tribe and on the death of his father rapidly rose to commanding influence. The Kwahadi band refused to enter in the Medicine Lodge treaty of 1867, by which the Comanches, Kiowas, Apaches, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes were assigned to reservations, and continued to be a disturbing element until 1874, when in consequence of the depredations of an organized company of white buffalo hunters, Quanah himself mustered the warriors of the Comanches and Cheyennes, with about half of the Kiowas, and portions of the other two tribes, for resistance. The campaign began June 24th, 1874, with an attack led by Quanah in person at the head of 700 confederate warriors against the buffalo hunters who were strongly intrenched in a fort known as the Adobe Walls, on the South Canadian, in the Texas panhandle. In addition to the protection afforded by the thick walls, the white hunters had a small field-piece which they used with such good effect that after a siege lasting all day the Indians were obliged to retire with considerable loss.

The war thus begun continued along the whole border south of Kansas until about the middle of the next year, when, being hard pressed by the troops under General Mackenzie, most of the hostiles surrendered. Quanah, however, kept his band out on the Staked plains two years longer, when he also came in.

Recognizing the inevitable, he set about making the best of the new conditions, and being still young and with the inherited intelligence of his white ancestry, he quickly adapted himself to the white man's road and became a most efficient factor in leading his people to civilization. Through his influence the confederated tribes adopted the policy of leasing the surplus pasture lands, by which a large annual income was added to their revenue.

He popularized education, encouraged house building, and agriculture; and discouraged dissipation and savage extravagance, while holding strictly to his native beliefs and ceremonies. Polygamy being customary in his tribe, he had several wives and a number of children, all of whom, of proper age, have received a school education, and one or two of whom have married white men.

For nearly 30 years he was the most prominent and influential figure among the three confederated tribes in all leases, treaty negotiations, and other public business with the Government, and in this capacity made repeated visits to Washington, and traveled extensively in other parts of the country. Besides his native language he spoke English and Spanish fairly well. He lived many years in a large and comfortable house, surrounded by well cultivated fields, about 12 miles west of Fort Sill, Okla., where he died in 1915. Quanah, a town in northern Texas, was named in his honor.

Some years ago I visited Parker at his ranch and he prepared an elaborate entertainment for me, consisting of horse races, a game of La Crosse, sprinting matches and, most interesting and novel of all, he had two of his squaws give an exhibition of tepee pitching. The poles were already set, and at the word they fastened one end of a strip of canvas, some 20 yards long, to one of the poles which serves as a door post. Then they ran with the strip around the circle of poles, raising the canvas as they went.

A tripod stood within the circle, about four feet high, with a small piece of canvas stretched across the top, and when the squaws had wrapped the canvas as high as they could reach from the ground, one of them sprang nimbly to the top of the tripod and from here easily continued the wrapping to the top of the frame, about eight feet from the ground, where she left an opening about a foot in diameter. Then the end of the strip of cloth was fastened around one of the poles, and the flange, which was to regulate the draught in the tent and carry the smoke away, was easily and quickly applied.

Parker had asked me to time the squaws. I did so and they completed the tepee in $3\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.

CHAPTER XI

THE BATTLE OF THE BIG HOLE

THIS is the noblest Roman of them all — Chief Joseph, of the Nez Perces, Im-mut-too-yah-lat-kit (thunder coming from the water up over the land).

Chief Joseph was a man of commanding presence, 6 feet 4 in his moccasins, with a strong, impressive face, and was in fact one of the ablest and brainiest Indians this country has ever produced.

He was easily the peer of Red Cloud in courage and daring; of Logan, or Tecumseh, or John Grass in oratory; of Spotted Tail in craftiness; of Crazy Horse or Gall in strategy and generalship in battle; of Quanah Parker in statesmanship and diplomacy. He combined within himself all these attributes in a degree that made him greater than them all.

A treaty was made with the Nez Perces in 1863 and was signed by all the chiefs of the tribe except Joseph. He refused to sign it and to relinquish the Wallowa Valley to the whites. He said:

"My people have lived in this valley for hundreds of years and I mean to live and die here. A man who would not love the country that holds the bones of his father and mother is worse than a beast."

So, Joseph and the Indians sympathizing with him continued to dwell there in spite of collisions between the Indians and the whites, which became more and more frequent.

The matter of removing these Indians to the Lapwai

reservation in Idaho, after the failure of a commission the previous year, was proceeding to a peaceful settlement when outrageous acts on the part of certain white settlers caused the Nez Perces to break loose and attack the settlement. War was declared. After several engagements, in which the whites lost severely, Joseph displayed remarkable generalship in a retreat worthy to be remembered with that of Xenophon's ten thousand.

He defeated a detachment of cavalry that was sent against him in his own country and then, realizing that the whole United States Army would be arrayed against him if need be, he decided to move with his people to Canada; left the country that he and his ancestors had occupied for hundreds of years, fled across the mountains and successively and successfully fought several expeditions that were ordered to intercept him, including that of General Gibbon and three companies of the Seventh Infantry.

On receipt of General Howard's despatch that the Nez Perces were coming his way, Gibbon hastily summoned Company F., of his regiment, from Fort Benton, and D. from Camp Baker, to move with all possible speed to Fort Shaw. Meantime, he gave orders that Company K. and every man that could be spared from his post should prepare at once for the field. When companies F. and D. arrived there, he took the field at their head, with the troops detailed from his own post, and moved rapidly toward Fort Missoula, crossing the Rocky mountains through Cadotte's Pass, carrying a limited supply of provisions on pack mules. The distance, 150 miles, over a rough mountainous country, was covered in seven days, the command reaching Fort Missoula on the afternoon of August 3rd.

On the 4th, with his command reinforced with Captain Rawn's company, and Company G. of the Seventh from Fort Ellis, General Gibbon left Fort Missoula in pursuit of the Nez Perces. His command now numbered 17 officers and 146 men. A wagon train was taken from Missoula,

wherein the men were allowed to ride wherever the roads were good.

General Gibbon moved as rapidly as his means of transportation would permit, covering 30 to 35 miles a day. On his march through the Bitter Root valley he was joined by 36 citizens. Gibbon ascertained that he was covering two of the daily marches of the Indians with one of his column, and the question of overtaking them became, therefore, merely one of time.

Joseph knew nothing of the approach of General Gibbon. He did not even know that it would be possible for General Howard to get word to him by telegraph, and so the Nez Percés, knowing that they had entirely outdistanced Howard, had halted, intending to stay three or four days and rest their stock. But "the iron string that whippers" had played Joseph a fatal prank; and so Gibbon was on his flank before he knew it.

When the command reached the foot of the mountain and learned that the Indians had already crossed, a number of the citizens became discouraged and hesitated about going farther. But the General, appreciating the importance of keeping these hardy frontiersmen with him, besought them to keep on a few days longer.

He assured them that he was in earnest, and should strike the Indians a terrible blow as soon as he could overtake them. He told the volunteers that they should have an honorable place in the fight, if one occurred; that they might have all the horses that could be captured, save enough to mount his command, and that, meantime, his men would divide their last ration with their citizen comrades. This announcement created great enthusiasm among the soldiers and volunteers alike, and the latter at once decided to follow their gallant leader until the Indians should be overtaken, no matter where or when that might be.

Lieutenant Bradley, with eight men of the Second Cavalry, and all of the mounted volunteers, was now ordered



Quanah Parker
Chief of the Comanches

to push on, strike the Indian camp before daylight the next morning and, if possible, to stampede the stock and run it off. If this could be done, and the Indians set on foot, then their overwhelming defeat would be certain. Lieut. J. W. Jacobs asked and obtained permission to go with Bradley and share in the hazardous undertaking. This detachment, amounting, all told, to 60 men, made a night march across the mountains, while the main command camped at the foot of the divide on the night of the 7th, and at five o'clock the next morning resumed the march.

The road up the mountain, a steep and difficult one at best, was seriously obstructed at this time by large quantities of down timber that had to be cut out or passed around, so that the ascent was very slow and trying to men and beasts. The wagons were but lightly loaded, and by doubling teams and using all the men at the drag ropes, the command succeeded in reaching the summit, a distance of three miles, in six hours, and by the performance of such labor and hardship as only those can realize who have campaigned in a mountainous country. I passed over the same trail a few years later and know whereof I speak.

From the summit the road leads down a gentle incline a mile, when it reaches the head of Trail Creek, and follows down that stream a distance of 10 miles into the Big Hole basin. It crosses the creek probably 50 times, and the banks being abrupt, and the road obstructed in many places by down timber, the progress of the command was extremely slow and tedious.

While ascending the mountain on the morning of the 8th, General Gibbon received a courier from Lieutenant Bradley, with a despatch stating that, owing to the difficult nature of the trail and the distance to the Indian camp, he had been unable to reach it before daylight, and that the Indians had broken camp and moved on. Later in the day, however, another courier brought news that they had again gone into camp, after making but a short march, at the mouth of

Trail Creek, and that, not deeming it safe to attack in daylight, Bradley had concealed his command in the hills and was now awaiting the arrival of the infantry.

On receipt of this information, Gibbon took his men from the wagons, (leaving 20 men to guard the train), gave each man 90 rounds of ammunition and one day's rations, and pushed on on foot, having ordered that the wagons should come up as fast as possible. The gallant General with his faithful little band moved quietly but rapidly forward; but owing to the bad condition of the trail, it was nearly sundown when they reached Bradley's camp.

Bradley informed his chief that he believed the Indians intended to remain in their camp several days, for he had secretly observed their movements from the top of the neighboring hill, and found that the squaws were engaged in cutting and peeling lodge-poles, evidently to take with them for use on the treeless plains of the buffalo country.

Here Joseph had made the one mistake of his life, in not putting out a rear guard. He believed he had outdistanced Howard entirely, that the latter would not follow him over those hundreds of miles of almost impassable mountain trails and Joseph had no idea he would or could be intercepted by other troops. So, he told his people they would stay here, where the grass was good, and rest the horses a few days.

On arriving at Bradley's camp, the troops filed into the gulch, ate a scanty supper of hard-tack and raw pork, and without camp fires or blankets, lay down to rest. Having conferred with Lieutenant Bradley and his scouts as to the best disposition of the proposed attack, General Gibbon ordered his adjutant to call him at 10 o'clock at night, and lying down under the spreading branches of a pine-tree, slept as peacefully as a child.

Lieutenants Bradley and Jacobs did a piece of reconnoitering on this day for which they deserve great credit. Having failed to reach the Indian camp during the previous

night, when it would have been safe to undertake to capture or stampede the pony herd; and knowing it would be rash to attempt it in daylight, it then became important to learn the exact situation of the village, in order that the commanding General might be given the most minute information concerning it when he came up.

Having secreted his command in the woods, therefore, Bradley sent out scouts in different directions with instructions to proceed cautiously and stealthily about the village and ascertain, if practicable, the actual whereabouts of the Indians.

In about two hours these men returned and reported numerous fresh signs of Indians in the immediate vicinity, while one of them, Corporal Drummond, had, he said, while standing in the timber some distance to the east, heard voices and other sounds that evidently came from a busy Indian camp near by, but, fearing he might give an alarm, he had not gone near enough to the camp to see it.

Lieutenant Jacobs asked Bradley to let him take Drummond, return to the spot and verify such important information. Bradley replied that they would both go, and, leaving Sergeant Wilson in charge of the camp, both officers started with Drummond on foot.

They proceeded with the greatest caution a distance of about a mile and a half, when the corporal whispered to Lieutenant Bradley that they were near the place where he had heard the voices. They were surrounded by a thick growth of small pine trees, through which it was impossible to see any distance. Moving slowly forward, they soon heard the sound of axes, and inferred that the squaws were cutting lodge-poles in the very body of woods they were then in.

Creeping along with bated breath, on the alert for any sound or sign, fearful lest they should make known their presence to the Indians, bring on a skirmish, and thus avert the purpose of the General, they scarcely dared breathe.

They finally caught the sound of voices and stopped. Here the officers held a whispered consultation which resulted in their crawling ahead to a larger tree that stood about 80 paces in front of them. Still they could see nothing of the camp, although the sounds came more plainly, and all were impressed with the knowledge that they were treading on the very crest of a volcano. Jacobs suggested that they climb the tree, arguing that as it was taller than those about it, they might be able to see something of interest from its top.

To this Bradley readily assented, and leaving their rifles with the corporal and cautioning him to keep a sharp lookout for any possible intruders, both officers climbed cautiously and stealthily into the topmost branches of the tree. When they had gained this position, they halted a moment in a crouching posture, and then, cautiously straightening themselves up, found they were well above the surrounding foliage, and were thrilled at seeing hundreds of Indian horses quietly grazing in a prairie almost beneath them, for the tree stood on top of a high hill.

Several herders sat on their ponies in and about the herd, while others lounged lazily on the ground under the shade of neighboring trees. A few hundred yards beyond, they saw the Indian camp where hundreds of warriors were resting and chatting, while squaws were pitching tents, making beds, carrying in poles, and cooking the noonday meal.

A brief look was all these brave officers dared risk, for they feared detection, and hastily lowering themselves to the ground, they lost no time in regaining their own camp.

A brief despatch was sent to the General, the receipt of which by him has already been referred to, advising him of their discovery, and the remainder of the day was spent in impatiently awaiting his arrival.

At 10 o'clock at night the officer of the guard spoke to the General in a whisper, and he arose with the alacrity of a youth who goes forth to the sports of a holiday. The

men were called at once, and in whispered orders the line of march was speedily formed. All were instructed to preserve the most profound silence from that moment until the signal should be given to open fire on the enemy, and, under the guidance of Joe Blodgett and Lieutenant Bradley, the little band filed silently down the winding trail, threading its way, now through dark groves of pine, or fir; now through jungles of underbrush; now over rocky points; frequently wading the cold mountain brook, waist deep, and tramping through oozy marshes of saw-grass; speaking only in whispers; their rifles loaded, eyes peering into the starlit night, and ears strained to catch the slightest sound that might indicate the hiding place of any lurking foe who might perchance be on an outpost to announce to his followers the approach of danger.

Five miles were thus stealthily marched without giving an alarm. Then the valley in which the troops had been moving opened out into what is known as the Big Hole, that is, the valley of the Big Hole river. This is a beautiful prairie basin, 15 miles wide and 60 miles long, covered with rich bunch grass and surrounded by high mountains. In the edge of this valley the soldiers saw the smoldering camp fires of the enemy; heard the baying of his hungry dogs responding to the howls of the prowling coyotes, and saw, by the flickering lights, the smoky lodges of the warriors. The men crept to within a few hundred yards of the slumbering camp, when they again crossed the creek down which they had been marching and ascended its eastern bluff. Here they encountered a large herd of ponies, some of whom neighed anxiously as the strange apparition filed past them, but luckily did not stampede.

Down the side of this steep bluff, thickly overgrown with sagebrush, mountain laurel and jack pines; over rocks and through break-neck ravines and washouts, the soldiers and citizens picked their way with all the skill and adroitness of trained hunters, until at last they reached a position over-

looking the Indian camp, and within 150 yards of the nearest tepees. The camp was pitched at the south bank of the Wisdom or Big Hole river, which is formed by the confluence here of Trail and Ruby Creeks. It was in an open meadow, in a bend of the river, and was partially surrounded by dense thickets of willows. There were 89 lodges pitched in the form of a V, with the angle up the stream, and below the camp 400 or 500 ponies grazed peacefully, many of them tethered to stakes and willows. The Indians had evidently secured them there in order to be prepared for any emergency. The command halted here, and lay down to await the coming of daylight, but not to sleep.

It was now two o'clock in the morning, and the men suffered with cold, for even the summer nights are cold in these mountains, and they had neither overcoats, nor blankets, having left all these with the wagons. The smoldering camp fires flickered fitfully in the pale starlight, and the smoky lodges of the savages presented a most fantastic picture, as the dying lights blazed with ever changing weirdness on them. Eagerly the soldiers watched the scene, and thought of the awful tragedy that the rising sun would look on in that now peaceful valley.

In 1882 I camped several days on the very spot where the little army rested that August night, surveyed every foot of it carefully, and each night as I sat by my camp-fire, comfortably wrapped in a heavy blanket, my heart went out to the poor boys in blue, who that night shivered with the cold and patiently waited the coming of daylight, in order that they might open fire on the Indians.

"They have no idea of our presence," said Bostwick, the half-breed scout. "After a while you will see some fires built if we remain undiscovered."

Sure enough, in the course of an hour squaws came from their lodges, and replenished their waning fires.

As these blazed up they stood about them, jabbered, turned, and warmed themselves, yawned, and then one by one returned to their skin couches and betook themselves again to sleep. And again the soldiers and citizen allies were left to meditate, and in whispers to commune with each other.

As soon as it was light enough to see to move advantageously the little army was again astir; but its movements were yet as silent as the grave. Under whispered orders and with stealthy tread Sanno's and Comba's companies, deployed as skirmishers, descended the bluff into the valley, groped their way through the willow thickets, waded the icy river, the water nearly coming to their armpits. Logan, Williams and Rawn, with their companies, were sent to the extreme right to cross and attack the camp near Ruby creek, while Lieutenant Bradley, with his handful of soldiers and citizen scouts, was sent down the stream with orders to cross and strike the camp lower down.

As the light increased and the troops were advancing cautiously, an Indian, who had crawled out of his lodge and mounted a horse, rode out of the willows directly in front of Bradley's men and within a few feet of them. He was enroute to the pony herd on the hillside above, and so quietly had the advance been made that even he had not heard or seen the men, and was almost in their midst when he emerged from the thicket. He and his horse were instantly shot down.

The order had been given:

"When the first shot is fired charge the camp with the whole line." And most eagerly was this order obeyed. Volleys were fired into the tepees, and with an eager yell the whole line swept wildly into the midst of the slumbering camp. The surprise was complete. The Indians rushed from their lodges panic-stricken by the suddenness and ferocity of the attack. They ran for the river banks, and thickets. Squaws yelled, children screamed, dogs barked,

horses neighed, snorted, and many of them broke their fetters and fled.

Even the warriors, usually so stoical, and who always like to appear incapable of fear or excitement, were for the time being as wild as the others. Some of them fled from the tents at first without their guns and had to return later, under a galling fire, to get them. Some of those who had presence of mind enough left to seize their weapons were too badly frightened to use them at first and stampeded, like a flock of sheep, to the brush.

The soldiers, although the scene was an intensely exciting one, were cool, self-reliant, and shot to kill. Many an Indian was cut down at such short range that his flesh and clothing were burned by the powder from the rifles. Comba and Sanno first struck the camp at the apex of the V., and delivered a melting fire on the Indians as they poured from the tepees. For a few minutes no effective fire was returned, but soon the Indians recovered in a measure from their surprise, and, getting into safe cover behind the river banks, and in some cases in even the very bed of the stream, opened fire on the soldiers, who were now in the open ground, with terrible effect.

The fire was especially destructive on the right or upper end of the line where the river made a short bend. As Logan, with a valor equal to that of his illustrious namesake, swept forward, he and his men found themselves directly at the backs of the Indians hidden in this bend, who now turned and cut them down with fearful rapidity. It was here that the greatest slaughter of that day took place. Logan himself fell, shot through the head, and at sight of their leader's corpse his men were desperate. Regardless of their own safety, they rushed to the riverbank and brained the savages in hand-to-hand encounters, both whites and Indians in some cases falling dead or wounded into the stream and being swept away by its current.

In 20 minutes from the time the first shot was fired the

troops had complete possession of the camp, and orders were given to destroy it. The torch was applied with a will, and some of the canvas lodges with the plunder in them destroyed, but the heavy dew had so dampened them that they burned slowly, and the destruction was not as complete as the men wished to make it. Many of the lodges were made of skins, and these would not burn at all.

Though the Indians were driven from their camp they were not yet defeated. Joseph's voice and that of his lieutenants, White Bird and Looking Glass, were heard above the din of the battle, rallying their warriors and cheering them on to deeds of valor.

"Why are we retreating?" shouted White Bird. "Since the world was made, brave men have fought for their women and children. Shall we run into the mountains and let these white dogs kill our women and children before our eyes? It is better that we should be killed fighting. Now is our time to fight. These soldiers can not fight harder than the ones we defeated on Salmon river and in White Bird Canyon. Fight! Shoot them down! We can shoot as well as any of them."

Looking Glass was at the other end of the camp. His voice was heard calling out:

"Wal-lit-ze! Tap-sis-il-pip! Um-til-ilp-crown! This is battle! These men are not asleep as those you murdered in Idaho. These soldiers mean battle. You tried to break my promise at Lo-Lo. You wanted to fire at the fortified place. Now is the time to show your courage and fight. You can kill right and left. I would rather see you killed than the rest, for you commenced the war. It was you who murdered the settlers in Idaho. Now fight!"

Thus praised and railed at by turns, the men recovered their presence of mind and charged back into the camp. The fighting was now muzzle to breast. This deadly encounter lasted some minutes more, when the Indians again took to the river bank and delivered their fire with great

precision and deadliness on the troops in the open ground.

In the hottest of the fight, Tap-sis-il-pip was killed. Wal-lit-ze, on being told of his companion's death, rushed madly on a group of soldiers and was shot dead in his tracks. Thus did two of the three murderers, who were said to have brought on the war, pay the penalty of their crimes with their own blood. The implied wish of their chief that they might be killed was realized.

Before these two men were killed, so says a surviving Nez Perce, an almost hand-to-hand fight occurred between an officer and an Indian.

The Indian was killed. His sister saw him fall, and springing to his side, wrenched the still smoking revolver from his hand, leveled it at the officer and shot him through the head. The Indian who described the event did not know who the officer was, but every soldier in the Seventh Infantry knows and mourns the squaw's victim as the gallant Captain Logan. Another Indian named "Grizzly Bear Youth," relates a hand-to-hand fight with a citizen volunteer in these words:

"When I was following the soldiers through the brush, trying to kill as many of them as possible, a big, ugly ranchman turned around swearing and made for me. He was either out of cartridges or afraid to take time to load his needle gun, for he swung it over his head by the barrel and rushed at me to strike with the butt end. I did the same. We both struck at once and each received a blow on the head. The volunteer's gun put a brand on my forehead that will be seen as long as I live. My blow on his head made him fall on his back. I jumped on him and tried to hold him down. He was a powerful man. He turned me and got on top. He got his hand on my throat and commenced choking me.

"All turned dark and I was nearly gone. Just then a warrior came up. This was Red Owl's son. He put his gun to the volunteer's side and fired. The ball passed

through the man and killed him. I had my arm around the waist of the man when the shot was fired, and the ball, after going through the ranchman, broke my arm."

Some of the Indians had, at the first alarm, mounted their horses, and rode rapidly to the hills on either side and to depressions in the open prairies of the valley. From these positions, as well as from the thickets and river banks, now came a most galling fire, which the soldiers were kept busy replying to. Although much of this shooting was at long range it was very deadly, and at almost every crack of their rifles a soldier, an officer, or a scout fell. General Gibbon, Lieutenant Woodruff, and both their horses were wounded by these sharp-shooters.

Gibbon formed his troops in two lines back-to-back, and charged through the brush in opposite directions for the purpose of driving out the Indians who remained there, but they simply retreated farther into the jungle, ran by the flanks of the assaulting parties, and kept up their fire at short range. In this part of the action Lieutenant Coolidge was shot through both thighs. Lieutenant Hardin and Sergeant Rogan carried him into a sheltered spot near where the body of Captain Logan lay.

By this time Coolidge had recovered from the shock of his wounds sufficiently to be able to walk, and, although weak from the loss of blood, picked up a rifle that had belonged to a fallen comrade and again took his place at the head of his company. While in this enfeebled condition he attempted to wade the river, but getting into water beyond his depth was compelled to throw away his rifle and swim. His failing strength now compelled him to seek shelter and lie down.

It soon became evident to General Gibbon that it would be unwise to hold his position on the river bottom, where there was no adequate cover for his men, and he reluctantly ordered them to fall back up the hill and take cover in the mouth of a gulch since known as "Battle Gulch." They

withdrew through the willow thickets to a position under the hill, gallantly carrying their wounded comrades with them, and then made a push for the timber. It was held by about 20 of the Indian sharp-shooters, who were killed or driven from it only at the muzzles of the soldiers' rifles. On the approach of the troops these Indians took shelter in a shallow washout, not more than a foot deep and two or three feet wide. Some of them were behind trees which stood beside this trench.

One had a few large rocks piled about the roots of his tree, and from a loophole through these he picked off man after man, himself secure from the many shots aimed at him at short range by the soldiers. Finally, however, a soldier, who was an expert marksman and cool as a veteran, took a careful aim and sent a bullet into his loophole which struck the rock on one side, glanced and entered the Indian's eye, passing out at the back of his head — a veritable carom shot. This tree was girdled with bullets, and the plucky Indian who lay behind it is said to have killed five of the soldiers before the fatal missile searched him out.

While the main body of troops were clearing out this clump of woods, the valiant band of regulars and volunteers, who had been sent down the river under Lieutenant Bradley to strike the lower end of the camp, now turned and fought their way up through it; through the willow thickets; through the sloughs and bayous; through the windings of the river; killing an Indian and losing a man at every turn, and finally joined the command in the woods.

But the gallant young leader of the band, Lieutenant Bradley, was not there. He had fallen in the fight; in fact, the first white man killed. He was leading the left wing of the command in its assault on the camp. General Gibbon had cautioned him to exercise great care about going into the jungle at that point, and told him to keep under cover of the brush and river bank as much as possible; but the brave young man knew no fear and bade his men follow him.

One of them called to him just as he was entering a thicket where a party of Indians were believed to be lurking and said :

“ Hold on, Lieutenant; don't go in there; it's sure death.”

But the young hero pressed on, regardless of his own safety, and just as he reached the edge of the brush an Indian rose within a few feet of him and fired, killing him instantly.

The Indian was immediately riddled with bullets, and then the men charged madly into and through the thicket, dealing death to every Indian who came in their way, and the blood of many a redskin crimsoned the sod, whose life counted against that of this gallant young officer. Thus he, who had led the night march over the mountains; who had by day, with his comrade, crawled up, located and reconnoitered the Indian camp, and sent the news of his discovery to his chief; who had on the following night aided that chief so signally in moving his command to the field and in planning the attack; who had gallantly led one wing of the little army in that fierce charge through the jungle and into the hostile camp, had laid down his noble life, and his comrades mourned him as a model officer, a good friend, a brave soldier.

Soon after the assault was made on the camp a squad of mounted warriors was sent to round up the large herd of horses, some 1,500 in number, on the hillside, half a mile away, and drive them down the river. General Gibbon saw this movement and sent a small party of citizen scouts to turn the horses his way and drive the herders off. A sharp skirmish ensued between the two parties, in which several whites and Indians were wounded, but the Indians being mounted, the citizens on foot, the former succeeded in rounding up the herd and driving it down the river beyond the reach of Gibbon's men.

During the progress of the fight among the tepees, the squaws and young boys seized the weapons of slain war-

riors, and from their hiding places in the brush fought with the desperation of fiends. Several instances are related by survivors of the fight, in which the she devils met soldiers and scouts face to face, and, thrusting their rifles almost into the faces of the white men, fired point blank at them. Several of our men are known to have been killed by the squaws, and several of the latter were shot down in retaliation by enraged soldiers and citizens.

A scout who was with Bradley states that while they were fighting their way through the willows, he passed three squaws who were hidden in a clump of brush. Knowing their bloodthirsty nature, and that several of his comrades had already been killed by this class of enemies, he was tempted to kill them; but as they seemed to be unarmed and made no show of resistance, he spared them and passed on.

Two days later while out with a burial party, he found these same three squaws all dead in their hiding place. One of them now had a Henry rifle in her hands, and beside another lay a revolver with five empty shells in the cylinder. He thought they had recovered the weapons from slain bucks after he passed and, opening fire on some soldier, or scout, had met the fate to which their conduct had justly subjected them.

All through the fierce struggle on the river bottom, officers fought shoulder to shoulder with their men; some of them with their own rifles, some with rifles recovered from killed or wounded comrades, and some with revolvers. Even General Gibbon himself — who, by the way, was an expert rifle shot and hunter — from his position on the bluff, devoted all his spare moments to using his hunting rifle on the skulking redskins, and more than one of them is said to have fallen victim to his deadly aim.

Lieutenant C. A. Woodruff, his adjutant, dealt shot after shot into the foe, as he rode from point to point, carrying the orders of his chief. Captains Comba, Williams, Browning and Sanno used their Springfields with telling effect and

put many a bullet where it would do the most good. Lieutenant Jacobs was as swift as an eagle in search of his prey, and, with a revolver in each hand, dashed hither and thither hunting out the murderers from their hiding-places and shooting them down like dogs.

Lieutenants Jackson, Wright, English, Van Orsdale, Harden, and Woodbridge were all at their posts, and none of them lost an opportunity to put in a telling shot. Lieutenant Francis Woodbridge was the youngest officer in the command, then a mere boy but a few months from West Point, yet he was as cool as any of the veterans and displayed qualities that endeared him to every man who participated in that day's work.

Captain Rawn was at all times in the thickest of the fight, and was admired alike by officers and men for the alacrity with which he shared in every danger. His conduct in that fight gave the lie to the carpers who had accused him of cowardice in the affair in Lo-Lo Canyon. In short, every officer, every enlisted man, and every citizen volunteer, fought as though the responsibility of the battle rested solely with him, and all acquitted themselves most nobly.

As soon as the command abandoned the camp, the Indians reoccupied it, and under the fire of the sharpshooters, hauled down several of their tepees; hastily bundled together the greater portion of their plunder; packed a number of horses with it, and, mounting their riding ponies, the squaws and children beat a hasty retreat down the valley, driving the herd of loose horses with them. They had hot work breaking camp, and several of them and their horses were killed while thus engaged. Two of Joseph's wives and a daughter of Looking Glass were among the slain, who were believed to have been killed at this time.

When the command retired into the timber, the Indians followed and surrounded them, taking cover along the river banks below, and behind rocks and trees on the hillsides

above. The men dug rifle pits with their trowel bayonets and piled up rocks to protect themselves as best they could, and a sharpshooting fight was kept up from this position all day. At times the Indians' fire was close and destructive, and here Lieutenant English received a mortal wound. Captain Williams was struck a second time, and a number of men killed and wounded.

Two large pine trees stand on the open hillside some 400 yards from the mouth of the gulch. Behind one of these an Indian took cover early in the morning, and stayed there until late in the afternoon. He proved to be an excellent shot, and harassed the troops sorely by his fire until a soldier, who had crawled up the gulch some distance above the main body, and who was equally expert in the use of his rifle, got a cross fire on him and finally drove him out. He went down the hill on a run and took refuge in the willows, but with one arm dangling at his side in a way that left no doubt in the minds of those who saw him that it was broken.

A large number of Indians crawled as close to the troops as they dared, and the voices of the leaders could be heard urging their companions to push on. A half breed in the camp, familiar with the Nez Perce tongue, heard White Bird encouraging his men and urging them to charge, assuring them that the white soldiers' ammunition was nearly gone. But he was unable to raise their courage to the desired point, and no assault was made. The troops held their ground nobly, wasting no ammunition, and yet returning the fire of the savages with coolness, accuracy, and regularity; and from the number of dead Indians and pools of blood found on the hillside the next day, learned that their work here had not been in vain.

During the afternoon of the 8th the wagon train and howitzer had been brought down to within five miles of the Indian camp, parked, and fortified by Hugh Kirkendall, the citizen wagonmaster in charge, aided by the few men who had been left with him as train guard.

An amusing incident occurred that night, and yet one that came near costing Kirkendall his life. Among the men left with the train was William Woodcock, Lieutenant Jacob's servant. He was armed with a double barreled shot gun and ordered to take his turn on guard.

During the still hours of the night the wagonmaster was making the "rounds" to see if the men were on the alert. As he approached William's post the latter called out to him to halt; and without waiting to learn whether his challenge had been heeded, blazed away at the intruder, whom he took to be a prowling redskin. Buckshot tore up the ground and cut down the brush about the wagonmaster, but fortunately none of them hit him. William showed himself to be a vigilant sentry but a poor shot, and he never heard the last of "Who goes there?" while a survivor of the expedition lived.

At daylight on the morning of the 9th three non-commissioned officers and three men started to the front with the howitzer under the direction of Joe Blodgett, the scout. They succeeded in getting it to within half a mile of the scene of action a little after sunrise. They took it across Trail Creek and up on the bluff, where they were in the act of putting it in position to open fire, when a body of about 30 mounted Indians saw it, and ascertaining that only a few men were with it charged with the intention of capturing it. Two of the soldiers who were with the piece became panic-stricken and fled when they saw the Indians coming, and did not stop until they reached the settlement 100 miles away where they spread the news that Gibbon's whole command had been captured and massacred. So far as is known, this is the only instance in which cowardice was shown by any man in the command.

The remaining four men stood bravely by the gun, however, loaded and fired it twice at the assaulting party, and then, as the Indians closed around it, used their rifles on them. When they saw they could not successfully defend

the piece, they threw it off the trunnion and retreated.

Corporal Sayles was killed and Sergeants Daily and Fredericks wounded at their posts. The horses that were hauling the piece were both shot down. Private Bennett, the driver, was caught under one of them in its fall, and pretended to be dead until the Indians withdrew, when he took out his knife, cut the harness, and then prodding the animal, which was still alive, made it move sufficiently to release him, and he retreated and reached the wagon train, where Sergeants Daily and Fredericks also arrived later in the day.

The Indians, finding the howitzer useless to themselves, took the wheels off the trunnion, hid them in the brush, and, taking a pack-mule that had been brought up with the howitzer and which was loaded with two thousand rifle cartridges, returned to their camp.

The loss of the cannon was a serious blow to the command, for, could it have been gotten into position and held, it could have done excellent service in shelling the Indians out of their strongholds, whence they so annoyed the troops. The piece could not consistently have been more strongly guarded, however, than it was, for every available man was needed in the assault on the camp. The loss of 2,000 rounds of rifle cartridges also weakened the command seriously, for it compelled the men to reserve their fire all day, in order to make the supply taken into the action hold out. Had this extra supply reached them, they could have killed many more Indians than they did.

Meantime the fight continued to rage at the mouth of the gulch, with varying fortunes and misfortunes on either side. Late in the afternoon a smoke was seen rising from beyond the brow of the hill below Gibbon's position, and the cry went forth that the Indians had fired the grass. A wind was blowing the fire directly toward the beleaguered band, and all were greatly alarmed. The General had feared that the Indians would resort to this measure, for he

knew it to be a part of the Nez Percés' war tactics, and he believed that they intended to follow the fire and assault his men while blinded by the smoke. Yet he was not dismayed. He urged his men to stand firm in the face of this new danger.

"If the worst comes, my men," said he, "if this fire reaches us, we will charge through it, meet the redskins in the open ground, and send them to a hotter place than they have made for us."

The fire burned fiercely until within a few yards of the intrenchments, and the men were blinded and nearly suffocated by the smoke. But again the fortunes of war were with the beleaguered band, for just before the fire reached them the wind shifted squarely about, came down off the hills from the west, and the fire, blown back on its own blackened embers, faltered, and died out. At this lucky turn in their fortunes the soldiers cheered wildly, and the Indians cursed savagely.

CHAPTER XII

AFTER THE FIGHT

THE men had left the wagons in the forenoon of the previous day with one day's rations, but in the charge across the river many of their haversacks had been filled with water, and the scant supply of food that remained in them was destroyed. Others, more fortunate, had divided their few remaining crackers with their comrades who were thus deprived, so that all were now without provisions and suffering from hunger.

The gulch in which they had taken cover was dry and rocky, and as the August sun poured his scorching rays on the men they suffered for water. True, the river flowed within a few hundred yards of them, but the man who attempted to reach it did so at the risk of his life, and there were no more lives to spare. Not until nightfall did the commanding officer deem it prudent to send out a fatigue party for water. Then three men volunteered to go, and, under cover of darkness, and of a firing party, they made the trip safely, filling and bringing in as many canteens as they could carry.

The men cut up Lieutenant Woodruff's horse, (which the Indians had conveniently killed within the lines), and as they dared not make camp fires, devoured full rations of him raw. The night was cold, and again the men suffered greatly for bedding. The Indians kept firing into the woods occasionally, even after dark, so that the soldiers were unable to rest. Once or twice they charged up almost to Gibbon's lines and delivered volleys on the men, but were speed-

ily repulsed in each case by a fusillade from the intrenchments.

General Gibbon had heard nothing from his wagon train since leaving it, and the fact that mounted parties of Indians were frequently seen passing in his rear made it extremely dangerous to attempt to go to or from it. Indeed, he feared the train had been captured, for it was but lightly guarded, and during the night he started a runner to Deer Lodge for medical assistance and supplies. This man, W. H. Edwards, succeeded in making his way out through the Indian lines under cover of darkness, and walked or ran to French's Gulch, a distance of nearly 60 miles, where he got a horse, and made the remaining 40 miles during the following night, arriving at Deer Lodge on the morning of August 11th.

On the morning of the 10th a courier arrived from General Howard, informing Gibbon that he (Howard) was hurrying to his assistance with 20 cavalymen and 30 Warm Spring Indians. On being questioned as to the supply train, this courier reported that he had seen nothing of it, which statement greatly increased the fear of the men that it had been captured and destroyed.

Later, in the day, however, a messenger arrived from the train, bringing the cheering news that it was safe. The Indians had menaced it all day, but the guard in charge of it had fortified their position and fired on the savages whenever they came in sight, with such telling effect that the latter had made no determined attack. Howard's messenger had passed the train in the night without seeing it.

Early on the morning of the 10th Sergeant Mildon H. Wilson of Company K., with six men was sent back to bring up the train, and later in the day Captain Browning and Lieutenant Woodbridge, with 20 men, all of whom had volunteered for the service, were sent to take charge of it. They met the train on the way, in charge of Wilson, and with it succeeded in reaching the command just at sundown,

bringing the blankets and provisions so much needed by the men.

This detachment performed a hazardous and meritorious piece of work in thus rescuing and bringing up the train, for large parties of Indians were still scouting through the woods and hills watching for opportunities to cut off any small body of troops that might be found away from the main command and with whom they might successfully contend.

In the face of this danger, Browning and Woodbridge, with their few supporters, marched nearly 10 miles through the swampy, brush-lined ravine, and succeeded in moving the train over roads that were well nigh impassable under the most favorable circumstances. The wagons had to be literally carried over some of the worst places, the mules having all they could do to get through without pulling a pound.

As soon as the train had been safely delivered to the command, General Gibbon asked for a volunteer messenger to go to Deer Lodge with additional despatches, fearing that Edwards might have been killed or captured en route, and Sergeant Wilson, the hero of so many brave deeds, promptly volunteered for this perilous service. He started at once, rode all night, and reached his destination only a few hours behind Edwards.

The last party of Indians withdrew about eleven o'clock on the night of the 10th, giving the soldiers a parting volley of bullets; but it was not known until daylight on the morning of the 11th that all had really gone.

Four years after the fight in the Big Hole I camped on the battle ground two weeks, studied it closely, talked with several of the ranchmen who were in the action and subsequently corresponded with General Gibbon and all his officers who survived the fight. So that the foregoing account is accurate and authentic.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ROUND-UP IN THE BEAR PAW MOUNTAINS

FROM the time the last shots were fired, as stated, all was quiet, and the men got a few hours of much needed rest, for they had slept but two hours in the past 48. The fight was over, the enemy was gone; the sun that rose on the morning of the 11th shone brightly over as beautiful a valley as the eye of man ever beheld, and the blackening corpses that lay strewn on the field were the only remaining evidences of the bloody tragedy that had so lately been enacted there.

General Gibbon lost in the battle of the Big Hole, 21 soldiers killed and 31 wounded; six civilians killed and four wounded.

Eighty-nine dead Indians were left on the field, among them Looking Glass, one of Joseph's aids.

Chief Joseph's people having been gradually reduced in numbers and munitions until he and his command were completely exhausted, finally surrendered to General Miles in the Bear Paw Mountains, north of the Yellowstone, late in September.

After a fight of a few hours Miles sent a flag of truce to Joseph, with a demand for his surrender. Joseph called his friends about him and made a speech to them and to the officer who brought the message, that will live in history for all time. He said:

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before I have in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead, Too-hul-hul-sote is dead; the old men are all dead. It is the young men who

say yes or no. He who led on the young men is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food; no one knows where they are — perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs, I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever."

In 1896, Chief Joseph and several of his sub-chiefs were invited to Washington to confer with the Secretary of the Interior about a transfer of some Indian lands. On their return trip from Washington they stopped in New York to see the sights, and as soon as I learned that the old warrior was in the city I called on him at his hotel, the old Astor House.

I was shown to the room that Joseph and two of the other Indians occupied. I had written a book on the Nez Perce campaign, entitled, "The Battle of the Big Hole," and had printed in it a portrait of Chief Joseph. I took a copy of the book with me and after being introduced to the Chief opened it at the picture and handed it to him. It is rare indeed that an Indian smiles in the presence of a white man, but a genuine, broad grin went over the bronzed face of the weather-beaten fighter, and when I told him, through the interpreter, that the book was his and that he was to take it home with him, he got up from the bed on which he had been sitting, took my hand and pressed it warmly.

Then he looked through the book, at the portraits of the army officers who had been in the fight, and showed plainly that he recognized them. When he finished the examination he took from the bosom of his hunting shirt a large red bandanna, wrapped the book carefully in it and put it inside his hunting shirt. He told the interpreter to



The Hill Where Custer Fell
Photo by L. A. Huffman, Mills City, Montana
Monument on Nez Perce Battlefield
The winding course of the Wisdom, or Big Hole
River in the background

tell the white chief that he should always carry the book with him, and that he should treasure it as a valued gift from the author.

I invited Joseph and the other Indians to attend a dinner of the Camp Fire Club, which was to be given on Saturday night of that week. This was Monday and I told him I would call for them Saturday afternoon and conduct them to the hotel where the dinner was to be given.

On Wednesday I went down to call on Joseph and remind him of the engagement, lest he forget. When I told the clerk I would like to see Chief Joseph, he said:

"He is not here any more."

I said, "Not here? How is that?"

"They all left here yesterday morning."

"Why, that's strange! I understood they were to stay through the week and they promised to dine with the Camp Fire Club."

"Yes, but Chief Joseph said he wanted to get where he could see some trees."

And I heartily agreed with him. When I thought of the great forest country in which he then lived, and how much more delightful it is than the canyons and cliffs of Broadway, I said to myself, "Chief Joseph is a wise Indian."

Colonel Wood says of Joseph:

"He is tall, straight and handsome, with a mouth and chin not unlike those of Napoleon I. From first to last he was preeminently the 'war chief' of the Nez Percés."

General Howard says of him:

"The leadership of Chief Joseph was indeed remarkable. No general could have planned a battle more skillfully."

If this man could have had the advantage of a West Point education and of a great command he would have developed into a second Grant, or Sherman, or Sheridan. After his surrender he was placed on the Colville reservation, in north-west Washington, where he lived a long time and died a few years ago.

The name Nez Perces was applied by the early French explorers to a number of tribes who practiced or were supposed to practice the custom of piercing the nose for the insertion of an ornament. The term is now used exclusively to designate the main tribe of the Shahaptian family, who have not, however, so far as is known, ever been given to the practice.

The Nez Perce, or Sahaptin of later writers, the Chopunish (corrupted from Tsutpeli) of Lewis and Clark, their discoverers, were found in 1805 occupying a large area in what is now west Idaho, northeast Oregon, and southeast Washington, on the lower Snake river and its tributaries. They roamed between the Blue mountains in Oregon and the Bitter Root mountains in Idaho, and according to Lewis and Clark sometimes crossed the range to the headwaters of the Missouri. By certain writers they have been classed under two geographic divisions, Upper Nez Perces, and Lower Nez Perces.

The latter were found by Bonneville in 1834, to the north and west of the Blue mountains on several of the branches of the Snake river, where they were neighbors of the Cayuse and the Wallawalla Indians. The Upper Nez Perces held the Salmon river country in Idaho in 1834, and probably also the Grande Ronde valley in East Oregon, but by treaty of 1855 they ceded a large part of this territory to the United States.

In general habits and life the Nez Perces as well as the other Shahaptian tribes conform to the inland type of Indians and differ sharply in most respects from their western neighbors, the Chinook.

At the time of Lewis and Clark's visit they are reported as living in communal houses, said to contain about 50 families each. There is evidence, however, that the Nez Perces used the typical underground lodge, and that these seldom contained more than three or four families. A much larger dance house was built at each permanent winter camp. Sal-

mon constituted their most important food in early times, and with roots and berries made up their entire food supply until the introduction of horses facilitated hunting expeditions to the neighboring mountains, and to the plains.

The tribe seems to have been divided into a number of bands or villages, named according to the place where the permanent camp of each was made. Owing to the precarious nature of the food supply the greater portion of the inhabitants of any one of these villages would often be absent a large part of the year. Consequently it is impossible to determine with accuracy the location and population of these divisions in early times.

There was no head chief of the tribe, but each band had several chiefs, of whom one was regarded as the leader, and these chiefs were succeeded by their sons as a rule. Expeditions for hunting or war were led by chiefs chosen for the occasion. There are no signs of a clan system in the social organization of the Nez Perces, and marriage is apparently permitted between any couple except in the case of recognized blood relationship.

The religious beliefs of the Nez Perces, previous to the introduction of Christianity, were those characteristic of the Indians of the interior, the main feature being the belief in an indefinite number of spirits. The individual might procure a personal protecting spirit in the usual way of vigorous training and fasting.

The Nez Perces have always borne a high reputation for independence and bravery, and have been especially noted for their almost constant friendliness to the whites. Practically the only rupture in these relations was the Nez Perces war of 1877.

The bands and divisions of the Nez Perces are known only approximately: The following are the best defined: Alpowna, on a small branch of the Clearwater, below Lewiston, Idaho; Assuti, on Assuti creek, Idaho; Kamiah, a town of that name on the Clearwater, Idaho; Lamtama,

so called from a branch of Salmon river, Idaho; Lapwai, near the junction of the Lapwai creek and the Clearwater; Willewah, formerly occupying the Wallowa Valley, Oregon, and now for the greater part on Colville reservation, Washington, (Joseph's band). In addition a number of bands have been recorded by the names of their chiefs or from supposed places of residence.

It has often been said that republics are ungrateful, but I have never found this one so. It has always been ready and willing to do ample justice to its defenders and has rewarded them in various ways. Its liberality in the matter of pensions for soldiers who have served in the various wars is unparalleled in the history of nations.

Another of its methods of recognizing the bravery and valor and sacrifice of its sons on the field of battle, is by the erection of monuments commemorating such events. The picture on another page shows a monument erected by the Government on the battlefield in the Big Hole Basin, Montana, where General Gibbon fought Chief Joseph. The names of all who were killed in the action are engraved on this stone.

Running Antelope, an Unkpapa, was another diamond in the rough. (See illustration, page 124.)

Captain Welch of Bismarck, N. D., says of him:

"Running Antelope was a great orator, probably excelled by no other Sioux except Red Thunder, of 1812 fame, and my Father Chief John Grass, in modern times. Running Antelope was a great markman — or artist, and I have several of his pictographic battle records.

"He was active in the attempted treaty of 1888, when the Standing Rock Sioux were represented by Chiefs John Grass, Gall, Mad Bear and Big Head. These men represented the Blackfeet, Unkpapas, Lower Yanktonias and Upper Yanktonias, respectively. They did all the talking for

those tribes, and not being pleased with the terms of the proposed treaty and the boundaries mentioned therein, Chief Grass ordered the great Indian camp to disperse and the treaty was not signed.

"At this treaty Running Antelope was in favor of permitting Sitting Bull to talk, but he was not allowed by the other chiefs to do so.

"Indians have so many so-called brothers, fathers and cousins, that it is hard to trace family history. Running Antelope was a sub-chief, native born Dakota, (Sioux) and would be about 75 years old now. Another thing which brands him as an Unkpapa or Blackfoot Sioux, is the fact that he was a bitter enemy of the Mandans and Arickaras."

It is stated that when this Indian was a boy he ran down and caught an adult antelope, in a straight-away race lasting five hours, and his people considered this so great a feat that they re-christened him accordingly.

CHAPTER XIV

MAKEUP OF THE GREAT SIOUX NATION

THE most populous linguistic family north of Mexico, next to the Algonquians. The name is taken from a term applied to the largest and best known tribal group or confederacy belonging to the family, the Sioux or Dakotas, which, in turn is an abbreviation of Nadowessieux, a French corruption of Nadowe-is-iw, the appellation given them by the Chippewas. It signifies "snake," "adder," and, by metaphor, "enemy."

Before the whites deprived them of parts of their territory, the principal body extended from the west bank of the Mississippi north from the Arkansas nearly to the Rocky mountains, except for certain sections held by the Pawnees, Arikaras, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Blackfeet, Comanches and Kiowas.

This is one of the many cases on record in which a term originally applied to a people as an epithet, in hatred, or derision, has hung to them for years or generations and has finally been adopted by them as their legal name.

The Dakotas proper also occupied territory on the east side of the river, from the mouth of the Wisconsin to Mille lacs, and the Winnebagos were about the lake of that name and the head of Green bay. Northward Siouan tribes extended some distance into Canada, in the direction of Lake Winnipeg.

A second group of Siouan tribes, embracing the Catawbias, Saras, or Cheraws, Saponis, Tutelos, and several others, occupied the central part of North and South Carolina, and

the Piedmont region of Virginia, while the Billois dwelt in Mississippi, along the Gulf coast, and the Ofos on Yazoo river in the same state.

According to tradition the Mandans and Hidatsas reached the upper Missouri from the northeast, and, impelled by the Dakotas, moved slowly upstream to their present location. Sometime after the Hidatsas reached the Missouri internal troubles broke out, and part, now called the Crows, separated and moved west to the neighborhood of the Yellowstone river. The Dakotas formerly inhabited the forest region of Minnesota, and do not seem to have gone out on the plains until hard pressed by the Chippewas, who had been supplied with guns by the French.

According to all the evidence available the so-called Chippewas were tribes — Iowas, Otos and Missouris — separated from the Winnebagos or else moved west to the Missouri from the same region. The five remaining tribes of this group — Omahas, Poncas, Osages, Kansas and Quapaws — undoubtedly lived together as one tribe at some former time and were probably located on the Mississippi. Part moving farther down became known as Quapaws, while those who went up were called the Omahas.

These latter moved northwest along the river and divided into the Osages, Kansas, Poncas and Omahas proper.

The tribes of the Manahoac confederacy were encountered by Captain John Smith in 1608, but after that all the eastern Siouans decreased rapidly in number through Iroquois attacks and European aggression. Finally the remnants of the northern tribes, consisting chiefly of Tutelos and Saponis, accompanied the Tuscaroras north to the Iroquois country and were adopted by the Cayugas in 1753. On the destruction of their village by Sullivan in 1779 they separated, the Saponis remaining with the Cayugas in New York, while the Tutelos fled to Canada with other Cayugas.

From the few survivors of the latter tribe, Hale and

Dorsey obtained sufficient material to establish their Siouan connections, but they are now almost extinct.

The first known meeting between any western Siouans and the whites was in 1541, when De Soto reached the Quapaw village in east Arkansas. The earliest notice of the main northwestern group is probably that in the Jesuit Relation of 1640, where mention is made of the Winnebagos, Dakotas and Assiniboines. As early as 1658 the Jesuit missionaries had heard of the existence of 30 Dakota villages in the region north from the Potawatomi mission at St. Michael, about the head of Green Bay, Wisconsin. In 1680 Father Hennepin was taken prisoner by the same tribe.

In 1804-05 Lewis and Clark passed through the center of this region and encountered most of the Siouan tribes. Afterward expeditions into and through their country were numerous; traders settled among them in numbers, and were followed in course of time by permanent settlers, who pressed them into narrower and narrower areas until they were finally removed to Indian Territory or confined to reservations in the Dakotas, Nebraska or Montana. Throughout all this period the Dakotas proved themselves consistently hostile to the intruders. In 1862 occurred the bloody Santee uprising in Minnesota that resulted in the removal of all the eastern Dakotas from that state, and in 1876 the outbreak among the western Dakotas and the destruction of Custer's command. Later still the Ghost-dance religion spread among the Sioux proper, culminating in the affair of Wounded Knee, Dec. 29th, 1890.

It is impossible to make statements of the customs and habits of these people that will be true for the entire group. Nearly all of the eastern tribes and most of the southern tribes belonging to the western group raised corn, but the Dakotas (except some of the eastern bands) and the Crows depended almost entirely on the buffalo and other game, the buffalo entering deeply into the economic and religious life of all the tribes of this section.



Running Antelope
Noted Warrior and Expert Hunter

In the East the habitations were bark and mat wigwams, but on the plains earth lodges and skin tepees were used.

Formerly they had no domestic animals except dogs, which were utilized in transporting the tepees and all other family belongings, including children; but later their place was largely taken by horses, the introduction of which constituted a new epoch in the life of all Plains tribes, facilitating their migratory movements and the pursuit of the buffalo.

The total number of Indians of Siouan stock to-day is about 40,800.

The Sioux nation, or Federation of to-day consists of the 1. Dakota-Assiniboin group: The Santee, Sisseton, Wahpeton; Yankton; Yanktonai; Teton (a) Brules, (b) Sans Arcs, (c) Blackfeet, (d) Mineconjous, (e) Oglalas, (f) Hunkpapas; Assiniboin, besides several sub-tribes or clans.

THE DAKOTA TRIBE

This is the largest division of the Siouan family, and is known commonly as the Sioux. According to Chippewa tradition the name was first applied to a body of Indians living on an island somewhere east of Detroit.

Dakota, Nakota, Lakota are the names used by themselves, in the Santee, Yankton, and Teton dialects respectively. Dorsey, in his classification of the Siouan languages, divides the Dakota group into four dialects: Santee, Yankton, Assiniboin and Teton. The Assiniboin, however, constitute a separate tribe.

The close linguistic relation of the divisions — the differences being largely dialectic — indicates that they are branches of an original group, the development probably being augmented by incorporations. At the time of Long's expedition (1825), when the bands were still near their respective localities, the country inhabited by the group was, according to him, bounded by a curved line extending east of north, from Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi, so as to

include all the east tributaries of the Mississippi, to the first branch of the Chippewa river, thence up a line running west of north, to Spirit lake, thence westwardly to Crow Wing river, Minn., and up that stream to its head; thence westwardly to Red river, and down that stream to Pembina, thence southwardly to the east bank of the Missouri near the Mandan villages; thence down the Missouri to a point probably not far from Soldier river, thence east of north to Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

This tract includes the territory between latitude 42 degrees to 49 degrees, and longitude 90 degrees 30' to 99 degrees 30', but omits entirely the vast region occupied by the various bands of the Teton Sioux west of the Missouri from the Yellowstone southward to the Platte.

From the time of Le Sueur's visit (1700) the Dakotas became an important factor in the history of the Northwest. Their gradual movement westward was due chiefly to the persistent attacks of the Chippewas, who received firearms from the French, while they themselves were forced to rely almost wholly on bows and arrows.

Lieutenant Gorrell, an English officer, mentions their condition in this respect as late as 1763: "This day, 12 warriors of the Sioux came here [Green Bay, Wis.]. It is certainly the greatest nation of Indians ever yet found. Not above 2,000 of them were ever armed with fire-arms, the rest depending entirely on bows and arrows and darts, which they use with more skill than any other Indian nation in North America. They can shoot the wildest and largest beasts in the woods at 70 to 100 yards. They are remarkable for their dancing; the other nations take the fashion from them."

He mentions that they were always at war with the Chippewas. On the fall of the French dominion the Dakotas at once entered into friendly relations with the English. It is probable that the erection of trading posts on Lake Pepin enticed them from their old residence on Rum river and

Mille lac, for it was in this section that Carver (1766) found those of the eastern group. He says:

"Near the river St. Croix reside three bands of the Naudewessie Indians, called the River bands. This nation is composed at present, of 11 bands. They were originally 12, but the Assinipoiles [Assiniboines] some years ago revolting, and separating themselves from the others, there remain only 11. Those I met here are termed the River bands, because they chiefly dwell near the banks of this river. The other eight are generally distinguished by the title, Naudowessies of the Plains, and inhabit a country that lies more to the west. The names of the former are Nehogatawonahs, the Mawtawbauntowahs, and Shahsweentowahs."

During an investigation by Congress in 1824 of the claim by Carver's heirs to a supposed grant of land, including the site of St. Paul, made to Carver by the Sioux, Gen. Leavenworth stated that the Dakotas informed him that the Sioux of the Plains never owned any land east of the Mississippi.

During the Revolution and the war of 1812 the Dakotas adhered to the English. There was, however, one chief who sided with the U. S. in 1812; this was Tohami, known to the English as Rising Moose, a chief of the Mdewakantons, who joined the Americans at St. Louis, where he was commissioned by General Clark.

By the treaty of July, 1815, peace between the Dakotas and the U. S. was established, and by that of August, 1825, the boundary lines between them and the various tribes in the Northwest were defined. The boundaries of the Sioux and other Northwest tribes were again defined by the treaty of September 17th, 1851.

The most serious outbreak of these tribes against the whites occurred in Minnesota under Little Crow in 1862, when about 700 white settlers and 100 soldiers were killed and some of the most horrible cruelties known to history were committed by the Indians; but the entire Dakota group

never participated unitedly in any of the modern wars or outbreaks. The bands engaged in the uprising mentioned were the Mdewakantons, Wahpekutes, Wahpetons, and Sissetons.

Although this revolt was quelled and the Sioux were compelled for a time to submit to the terms offered them, a spirit of unrest continued to prevail. By the treaty of 1867 they agreed to relinquish to the U. S. all their territory south of the Niobrara river, west of longitude 104 degrees and north of Latitude 46 degrees, and promised to retire to a large reservation in southwest Dakota before January 1st, 1876.

On the discovery of gold in the Black Hills the rush of miners thither became the occasion of another outbreak. This was participated in by such well known chiefs as Crazy Horse, Spotted Tail, Rain-in-the-Face, Red Cloud, American Horse, Gall, Sitting Bull, and Crow King, and was rendered famous by the cutting off and destruction of Major General Geo. A. Custer and five companies of cavalry on the Little Bighorn, June 25, 1876. The final rising during the Ghost-dance excitement of 1890-91 was subdued by General N. A. Miles.

The Dakotas are universally conceded to be the highest type, physically, mentally, and probably morally of any of the western tribes. Their bravery has never been questioned by the whites or Indians, and they conquered and drove out every rival except the Chippewas. They are educated in their own language and through the agency of missionaries of the type of Riggs, Williamson, Cleveland and Cook, many books in the Dakota language have been printed, and papers in Dakota are issued regularly.

Socially, the Dakotas originally consisted of a large number of local groups or bands, and, although there was a certain tendency to encourage marriage outside the bands, these divisions were not true gentes, remembered blood relationship, according to Clark, being the only bar to marriage. Personal fitness and popularity determined chieftainship



Chief Crow King
A Wealthy Hunkpapa Sioux Warrior, Orator and Statesman
(Photo by D. F. Barry)

more than heredity, but where descent played any part it was usually from father to son. The tepee might belong to either parent and was obtained by that parent through some ancestor who had had its character revealed in a dream or who had captured it in war. The authority of the chief was limited by the band council, without whose approbation little or nothing could be accomplished. War parties were recruited by individuals, who had acquired reputation as successful leaders, while the Shamans formulated ceremonial dances and farewells for them. Polygamy was common, the wives occupying different sides of the tepee. Remains of the dead were usually, though not invariably, placed on scaffolds.

Early explorers usually distinguished these people into an Eastern or Forest and a Western or Prairie division. A more complete and accurate classification, one which is also recognized by the people themselves, is the following:

1. Mdewakantons; 2. Wahpetons; 3. Wahpekutes; 4. Sissetons; 5. Yanktons; 6. Yanktonais; 7. Tetons; each of which is again subdivided into bands and sub-bands. These seven main divisions are often known as "the seven council fires." The first four names together constitute the Isanyatis, Santees, or eastern division, of which the Mdewakantons appear to be the original nucleus, and speak one dialect. Their home was in Minnesota prior to the outbreak of 1862. The Yanktons and Yanktonais — the latter subdivided into (a) Upper and (b) Hunkpatinas or Lower — held the middle territory between Lake Traverse and the Missouri river in East Dakota, and together spoke one dialect, from which the Assiniboin was an offshoot. The great Teton division with its subdivisions, the Upper and Lower Brules, Oglalas, Sans Arcs, Sihasapas or Blackfeet, Miniconjous, Oohenonpas or Two Kettles, Hunkpapas, etc., and comprising together more than half the nation, held the whole tribal territory west of the Missouri and spoke one dialect.

Including the Assiniboin the total for those speaking the Dakota language is 28,780. A comparison of these figures with those taken in previous years indicates a gradual decline in numbers, but not so rapid a decrease as among most North American tribes.

THE YANKTONAIS

One of the seven primary divisions or subtribes of the Dakotas, speaking the same dialect as the Yanktons and believed to be the elder tribe. Long evidently obtained a tradition from the Indians to this effect. The first apparent reference to one of the tribes in which the other is not included is that to the Yanktons by Le Sueur in 1700. It is not until noticed by Lewis and Clark in 1804 that they reappear. These explorers state that they roved on the headwaters of the Sioux, James and Red rivers. The migration from their eastern home, north of Mille Lac, Minn., probably took place at the beginning of the 18th century. It is likely that they followed or accompanied the Tetons, while the Yanktons turned more and more toward the southwest. Long (1823) speaks of them as one of the most important of the Dakota tribes, their hunting grounds extending from the Red river to the Missouri.

Warren (1855) gives as their habitat the country between the James river and the Missouri, extending as far north as Devil's Lake, and states that they fought against the U. S. in the War of 1812, and that their chief at that time went to England.

In 1865 separate treaties of peace were made with the U. S. by the Upper and Lower Yanktonais, binding them to use their influence and power to prevent hostilities not only against citizens, but also between the Indian tribes in the region occupied and frequented by them. Subsequently they were gathered on reservations, the Upper Yanktonais mostly at Standing Rock, partly also at Devil's Lake, N. D., the Lower Yanktonais, (Hunkpatinas) chiefly on Crow Creek

reservation, S. D., but part at Standing Rock reservation, N. D., and some at Fork Peck reservation, Montana.

Their customs and characteristics are those common to the Dakotas. Long (1823) states that they had no fixed residence, but dwelt in fine lodges of well-dressed and decorated skins, and frequented, for the purpose of trade, Lake Traverse, Big Stone lake and the Cheyenne river.

Their chief, Wanotan, wore a splendid cloak of buffalo skins, dressed to a fine white color, which was decorated with tufts of owl feathers and others of various hues. His necklace was formed of about 60 claws of the grizzly bear, and his leggins, jacket and moccasins were of white skins profusely decorated with human hair, the moccasins being variegated with plumage from several birds. In his hair, secured by a strip of red cloth, he wore nine sticks, neatly cut and smoothed and painted with vermilion, which designated the number of gunshot wounds he had received. His hair was plaited in two tresses, which hung forward, his face was painted with vermilion, and in his hand he carried a large fan of turkey feathers.

The primary divisions of the tribe are Upper Yanktonais, and Hunkpatinas. These are really subtribes, each having its organization.

The population as given at different dates, varies all the way from 1,750 to 6,400.

The Lower Yanktonais, or Hunkpatinas, are chiefly under the Crow Creek school, S. D., where together with some Lower Brules, Miniconjous, and Two Kettles, they numbered 1,019 in 1909. There are others under the Standing Rock agency, N. D., but their number is not separately given.

The Upper Yanktonais are chiefly under the Standing Rock agency, and while their number is not separately reported, there are probably about 3,500 at this place. The Pabaska branch of the Upper Yanktonais are under the Fort Totten school, N. D., but their number is not known.

The so-called "Yankton Sioux" under the Fort Peck agency, Montana, are in reality chiefly Yanktonais. These, with several other Sioux tribes numbered 1,082 in 1909.

THE YANKTONS

One of the seven primary divisions of the Dakotas, constituting, with the closely related Yanktonais, the middle group. Dorsey arranged the Dakota-Assiniboin in four dialectic groups: Santee, Yankton, Teton, and Assiniboin, the Yankton dialect being spoken also by the Yanktonais, for the two tribes were the outgrowth of one original stem. Although the name Yankton was known earlier than Yanktonai, it does not follow that the Yanktons were the elder tribe. Long speaks of the Yanktons as descendants of the Yanktonais.

The Assiniboin, who were an offshoot from the Yanktonais, are mentioned in the Jesuit Relation for 1640 as a tribe; hence the Yanktonais must have been in existence as a tribe before that time.

At the time of the Minnesota outbreak (1862) their head chief, Palaneapape, kept them from joining the hostiles, and sent warning to the white people in Dakota to flee to the forts, thereby saving hundreds of lives. By the treaty of Washington, April 19th, 1858, the Yanktons ceded all their lands in South Dakota, except a reservation on the north bank of the Missouri river, where they have since remained in peace with the whites.

Lewis, in his Statistical View, (1807), says the Yanktons are the best disposed Sioux who rove on the banks of the Missouri, but they would not suffer any trader at that date to ascend the river if they could prevent it.

Lewis and Clark describe them as being in person stout, well proportioned, and exhibiting a certain air of dignity and boldness.

They had then only a few guns, being generally armed with bows and arrows, in the use of which they did not ap-



Whirling Horse

So named on account of a horse he rode at one time
that was locoed

pear as expert as the more northerly Indians. Pike described them and the Yanktonais as never stationary, but, like the Tetons, as more erratic than other Sioux. Lewis (1807) estimated the population of the Yanktons and Yanktonais at 4,300.

THE TETONS

Teton, a contraction of Titon-wan, "dwellers on the prairie."

The western and principal division of the Dakota or Sioux, including all the bands formerly ranging west of the Missouri river, and now living on reservations in S. D. and N. D. The bands officially recognized are: Oglalas, of Pine Ridge agency; Brules, of Rosebud and Lower Brule agencies; Blackfeet, Miniconjous, Sans Arcs, and Two Kettles, of Cheyenne river agency. Their history is interwoven with that of the other Dakotas, and is little more than a recountal of attacks on other tribes and on border settlers and emigrants. They were first met by Hennepin (1680) 20 or 30 leagues above the falls of St. Anthony in Minnesota, probably at Sauk Rapids, on the Mississippi river, about 70 miles above Minneapolis. He places them in the neighborhood of Mille Lacs, far to the East of their later home.

Lahonton also enumerates them among the tribes on the Upper Mississippi, which leads to the conclusion that a part at least of the Tetons formerly lived in the prairie region, near the upper Mississippi, though the main body may have been near upper Minnesota river. Le Sueur in 1700 included them in the western Sioux, who lived between the upper Mississippi and the Missouri. On a map of Del'Isle (1701) Lake Traverse is surrounded by villages of wandering Tetons. Pachot located them 80 leagues west of the Falls of St. Anthony in 1722. Carver (1766) met at least a part of them at the extreme west point of his journey up the Minnesota river, about 200 miles from its mouth.

The younger Henry found them in 1800 on the upper Missouri, where Lewis and Clark encountered them a few years later. These explorers enumerate as divisions, Tetons of the Burnt Woods (Brules), about 300 men, who roved on both sides of the Missouri, White, and Teton rivers; Tetons Okandandas (Oglalas) 150 men, who inhabit both sides of the Missouri below Cheyenne river; Teton Minne-kinneazzos, about 250 men, on both sides of the Missouri above the Cheyenne river; Teton Saones, about 300 men, living on both sides of the Missouri below Beaver creek.

Governor Ramsey said they lived from the Cannonball river to the Niobrara river.

The Tetons entered into a peace treaty with the United States at Portage des Sioux, Mo., in 1815, which was confirmed by treaty of June 22, 1825, at Fort Lookout, S. D. It was warriors of this group who massacred Lieutenant Grattan and his party at Fort Laramie, Wyo., in 1854; none, however, took part in the Minnesota massacre of 1862.

In 1865 a commission concluded treaties with each of the several divisions of the group, with provision for right of way through their territory. By the treaty of 1868 they first agreed to give up their free range and go on a reservation, including about all of South Dakota west of the Missouri river. Under chiefs, Red Cloud, Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull, they have been the principals in all the Indian wars and outbreaks of the northern plains, notably in 1864, 1876, and 1890.

Governor Ramsey characterizes the Tetons as a large, finely formed, tall and vigorous people, hardy, indomitable and restless warriors, daring horsemen, and skillful hunters, possessing in perfection "all the Indian virtues of bravery, cunning, treachery, and hospitality," true to each other and ready foes to all others.

Neil says: "They are the plundering Arabs of America, and have of late years been a terror to the emigrants to

the Pacific coast." According to Lewis and Clark the interior policing of a village was confided to two or three officers who were named by the chief for the purpose of preserving order and remained in power some days, till the chief appointed their successors. These are always on the watch to keep tranquillity during the day and guard the camp at night. The short duration of their office was compensated by its authority, their power being supreme, and in the suppression of disturbance no resistance to them was suffered; their persons were sacred, and if in execution of their duty they even struck a chief of the second class they could not be punished.

The Teton is the most populous and important of the Dakota divisions, constituting four sevenths of the whole nation. Lewis and Clark (1804) estimated them at 1,000 men, about 4,000 souls, probably much less than the true number. The Indian Bureau in 1842 estimated the total number at 12,000; Ramsey (1849) more than 6,000; Riggs (1851) fewer than 12,500. The Indian Bureau in 1861 gave a total of 8,900. It is probable these estimates were below rather than above the real numbers, as, in 1890, the total Teton population was 16,426, and in 1909 the number, including Yanktonai bands at Standing Rock agency, N. D., was 18,098. In addition about 100 of the former refugees are still in Canada.

CHAPTER XV

MAKEUP OF THE GREAT SIOUX NATION, II

OGLALA ("to scatter one's own"), the principal division of the Teton Sioux. Their early history is involved in complete obscurity; their modern history recounts incessant wars with other tribes and depredations on the whites. The first recorded notice of them is that of Lewis and Clark, who in 1806 found them living above the Brule Sioux on the Missouri river, between the Cheyenne and Bad rivers, in the present South Dakota, numbering 150 or 200 men. In 1825 they inhabited both banks of the Bad river, from the Missouri to the Black Hills, and were then friendly with the whites and at peace with the Cheyennes, but enemies to all other tribes except those of their own nation. They were then estimated at 1,500 persons, of whom 300 were warriors.

Their general rendezvous was at the mouth of Bad river, where there was a trading establishment for their accommodation. In 1850 they roamed the plains between the north and south forks of the Platte river, and west of the Black Hills. In 1862 they occupied the country extending northeast from Ft. Laramie, at the mouth of Laramie river, on North Platte river, including the Black Hills and the source of Bad river, and reaching to the fork of the Cheyenne, and ranged as far west as the head of Grand river.

De Smet says: "The worst among the hostile bands are the Blackfeet, the Oglalas, the Unkpapas and Santees."

The Oglalas participated in the massacre of Lieutenant Grattan and his men at Ft. Laramie in 1854. From 1865 they and other restless bands of western Sioux were the ter-

ror of the frontier, constantly attacking emigrant trains on the plains and boats on the river, fighting soldiers, and harassing the forts and stations during several years, under the leadership of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse.

The invasion of the Black Hills by gold seekers led to the war of 1876, in which Custer and his command were destroyed. For several months previous thereto stragglers from other tribes had been flocking to Sitting Bull's standard, so that according to the best estimates there were at the battle of the Little Bighorn 2,500 to 3,000 Indian warriors. The victor and his band were soon thereafter defeated by General Miles and fled to Canada. Crazy Horse and more than 2,000 followers surrendered at Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies in the May following. These different parties were composed in part of Oglalas, of whom the larger part probably surrendered with Crazy Horse.

The Oglalas entered into a treaty of peace with the United States at the mouth of the Teton (Bad) river, S. Dakota, July 5th, 1825 and a treaty was signed at Ft. Sully, South Dakota, October 28th, 1865, prescribing relations with the United States and with other tribes. An important treaty with the Oglalas and other tribes was made at Ft. Laramie, Wyoming, April 29th, 1868, in which they agreed to quit the war path, and which defined the limits of their tribal lands. An agreement, confirming the treaty of 1868, was concluded at Red Cloud agency, Nebraska, September 26th, 1876, which was signed on behalf of the Oglalas by Red Cloud and other principal men of the tribe.

In 1906 the Oglalas were officially reported to number 6,727, all at Pine Ridge agency, South Dakota.

THE MINICONJOU

(Those who plant beside the stream)

A division of the Teton Sioux. Their closest affinity is with the Oglalas, Brules, and Hunkpapa Tetons. As the whites did not come into actual contact with the Teton tribes

until recent times, there is no evidence as to their antiquity as a distinct organization. The first mention of the Miniconjous, unless under some unidentified name, is by Lewis and Clark, (1804). These authors speak of them as "Teton Minnakineazzos," a nation inhabiting both sides of the Missouri above the Cheyenne river, and containing about 250 men." This indicates a population of perhaps 800, probably much below their actual number.

Their history since they became known to the whites consists, like that of the other Sioux, of little else than war with, and raids on other tribes and depredations on the whites. The Miniconjous are frequently alluded to in official and other reports as among the most unruly and troublesome of the Teton tribes. Hayden says of this savage group:

"This band, though peaceable when ruled by good chiefs, has always been wild and independent, seldom visiting the trading posts, either on the Platte or on the Missouri, and having no intercourse with white men except with a few traders during the winter season."

They were estimated in 1850, by Culbertson, at 270 lodges, or between 2,100 and 2,200 people. At this time, and until brought on reservations, they roamed over the Black Hills and headwaters of the Cheyenne river. Spring usually found them from Cherry creek on the Cheyenne, to Grand River.

General Warren (1856) estimated them at 200 lodges and 1,600 souls. The Indian Affairs of 1865 gives 1,280 as the population. They are now located with other Sioux bands, on the Cheyenne river reservation, S. Dakota, but are not separately enumerated.

The Miniconjous were participants in the peace treaty of Fort Sully, S. Dakota, Oct. 10, 1865, and in the treaty of Fort Laramie, Wyoming, April 29, 1869, by which they and other Sioux tribes were pledged to quit fighting, and the U. S. agreed to set apart for them a reservation.

THE HUNKPAPAS

Hunkpapa (variously interpreted "at the entrance," "at the head end of the circle," "those who camp by themselves," and "wanderers"). A division of the Teton Sioux. From the meager data relating to the history of this band it seems probable that it is one of comparatively modern formation. When Hennepin, in 1680, found what are believed to have been the Tetons, as far east as the banks of the upper Mississippi, no mention of the Hunkpapas at that date or for 100 years thereafter could be found, unless it be under some name yet unidentified. Their name is not mentioned by Lewis and Clark, though it is possible the tribe is included in the Teton Saones of these explorers. The name first appears as Honkpapa, and is properly written Hunkpapa in the treaty of 1825. It is evident the tribe was then well known, although its history previous to this date is undetermined. The Teton Saones were located by Lewis and Clark, in 1804, on both sides of the Missouri below Beaver Creek, N. Dak., and were estimated at 300 men, or 900 souls, in 120 tepees.

Ramsay (1848) gave their location as near Cannonball river. Culbertson (1850) gave their range as on the Cheyenne, Moreau, Grand, and Cannonball rivers, and estimated them at 320 tepees. General Warren (1855) said they lived on the Missouri near the mouth of the Moreau and roamed from the Big Cheyenne up to the Yellowstone, and west to the Black Hills. He states that they formerly intermarried extensively with the Cheyennes. His estimate of population is 365 tepees, 2,920 souls. He adds that many of the depredations along the Platte "are committed by the Hunkpapas and Sihasapas."

The Indian agent, writing in 1854 says: "Of the bands of Sioux they already received their presents with great appearance of friendship, except the Minnecowzues (Miniconjous) Blackfeet (Sihasapas), and Honepapas (Hunk-

papas). The former band are daily expected at the fort, and will gladly receive their annuities, but the Blackfeet and Honepapas still persist in refusing any annuities, and are constantly violating all the stipulations of the treaty. They are continually warring and committing depredations on whites and neighboring tribes, killing men and stealing horses. They even defy the Great Father, President, and declare their intention to murder indiscriminately all whites who come within their reach. They, of all Indians, are the most dreaded on the Missouri."

When the agent finally succeeded in reaching them and holding a council with their chiefs at Fort Clark, they refused to receive the presents sent by the Government, stating that they did not want them, but preferred the liberty to take scalps and commit whatever depredations they pleased. They appear in most of the subsequent conflicts with the whites, as that at Fort Phil Kearney and that with Custer on the Little Bighorn. The number of the band in 1891 was 571; these were gathered on Standing Rock reservation, North and South Dakota. The population is no longer given separately. Sitting Bull was the medicine man, and to some extent the leader of this tribe, though in making the treaties he signed also for the Oglalas.

WAHPETONS

(Wakhpe, "leaf"; tonwan "a village"; hence probably "dwellers among leaves").

One of the seven primary divisions of the Dakota. Historic and linguistic evidence proves the affinity of this tribe with the Sissetons, Wahpekutes and Mdewakantons. Hennepin (1680) mentions them as living in the vicinity of Mille Lac, Minn., near the Mdewakantons, Sissetons and Tetons. On his map they are placed a little to the northwest of the lake. Le Sueur (1700) places the Oudebatons, or "river village," among the eastern Sioux, and the Ouape-ton, "Village of the Leaf," among the Sioux of the west.



Chief Sword Bearer, Yanktonia Warrior

So called from his habit of wearing a sabre
taken from a cavalryman killed in battle

As both these names seem to be forms of Wahpeton, it is probable that they are applied to different villages of the tribe, which was subsequently found most of the time in two bands. It was not until Lewis and Clark and Pike visited the Northwest that the name appeared again in history. According to the former (1804) they lived on the Minnesota river, just above its mouth, and claimed the country to the mouth of the Chippewa river, thence northeast to Crow Wing river. Pike (1806) says: "They hunt on the St. Peter's (Minnesota river) also on the Mississippi, up Rum river, and sometimes follow the buffalo on the plains."

They gradually moved up the Minnesota river, so that in 1849 they lived north and west of the Wahpekutes, their villages extending far upstream toward its source. They had one of their most important villages in the vicinity of Lac qui Parle. Here missionaries came in 1835, at which time the tribe numbered about 1,500 persons. According to Sibley the Lower Wahpetons were found on the Minnesota river, not far from Belleplaine; the upper Wahpeton villages were on the shores of Lac qui Parle. They were ultimately gathered with the Sissetons on the Lake Traverse reservation. The estimates of population vary from 900 to 1,500. In 1909 the Sissetons and Wahpetons together, under the Sisseton agency, S. D., were reported as numbering 1,936. They were in the Minnesota outbreak of 1862.

According to Long these Indians were good looking and straight; none were large, nor were any remarkable for the symmetry of their forms. They were, for the greater part, destitute of clothing, except the breechcloth, though some of the young men were dressed with care and ostentation. "They wore looking glasses suspended from their garments. Others had papers of pins, bought from the traders, as ornaments. We observed that one, who appeared to be a man of some note among them, had a live sparrow hawk on his head, by way of distinction; this man wore also a buffalo robe, on which eight bear tracks were painted. The

squaws we saw had no ornaments, nor did they seem to value themselves on their personal appearance. Both males and females have small feet and hands. The dress of the women consisted of a long wrapper, with short sleeves, of dark calico; this covered them from the shoulders to the waist. A piece of blue broadcloth wound two or three times around the waist, its end tucked in, extended to the knee.

"They also wore leggins of blue or scarlet cloth. Their forms were rather clumsy, with a great breadth of hips, and their motions were not graceful." The village consisted of skin lodges, yet they raised corn to some extent. According to Pike the tribe devoted a considerable portion of the year to the pursuit of the buffalo.

THE SIKSIKAS, "BLACK FEET"

The origin of the name is disputed, but it is believed to have reference to the discoloring of their moccasins by the ashes of the prairie fires. It may possibly have reference to the black-painted moccasins, such as were worn by the Pawnees, Sihasapas and other tribes. An important Algonquian confederacy of the northern plains, consisting of three subtribes, the Siksikas proper or Blackfeet, the Kainahs or Bloods, and the Piegans, the whole body being popularly known as Blackfeet. In close alliance with these are the Atsinas and the Sarsis.

Within recent years, until gathered on reservations, the Blackfeet held most of the territory stretching almost from the North Saskatchewan river, Canada, to the southern headstreams of the Missouri in Montana, and from about longitude 105 degrees to the base of the Rocky mountains. A century earlier, or about 1790, they were found by Mackenzie occupying the upper and middle South Saskatchewan valleys, with the Atsinas on the lower course of the same stream, both tribes being apparently in slow migration toward the northwest. This would make them the vanguard

of the Algonquian movement from the Red river country. With the exception of a temporary occupancy by invading Crees, this extreme northern region has always, within the historic period, been held by Athapascan tribes. The tribe is now settled on three reservations in Alberta, Canada, and one in Northwest Montana, about half being on each side of the international boundary.

So far as history and tradition go, the Blackfeet have been roving buffalo hunters, dwelling in tepees and shifting periodically from place to place, without permanent habitations, without the pottery art or canoes, and without agriculture except from the sowing and gathering of a species of native tobacco. They also gathered the camas root in the foothills.

Their traditions go back to a time when they had no horses and hunted their game on foot; but as early as Mackenzie's time, before 1800, they had many horses, taken from tribes farther to the south; and later they became noted for their great horse herds. It is probable that their spread over the plains region was due largely to the acquisition of the horse, and, about the same time, of the gun.

They were a restless, aggressive and predatory people, and, except for the Atsinas and Sarsis, who lived under their protection, were constantly at war with all their neighbors, the Crees, Assiniboines, Sioux, Crows, Flatheads and Kutenais. While never regularly at war with the U. S., their general attitude toward Americans in the early days was one of hostility, while maintaining a doubtful friendship with the Hudson Bay Company.

Their culture was that of the Plains tribes generally, although there is evidence of an earlier culture, approximately that of the Eastern timber tribes. The three main divisions seem to have been independent of each other, each having its own Sun dance, council, and elective head chief, although the Blackfeet proper appear to have been the original nucleus. Each of the three was subdivided into about

45 bands. It has been said that these bands were gentes, but if so, their gentile character is no longer apparent.

There is also a military and fraternal organization, similar to that existing in other Plains tribes, known among the Blackfeet as the Ikunukahtsi, or "All Comrades," and consisting formerly of at least 12 orders or societies. They have a great number of dances — religious, war, and social — besides secret societies for various purposes, together with many "sacred bundles," around each of which centers a ritual. Practically every adult has also his personal "medicine." Both sexes may be members of some societies. Their principal deities are the Sun, and a supernatural being known as Napi, "Old Man," who may be an incarnation of the same idea. The dead are usually deposited in trees or sometimes laid away in tepees erected for the purpose on prominent hills.

The best estimate of Blackfoot population appears to be that of Mackenzie, who put them about 1790 at 2,250 to 2,500 warriors, or perhaps 9,000 souls. In early days they suffered great losses by smallpox. In 1864 they were reduced by measles, and in 1883-84 some 600 of those in Montana died of sheer starvation in consequence of the sudden extinction of the buffalo, coincident with a reduction of rations.

THE SISSETON, "LAKE VILLAGE"

One of the seven original tribes of the Dakotas. They appear to have formed a link between the Eastern and Western tribes, though generally included in the Eastern division, with which they seem to have the closest affinity. Riggs says that the intercourse between the Mdewakantons on the Mississippi and the lower Minnesota rivers, and the Wahpetons, Wahpekutes and a part of the Sissetons had been so constant that but slight differences are discoverable in their manner of speaking, though the Western Sissetons show greater difference in their speech.



Wolf Necklace
Yanktonia Sioux. A Sub-chief under Two Bears

This tribe was in existence at the coming of the whites. Rev. T. S. Williamson, who was well acquainted with the history, traditions, languages, and customs of the Eastern Dakotas, says:

"From what was written on this subject by Hennepin, La Hontan, Le Sueur and Charlevoix and from the maps published under the superintendence of these authors, it is clear that in the latter part of the 17th century, the principal residence of the Isanyatis, Sioux (Mdewakantons, Wahpetons, Wahpekutes and Sissetons) was about the headwaters of Rum river, whence they extended their hunts to the St. Croix and Mississippi rivers, and down the latter nearly or quite to the mouth of the Wisconsin."

The first recorded mention of the tribe is probably that of Hennepin, who said that in the neighborhood of Mille Lacs were many other lakes, whence issue several rivers, on the banks of which live the Issatis, Oudebathons, (Wahpetons) River people, Chongaskethons (Sissetons), and other tribes, all comprised under the name Nadouessiou. This locates the tribe in 1680 in the vicinity of Mille Lacs, not in the region of Rainy Lake, as Hennepin's map appears to place them. In May 1689, they are mentioned as living, the greater portion of them, in the neighborhood of the Mdewakantons, in the interior northeast of the Mississippi. Duluth, who was in that region as early as July 1678, found them in the vicinity of the Wahpetons.

The statement that a part of the tribe was in the vicinity of Mille Lacs at the time of Hennepin's visit (1680) indicates that the division into the two bands had already taken place.

Lewis and Clark estimated the number of warriors in 1804 at 200, and a total population of about 800. According to Neill they numbered 2,500 in 1853. The combined population of the Sissetons and Wahpetons at Lake Traverse reservation in 1886 was 1,496. In 1909 there were 1,936 of both tribes at the Sisseton agency, S. D., and in

N. D. 980 Sissetons, Wahpetons and Pabaksas, representing bands that fled thither after the Minnesota Massacre of 1862.

THE BRULES

("Burned," the French translation of *Sichangzus*, "burnt thighs," their own name, of indefinite origin).

A subtribe of the Teton division of the great Dakota tribe. They are mentioned by Lewis and Clark (1804) as the Tetons of the Burnt Woods, numbering about 300 men, "who rove on both sides of the Missouri, White and Teton rivers."

In 1806 they were on the East side of the Missouri from the mouth of the White to the Teton river. Hayden described the country inhabited by them in 1856 as on the headwaters of the White and Niobrara, extending down these rivers about half their length, the Teton river forming the north limit. He also says they were for a number of years headed by a chief named *Ma-ka-to-za-za*, very friendly to the Whites, who by uniformly good management and just government kept his people in order, regulated their hunts, and usually avoided placing them in the starving situations incident to bands led by less judicious chiefs.

They were good hunters, usually well clothed and supplied with meat, and had comfortable lodges and a large number of horses. They varied their occupations by hunting buffalo, catching wild horses, and making war expeditions against the Arikaras, then stationed on the Platte, or on the Pawnees, lower down on that river.

Every summer excursions were made by the young men into the Platte and Arkansas country in quest of wild horses, which abounded there at that time. After emigrants to California and Oregon began to pass through the Dakota country, the Brules suffered more from diseases introduced by them than any other division of the tribe, being nearest to the trail. The treaty of April 29, 1868, between the

Sioux bands and the Government was in a large degree brought about through the exertions of Swift Bear, a Brule chief. Nevertheless, it was about this time or shortly after that a band of Brules took part in the attack on Major Forsyth, on the Republican river.

Hayden gives 150 as the number of their lodges in 1856. In 1890 the Upper Brules on Rosebud reservation, S. D., numbered 3,245; the Lower Brules at Crowneck and Lower Brule agency, S. D., 1,026. Their present number as distinct from the other Tetons is not given.

The meagerness of traditional history among the Sioux makes it impossible to know how or when the bands were organized; but the names of some of them explain why they bear these titles.

The Cut Heads, for instance, get their name from the fact that when they withdrew from the Yanktonais, there was a fight over their secession and their leader got a scalp wound, so the name Cut Heads was given the entire band.

The Hunkpapas are so called from their hereditary right to pitch their tepees at the edge of the encampment and to command the entrance thereto, the word "Hunkpapa" meaning the border, or outer edge.

The Oglalás' designation arises from the fact that among the Sioux, contempt and defiance for another are expressed by extending the hand and flicking the fingers. This motion is regarded as an insult and when the Oglalas withdrew from the larger body, it is said that, in leaving the others, they expressed their contempt by making this sign and were so called the "Dirt-Throwers."

The Miniconjous acquired their name from their practice of planting close to a stream Mini-akiya-oju meaning "Planting-near-the-water."

The name of the Two-Kettle band means "Two Cookings."

Wahpeton means "village in the leaves"; Sans Arc "without a bow," and so on.

CHAPTER XVI

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC LIFE OF THE BLANKET INDIAN

NORTH American tribes contained (1) subdivisions of a geographic or consanguineal character; (2) social and governmental classes or bodies, especially chiefs and councils, with certain powers and privileges; and (3) fraternities of a religious or semi-religious character, the last of which are treated under Secret Societies.

Tribes may be divided broadly into those in which the organization was loose, the subdivisions being families or bands and descent being counted as prevailing in the male line, and those which were divided into clearly defined groups called gentes or clans, which were strictly exogamic. Among the former may be placed the Eskimos, the eastern branch of the North Athapascans, the Crees, Montagnais, Nascapees, Micmacs, and Cheyennes, many of the Algonquins, the north Caddoan tribes, the Kiowas, most of the Shoshonean tribes, the Apaches, and nearly all the peoples of California, Oregon, Washington, South Texas and South British Columbia.

Where clans exist the distinctive character of each is strongly defined, and a man can become a member only by birth, adoption or transfer in infancy from his mother's to his father's clan, or vice versa. Each clan generally possessed some distinctive tutelary from which the majority of the persons belonging to it derived their names, certain rights, carvings, and ceremonies in common, and often the exclusive right to a tract of land.

Although the well-defined caste system of the north Pa-



Frame of a Winter Tepee

Photographed by the Author, Cascade Mountains, B. C.

An Indian Sweat Lodge

Photographed by E. A. Hullman at the head of the Little Big Horn River

cific coast, based on property and the institution of slavery, does not seem to have had a parallel elsewhere north of Mexico except perhaps among the Natchez, bravery in war, wisdom in council, oratorical, poetical, or artistic talents, real or supposed psychic powers — in short, any variety of excellence, served in all Indian tribes to give one prominence among his fellows, and it is not strange that popular recognition of a man's ability sometimes reacted to the benefit of his descendants. Although it was always a position of great consequence, leadership in war was generally separate from and secondary to the civil chieftainship. Civil leadership and ceremonial primary were much more commonly combined. Among the Pueblos all three are united forming a theocracy. Councils of a democratic, unconventional kind, in which wealthy persons or those of most use to the tribe had the greatest influence, were universal where no special form of council was established.

The tribes possessing a well defined clan system are divided into three groups: the North Pacific, Southwestern and Eastern. All of the first group had 200 or more phratries, each named after some animal or bird and subdivided into a number of clans ruled over by chiefs. Unless there was a more powerful clan at the same place a family chief was also chief of his village. In some cases a clan was divided, having chiefs in different towns. The lowest unit was the house group, consisting of a family in the European sense, including remote relations together with servants and slaves over which ruled the house chief or householder.

Among the Plains Indians the Omahas had a highly organized social system. A tribe was divided into 10 gentes called "villages," with descent through the father, each of which had one head chief. Seven of these chiefs constituted a sort of oligarchy, and two of them representing the greatest amount of wealth, exercised superior authority.

The functions of these chiefs were entirely civil; they never headed war parties. Below them were two orders

of warriors, from the higher of which men were selected to act as policemen during the buffalo hunt. Under all were those who had not yet attained eminence.

During the buffalo hunts and great ceremonials the tribe encamped in a circle with one opening, like most other Plains tribes. In it each gens and even each family had its definite position. The two halves of this circle, composed of five clans each, had different names, but they do not appear to have corresponded to the phratries of more eastern Indians. A man was not permitted to marry into the gens of his father, and marriage into that of his mother was rare and strongly disapproved.

Other Plains tribes of the Siouan family probably were organized in much the same manner and reckoned descent similarly. The Dakotas are traditionally reputed to have been divided at one time into seven council fires, each of which were divided into two or three major and a multitude of minor bands. Whatever their original condition may have been, their organization is now much looser than that of the Omahas.

MEDICINE AND MEDICINE MEN

Medicine is an agent or influence employed to prevent, alleviate, or cure some pathological condition or its symptoms. The scope of such agents among the Indians was extensive, ranging, as among other primitive peoples, from magic, prayer, force of suggestion, and a multitude of symbolic and empirical means, to actual and more nationally used remedies, but under the influence of the government agencies, the missionaries and the school teachers, the old methods of treating the sick have given way and now white doctors are stationed at all agencies to take the places of the native medicine men. The white man in turn has adopted from the Indian a number of valuable medicinal plants, such as cinchona, jalapa, hydrastis, etc.

In general the tribes show many similarities in regard to

medicine, but the actual agents formerly employed differed with the tribes and localities as well as with individual healers. Magic, prayers, songs, exhortation, suggestion, ceremonies, fetishes, and certain specific and mechanical processes were employed only by the medicine-men or medicine-women; other specific remedies or procedures were proprietary, generally among a few old women in the tribe; while many vegetal remedies and simple manipulations were of common knowledge in a given locality.

The employment of magic consisted in opposing a supposed malign influence, such as that of a sorcerer, spirits of the dead, mythic, animals, etc., by the alleged supernatural power of the healer's fetishes, and by other means. Prayers were addressed to benevolent deities and spirits invoking their aid. Healing songs, consisting of prayers, or exhortations were sung. Harangues were directed to evil spirits supposed to cause the sickness, and often were accentuated by noises to frighten such spirits away. Suggestion was exercised in many ways directly and indirectly. Curative ceremonies usually combined all or most of the agencies mentioned. Some of them were very elaborate, prolonged and costly.

The fetishes used were peculiarly shaped stones or wooden objects, lightning-riven wood, feathers, claws, hair, figurines of mythic animals, representations of the sun, of lightning, etc., and were supposed to embody a mysterious power capable of preventing disease, or of counteracting its effects.

Mechanical means of curing consisted of rubbing, pressure with the hands or feet, or with a sash or cord (as in labor or in painful affections of the chest) bonesetting, cutting, cauterizing, scarifying, cupping (by sucking), blood-letting, poulticing, clysmata, sweat bath, sucking of snake poison or abscesses, counter irritation, tooth pulling, bandaging, etc. Dieting and total abstinence from food were forms of treatment in vogue in various localities.

Vegetal medicines were, and in some tribes still are, numerous. Some of these are employed by reason of a real or fancied resemblance to the part affected, or as fetishes, because of a supposed mythical antagonism to the cause of the sickness.

Other plants are employed as remedies simply for traditional reasons, without any formulated opinion as to their modes of action. All the tribes are familiar with and employ cathartics and emetics; in some cases also diaphoretics, diuretics, cough medicines, etc. Every tribe has also knowledge of some of the poisonous plants in the neighborhood and their antidotes. Generally only a single plant is used, but among some Indians as many as four plants are combined in a single medicine.

The proprietary medicines were sold at a high price. Some of these plants possess real medicinal value; but many are utterly useless for the purpose for which they were prescribed.

The exact manner of therapeutic action is as absolutely unknown to the Indian as it is to the ignorant white man. Among some tribes the term medicine signifies "mystery," but among others a distinction is made between thaumaturgic practices and actual medicines. Occasionally the term "medicine" is extended to a high class of greatly prized fetishes that are supposed to be imbued with mysterious protective power over an individual or even over a tribe. Such objects form the principal contents of the so-called medicine bags.

The causation of the nature of disease being to the Indian in large part mysteries, he assigned them to supernatural agencies. In general, every illness that could not plainly be connected with a visible influence was regarded as the effect of an introduction into the body, by malevolent or offended supernatural beings, or through sorcery practiced by an enemy, of noxious objects capable of producing and continuing pain or other symptoms, or of absorbing the

patient's vitality. These beliefs, and the more rational ones concerning many minor indispositions and injuries, led to the development of separate forms of treatment, and varieties of healers.

In every Indian tribe there were, and in some tribes still are, a number of men, and perhaps also a number of women, who were regarded as possessors of supernatural powers that enabled them to recognize, antagonize, or cure disease; and there were others who were better acquainted with actual remedies than the average. These two classes were "physicians." They were often distinguished in designation and differed in influence over the people as well as in responsibilities. Among the Dakotas one was called "vakan witshasha," "mystery man," the other "pejihuto witshasha," "grass-root man."

The mystery man, or thaumaturgist was believed to have obtained from the deities, usually through dreams, but sometimes before birth, powers of recognizing and removing the mysterious causes of disease. He was "given" appropriate songs or prayers, and became possessed of one or more powerful fetishes. He announced or exhibited these attributes, and after convincing his tribesmen that he possessed the proper requirements, was accepted as a healer. In some tribes he was called to treat all diseases, in others his treatment was regarded as efficacious in only a certain line of affections. He was feared as well as respected.

In numerous instances the medicine-man combined the functions of a shaman or priest with those of a healer, and thus exercised a great influence among his people. All priests were believed to possess some healing powers. Among most of the populous tribes the medicine-men of this class were associated in guilds or societies, and on special occasions performed great healing or life (vitality) giving ceremonies, which abounded in songs, prayers, ritual, and drama, and extended from a few hours to nine days.

The ordinary procedure of the medicine man was to in-

quire into the symptoms, dreams, and transgressions of tabus of the patient, whom he examined, and he then pronounced his opinion as to the nature, (generally mythical) of the ailment. He then prayed, exhorted, or sang, the last, perhaps, to the accompaniment of a rattle; made passes with his hand, sometimes moistened with saliva, over the part affected; and finally placed his mouth over the most painful spot and sucked hard to extract the immediate principle of the illness. This result he apparently accomplished, often by means of sleight-of-hand, producing the offending cause in the shape of a thorn, pebble, hair or other object, which was then thrown away or destroyed; finally he administered a mysterious powder or other tangible "medicine," and perhaps left also a protective fetish.

There were many variations in this method, according to the requirements of the case, and the medicine man never failed to exercise as much mental influence as possible over his patient.

For these services the healer was usually well paid. If the case would not yield to the simpler treatment, a healing ceremony might be resorted to. If all means failed, particularly in the case of internal diseases, or of adolescents or younger adults, the medicine man often suggested a witch or wizard as the cause, and the designation of some one as the culprit frequently placed his life in jeopardy.

If the medicine man lost several patients in succession, he himself might be suspected either of having been deprived of his supernatural power or of having become a sorcerer, the penalty for which was usually death.

These shaman healers as a rule were shrewd and experienced men; some were sincere, noble characters, worthy of respect; others were charlatans to a greater or less degree. They are still to be found among the less civilized tribes, but are diminishing in number and losing their influence.

The most accomplished of the medicine men practice also

a primitive surgery, and aid, by external manipulations and otherwise, in difficult labor.

The other class of medicine men and women corresponds closely to the herbalists of the old-fashioned rural midwives among white people. They formed no societies, were not so highly respected or so much feared as those of the other class, were not so well compensated, and had less responsibility. In general they used much more common sense in their practice, were acquainted with the beneficial effects of sweating, poulticing, maxa, scarification, various manipulations, and numerous vegetal remedies, such as purgatives, emetics, etc. Some of these medicine women were frequently summoned in case of childbirth, and some times were of material assistance. Besides these two chief classes of healers there existed among some tribes large medicine societies, composed principally of patients cured of serious ailments.

SALUTATION

In general Indian salutation was accompanied by less demonstration than is usual among Europeans, but it would be a mistake to assume that less feeling existed. Mallery, who devoted much attention to this subject says:

“The North American Indians do not have many conventional forms of salutation. Their etiquette generally is to meet in silence and smoke before speaking, the smoking being the real salutation. But a number of tribes, e. g. the Shoshone,” Caddos and Arikaras — use a word or sound similar to How! but in proper literation Hau or Hao. Most of the Sioux use the same sound in communication with the whites, from which the error has arisen that they caught up and abbreviated the “How are you?” of the latter. But the word is ancient, used in councils and means “good,” or “satisfactory.” It is a response as well as an address or salutation.

The ordinary passing greeting among the Plains tribes

and probably most others is "Good" in the various languages.

Close relations or intimate friends, on meeting after a considerable absence, would put their right arms over each other's left shoulder and their left arm under each other's right arm, embrace gently and allow their heads to rest against each other for an instant.

ADORNMENT

The motive of personal adornment, aside from the desire to appear attractive, seems to have been to make individual tribal, or ceremonial distinction. The use of paint on the face, hair and body, both in color and design, had reference to individual or clan beliefs, or it indicated relationship or personal bereavement, or was an act of courtesy. It was always employed in ceremonies, religious and secular, and was an accompaniment of gala dress donned to honor a guest or to celebrate an occasion. The face of the dead was frequently painted in accordance with tribal or religious symbolism. The practice of painting was widespread and was observed by both sexes. Paint was also put on the face of adults and children as a protection against wind and sun. Picking and pulling the hair from the face and body was generally practiced. Hair on the face was considered a disgrace to an Indian, and so the boys used to spend hours pulling out the individual members of the coming mustache or whiskers as fast as they appeared, using frequently a quiet pool of water for a mirror. Deformation, as head flattening, and tattooing, according to some writers, were personal embellishments. Fats were used to beautify the hair and to ceremonially anoint the face and body. Sweet grass and seeds, as those of the columbine, served as perfume.

Ear ornaments were a mark of family thrift, wealth, and distinction, and indicated honor shown to the wearer by his kindred. Ceremonies, occasionally religious, some of which



Bear Claw

So called on account of the elaborate necklace of
Grizzly bear claws he wore on state-occasions

seem to relate to sacrificial rites, usually attended the piercing of the ears. Each perforation cost the parent of the child or the kindred of the adult gifts of a standard value and sometimes these perforations extended round the entire rim of the ear. The pendants were of shell, or metal or bone, or were long woven bands of dentalium which reached nearly to the waist.

Elaborate ornamentation of garments was reserved for gala dress. The earlier designs for porcupine and feather quillwork were reproduced later in beads of European manufacture. Feathers were widely used to decorate the robes and garments of warriors and other distinguished persons.

Among the Plains Indians the milk teeth of the elk were the most costly of adornments. They were fastened in rows on a woman's tunic, a liberal number of them giving the garment a value of several hundred dollars.

Headbands, armlets, bracelets, belts, necklaces, and garters, of metal, seeds, embroidered buckskin, peculiar pelts, or woven fiber, had their practical use, but were made decorative, and often were symbolic.

A necklace of bear claws marked the man of distinction. The headdress varied in different parts of the country and was generally significant of a man's kinship, ceremonial office, rank, or totemic dependence, as was the ornamentation on his weapons and his shield.

In the buffalo country women seldom ornamented their own robes, but embroidered those worn by men. Sometimes a man painted his robe in accordance with a dream, or pictured on it a yearly record of his own deeds, or of the prominent events of the tribe. Women wore the buffalo robe differently from the men, who gathered it about the person in a way that emphasized their action or the expression of emotion.

It was common for a tribe to have its peculiar cut and decoration of the moccasin, so that a man's tribe was proclaimed by his foot gear. The war shirt was frequently

painted to represent the wearer's prayer, having a design on the back for protection and one on the breast for victory. The shirt was occasionally decorated with a fringe of human hair, locks being generally contributed by female relatives. It rarely displayed war trophies. The most imposing article of the warrior's regalia was the bonnet with its crown of eagle feathers. Before the introduction of the horse the flap in the back rarely extended below the waist, but when the warriors acquired horses "the spine," with its ruff of feathers, was so lengthened as to equal or exceed the height of the man. Song and ceremony accompanied the making of a war bonnet by warriors of the tribe, and a war honor was recounted on each feather before it was placed in position. A war bonnet could not be made or worn without the consent of the other warriors of the tribe, and it was regarded as a record of tribal valor as well as a distinction granted to a man by his fellow tribesmen.

The horses of the warriors were often painted to indicate the dreams, or the war experiences of their riders. Accouterments were sometimes elaborately ornamented.

ETIQUETTE

The interior of most native dwellings was without complete partitions, yet each member of the family had a distinct space, which was as inviolable as a separate apartment enclosed by walls. In this space the personal articles of the occupant were stored in packs and baskets, and here his bed was spread at night. Children played together in their own spaces and ran in and out of that belonging to the mother, but were forbidden to intrude elsewhere and were never allowed to meddle with anyone's possessions. When more than one family occupied a dwelling, as the earth lodge, the long bark house, or the large wooden structure of the Northwest, every family had its well known limits, within which each member had a space.

A space was generally set apart for guests, to which, on entering, a visitor made his way. Among the Plains tribes this place was at the back part of the dwelling, facing the entrance, and the visitor when entering a lodge and going to this place must not pass between his host and the fire.

Among many tribes the place of honor was at the west, facing the entrance. If he was a familiar friend, greetings were at once exchanged, but if he had come on a formal mission, he entered in silence, which was unbroken for some time after he was seated. On such occasions conversation was opened by reference to trivial matters, the serious purpose of the visit not being mentioned until a considerable time had elapsed.

When a delegation was received only the older men of the party or of the tribe spoke. The younger members kept silent unless called on to say something. Among all the tribes haste was a mark of ill breeding, particularly during official or ceremonial proceedings. No visitor could leave the dwelling of his host without some parting words to show that his visit was at an end.

Among many tribes etiquette required that when speaking to a person a term of relationship rather than the personal name should be used. An elderly man or woman was usually addressed as grandfather or grandmother, and a similar title was also applied to a man of distinction. Uncle or aunt may be used for persons of about the same age as the speaker, but to a younger man or woman the term of address would signify younger brother or sister. A friendly visitor from outside the tribe was addressed by a term meaning "friend." A member of the tribe although of a different clan or gens, was spoken to by a term of relationship; among the Iroquois, for example, one of the opposite phratry was greeted as "my father's clansman," or "my cousin."

When the bearer of an invitation entered a lodge the

person invited did not respond if a relative or friend was present. He would accept for him, saying "Your uncle (or aunt) has heard."

Among a number of tribes etiquette required that there should be no direct speech between a woman and her son-in-law, and in some instances a similar restriction was placed on a woman addressing her father-in-law. In many tribes also the names of the dead were not likely to be mentioned, and with some Indians, for a space of time, a word was substituted for the name of a deceased person, especially if the latter were prominent.

In some tribes men and women used different forms of speech, and the distinction was carefully observed. A conventional tone was observed by men and women on formal occasions which differed from that employed in every day life.

Etiquette between the sexes demanded that the man should precede the woman while walking or in entering a lodge "to make the way safe for her." Familiar conversation could take place only between relatives; reserve characterized the general behavior of men and women toward each other.

Respect must be shown to elders in both speech and behavior. No one could be interrupted when speaking or forced to speak when inclined to be silent, nor could personal questions be asked or private matter mentioned. Would it were so among white people.

During certain ceremonies no one may speak above a whisper.

If necessary to pass between a person and the fire permission must be asked, and if one brushed against another, or trod on his foot, an apology must be made. At meal time, if one could not eat all that had been put on his dish, he must excuse himself to show that it was through no dislike of the food, and when he had finished he must not push away his dish but return it to the woman, speaking a term

of relationship, as mother, aunt, wife, which was equivalent to thanks. Among some tribes, if a cooking vessel had been borrowed, it must be returned with a portion of what had been cooked in it, to show the owner the use that had been made of the utensil, and, in courtesy, to share the food.

There was an etiquette in standing and sitting that was carefully observed by the women. They stood with the feet straight and close together, and if the hands were free, the arms hung down, a little toward the front, the fingers extended and the palms lightly pressed against the dress. Women sat with both feet under them, turned to one side. Men usually sat cross-legged.

The training of children in tribal etiquette and grammatical speech began at an early age, and the strict observance of etiquette and the correct use of language indicated the rank and standing of a man's family. Class distinctions were everywhere more or less observed. On the north Pacific coast the difference between high caste and low caste was strongly marked. Certain lines of conduct, such as being a too frequent guest, were denounced as of low caste. So, too, among the Haidas, it was of low caste to lean backward, one must sit on the forward part of the seat in an alert attitude to observe good form. Lolling in company was considered a mark of bad manners among the tribes, and among the Hopis no one would sit with legs extended during a ceremony. Here again we might learn wisdom from the savage.

Smoking, whether social or ceremonial, had its etiquette. Much form was observed in exchanging smoking materials and in passing the pipe, in smoking and in returning it. In certain societies, when a feast was served some parts of the animal belonged by etiquette to the noted warrior present, and these were presented by the server with ceremonial speech and movements.

Among some tribes when a feast was given a pinch of each kind of food was sacrificed in the fire before eating.

Ceremonial visitors usually made their approach known according to the local custom. Among some of the Plains tribes the visitors dispatched a runner bearing a little bunch of tobacco to apprise their host of their coming. Should their visit prove ill timed, the tobacco could be returned with an accompanying gift, and the visit would be postponed without any offense. There was much and varied detail in the etiquette of family life, social gatherings, and ceremonies of the various tribes, living north of Mexico.

When we watch the crowds of youngsters jamming through railway stations, or in street cars, or hotels, or restaurants, and note how young white people jostle their elders and superiors; how they scramble for the vacant seats, or the choice places, we are prone to regret that these masses of so-called civilized young people could not have had the value of training in a tribe of Northwest Indians.

The Blanket Indian did not have plates, knives, forks, spoons and cups, of the kind we have; so a large part of his table etiquette consisted in helping himself to a piece of meat from the camp kettle, or the hot rock on which it was broiled or from the spit on which it was roasted. This might be done with his hunting knife, with an arrow, or with a fork cut from a convenient bush. Then he laid his portion on a piece of bark, or a rock, or on the grass and filled it in with his fingers. But that was no more rude and lacking in culture for him than acts we see committed at tables every day of our lives, if we go among the other kind of white people.

If you go into a cheap restaurant, or to a lunch counter in a railway station, or to a hotel in a country town, (and it may be the best one in that town) you may see a man eating fish, meat, mashed potatoes, pie, jelly, or other kinds of food with his knife, and shoving this weapon into his mouth three inches at each thrust.

Only a few months ago I saw a woman in a hotel in a western town shoveling string beans into her already well

filled mouth with her knife, and complaining meantime that they were mighty poorly strung.

I know a man who, even when a guest at a house in the city, where there are cultured people at the table, habitually breaks off a piece of bread as big as his thumb, stuffs it in one side of his mouth, then cuts off a piece of meat of equal size, places it in the other side of his mouth, starts chewing and then tries to talk, all in a bunch.

You often see a white man, not a gentleman, but just a man, cross his legs in a street car. You wouldn't see an Indian do that in a hundred years, if you should ride with him every day.

There are millions of people in this country, even in the civilized zones, who could greatly improve their table manners by boarding a month with a family of Plains Indians and following copy.

The Indian does not waste any time on being cleanly. The squaw does not lie awake nights wondering how she will get through the week if the wash lady does not come tomorrow. She does not borrow trouble about the ironing. Neither about her hands being clean when she starts to cook the meal. She removes the saddles and the sweaty blankets from the horses, she tidies the pappoose's nose with her bare fingers and does all kinds of domestic stunts as soon as the party reaches camp. Then she dives into the work of preparing dinner or supper, without going through the formality of washing her hands. In fact she has no soap to wash them with. Once in a great while she goes to the river bank, or to the brook and washes them with mud or sand, or a combination of the two, and perhaps once a year washes her face and bathing is confined to such accidental immersions as may occur in the course of a lifetime.

The buck is even less careful than the squaw in regard to his personal habits. The minor details of cleanliness and sanitation do not figure in the lives of the noble red man and his noble companion.

ETHICS AND MORALS

It is difficult for a person knowing only one code of morals or manners to appreciate the custom of another who has been reared in the knowledge of a different code; hence it has been common for such an one to conclude that the other has no manners or no morals.

Every community has rules adapted to its mode of life and surroundings, and such rules may be found more rigorously observed and demanding greater self-denial among savages than among civilized men. Notwithstanding the differences which necessarily exist between the savage and civilized ethics, the two systems must evidently have much in common, for from the days of Columbus to the present, travelers have given testimony of customs and manners of Indians, who were still in the barbarous or the savage stage, which displayed a keen regard for the happiness and well-being of others.

It is often difficult to tell how much of Indian manners and morals may have been derived from white people; but there are still some tribes which hold aloof from the intrusive race and have been little contaminated by it, and we have the testimony of early writers to guide us. The latter may be narrow in their judgment of Indian conduct while they are accurate in describing it.

Formerly there existed among the natives standards of right conduct and character. From the folklore and from other sources we learn of conscience among the Indians, and of their dread of its pangs. The Navahos designate conscience by a term which signifies "that within me which speaks to me." Abundant evidence might be adduced to show that Indians are often actuated by motives of pure benevolence and that they do good merely from a generous delight in the act.

Social ethics obtained among all the tribes, and public opinion was the power that compelled the most refractory

to obedience. A system of ethics having once taken shape, the desire for the approval of one's associates and the wish to live at peace furnished sufficient incentive for compliance with the less onerous rules. But these motives were not sufficient in matters of graver import. Some tribes had executive bands, which had limited power to punish offenders in certain cases, such as violation of the orders of the tribal council; but among other tribes there was no established power to punish, nor were there even the rudiments of a court of justice.

The pagan Indian is destitute of the faith in heaven and hell, which affords a strong incentive to moral life among many of our own people; but he believes in good and bad luck, and frequently attaches different imaginary punishments to different offenses. Some regard various inanimate objects as the agents of these punishments. "May the cold freeze you!" "May the fire burn you!" "May the waters drown you!" are their imprecations.

When, during the tribal hunt, runners were sent out to seek a herd of buffalo, they had to give, on their return to camp, their report in the presence of sacred emblems in attestation of the truth of their statement. Scouts must report accurately or meet disgrace. The successful warrior must not claim more than his due; otherwise he would not be permitted to receive the badge of honors rightfully won. The common punishment for lying in many of the tribes was the burning of the liar's tent and property by tribal sanction. Not to keep a promise deliberately given was equivalent to lying. There are many instances of Indians keeping their word even at the risk of death.

Honesty was inculcated in the young and exacted in the tribe. In some communities the rule was limited in its operation to those within the tribe itself, but it was not uncommon to find its obligations extended to allies and to all friendly tribes. As war removed all ethical barriers, pillage was legitimate. The stealing of horses was a common

object of war parties, but only from a hostile tribe. When a theft was committed the tribal authorities demanded restitution; the loss of the property taken, flogging, and a degree of social ostracism constituted the punishment of the thief. Instances could be multiplied to show the security of personal effects in a tribe. The Zunis, for example, on leaving home, close and seal the door with clay, and it remains inviolate. The Nez Perces and many other tribes lean a pole across the door to indicate the absence of the family, and no one molests the dwelling.

Murder within the tribe was always punished, either by exile, by inexorable ostracism and the making of gifts to the kindred of the slain, or by suffering the murderer to become the lawful victim of their vengeance.

Truth, honesty, and the safeguarding of human life were everywhere recognized as essential to the peace and prosperity of a tribe, and social customs enforced their observance; the community could not otherwise keep together, much less hold its own against enemies, for except where tribes were allies, or bound by some friendly tie, they were mutual enemies. An unaccredited stranger was always presumably an enemy.

Adultery was punished. The manner of punishment varied among the tribes, the choice being frequently left to the aggrieved party. Among the Apaches it was the common custom to disfigure an erring woman by cutting off her nose.

The care of one's family was regarded as a social duty and was generally observed. This duty sometimes extended to one's relations.

While the young were everywhere taught to show respect to their elders, and while years and experience were supposed to bring wisdom, yet there were tribes among which it was the custom to abandon or to put to death the very old. Where this custom prevailed the conditions of life were generally hard, and the young and active found it difficult to

secure food for themselves and their children. As the aged could not take care of themselves, and were an encumbrance to travel, they acquiesced in their fate as a measure of prudence and economy, dying in order that the young might live and the tribe maintain its existence.

The cruel punishment of witchcraft everywhere among the tribes had its ethical side. The witch or wizard was believed to bring sickness or death to members of the community, hence for their security the sorcerer must be put to death. The custom was due to a lack of knowledge of the causes of disease, to mistaken ethics.

MARRIAGE

Except that marital unions depend everywhere on economic considerations, there is such diversity in the marriage customs of the natives of North America that no general description will apply beyond a single great cultural group.

The Eskimo, except those tribes of Alaska that have been led to imitate the institutions of neighboring tribes of alien stocks, have no clan organization. Accordingly the choice of a mate is barred only by specified degrees of kinship. Interest and convenience govern the selection. The youth looks for a competent housewife, the girl for a skilled hunter. There is no wedding ceremony. The man obtains the parents' consent, presents his wife with garments, and the marriage is consummated. Frequently there are child betrothals, but these are not considered binding. Monogamy is prevalent, as the support of several wives is possible only for the expert hunter. Divorce is as informal as marriage; either party may leave the other on the slightest pretext, and may remarry. The husband may discard a shrewish or miserly wife, and the wife may abandon her husband if he maltreats her or fails to provide enough food. In such cases the children generally remain with the mother.

Of the Plains Indians some had the gentile system, while others lacked it completely. They seem to have prac-

ticed polygamy more commonly, the younger sisters of a first wife being potential wives of the husband. Among the Pawnees the essential feature of the marriage ceremony was the presentation of gifts to the girl's parents. In case of elopement the subsequent presentation of gifts legitimized the marriage and removed the disgrace which would otherwise attach to the girl and her family. The men had absolute power over their wives, and separation and divorce were common. The Hidatsas, Kiowas, and Omahas had no purchase. The women had a higher social position, and the wishes of the girl's parents were consulted. Wives could leave cruel husbands. Each consort could remarry and the children were left in the custody of their mother or their paternal grandmother. Separation was never accompanied by any ceremony.

MILITARY SOCIETIES

Although the various tribes were in a state of chronic warfare one with another, little is known of their system of military organization, with the exception, perhaps, of those of the Plains and the Pueblo region. There is abundant evidence, however, that the military code was as carefully developed as the social system among most of the tribes north of Mexico.

Throughout the plains from north to south there existed a military organization so similar among the various tribes as to suggest a common origin, although with patriotic pride each tribe claimed it as its own. Maximilian was inclined to ascribe this origin to the Crows, perhaps on the ground of their well known ceremonial temperament, but it is probably much older than their traditional separation from the Hidatsas. In each tribe the organization consisted of from four to twelve societies of varying rank and prominence, ranging from boys or untried warriors up to old men who had earned retirement by long years of service on the war-path and thenceforth confined themselves to the supervision

of the tribal ceremonies. The name of each society had reference to some mystic animal protector or to some costume, duty, or peculiarity connected with the membership. Thus, among the Kiowas there were six warrior societies, known respectively as Rabbits, Young Mountain Sheep, Horse Caps, Black Legs, Skunkberry People, (alias Crazy Horses), and Chief Dogs. The Rabbit society consisted of boys of about 10 to 12 years of age, who were trained in their future duties by certain old men, and who had a dance in which the step was intended to imitate the jumping motion of a rabbit. The next four societies named were all of about equal rank, varying only according to the merit or reputation of the officers at any particular time; but the K'oitsenkas or "Chief Dogs" were limited to 10 picked and tried warriors of surpassing courage, each of whom, at his investiture with the sacred sash of the order, took a solemn obligation never, while wearing it, to turn his face from the enemy in battle except at the urgent appeal of the whole war party. It was the duty of the leader, who wore a black sash passing around his neck and hanging down to the ground, to dismount and anchor himself in the front of the charge by driving his lance through the end of the sash into the earth, there to exhort the warriors without moving from his station unless, should the battle be lost, they released him by pulling out the lance. Should they forget or be prevented in the hurry of flight, he must die at his post. In consequence of the great danger thus involved, the K'oitsen scarf was worn only when it was the deliberate intention to fight a pitched and decisive battle.

Each society had its own dance, songs, ceremonial costume, and insignia, besides special tabus and obligations. The ceremonial dance of one society in each tribe was usually characterized by some species of clown play, most frequently taking the form of speech and action the reverse of what spectators were expecting. The organization among the Arapahos, Cheyennes, Sioux, and other tribes was essen-

tially the same as among the Kiowas. At all the tribal assemblies, ceremonial hunts, and on great war expeditions, the various societies took charge of the routine details and acted both as performers and as police. Among the Cheyennes the Hotamitaneos, or Dog Men society ("Dog Soldiers"), acquired such prominence in the frontier wars by virtue of superior numbers and bravery of their leadership, that the name has frequently been used by writers to designate the whole organization.

HUNTING

Each North American tribe claimed a certain locality as its property and dwelt in communities or villages about which stretched its hunting grounds. As all the inland people depended for food largely on the gathering of acorns, seeds and roots, the catching of salmon when ascending the streams, or on hunting for meat and skins for clothing, they camped in makeshift shelters or portable dwellings during a considerable part of the year. These were brush shelters, the mat house and birch bark lodge of the forest tribes, the skin tepee of the plains and, later, tents bought from white traders. The rush mats of different sizes, woven by the women, were rolled into long bundles when the party was traveling. The oblong frame was made of saplings tied together with bark fiber. The longest and widest mats were fastened outside the frame to form the walls, and smaller ones were overlapped to make the rainproof roof, an opening being left in the middle for the escape of the smoke from the central fire. For the skin tent, 10 to 20 poles were cut and trimmed and preserved from year to year. To tan, cut, fit and sew the skin cover and to set up the tent was the special work of women. Dogs formerly transported the long tent poles by means of travois, but in later years they were dragged by ponies.

Hunting, visiting, or war parties were more or less organized. The leader was generally the head of a family or

of a kindred group, or he was appointed to his office with certain ceremonies. He decided the length of a day's journey and where the camp should be made at night. As all property, save a man's personal clothing, weapons, and riding horses, belonged to the women, its care during the journey fell on them. On the tribal hunt the old men, the women and children, and the laden ponies formed the body of the slowly moving procession, protected on either side by the warriors, who walked or rode, encumbered only by their weapons. The details of the camp were controlled by the women, except with war parties, when men did the work.

When a camping place was reached the mat houses were erected as most convenient for the family group, but the skin tents were set up in a circle, near of kin being neighbors. If danger from enemies was apprehended, the ponies and other valuable possessions were kept within the space inclosed by the circle of tents. Long journeys were frequently undertaken for friendly visits or for intertribal ceremonies. When traveling and camping the people kept well together under their leader, but when near their destination, the party halted and dispatched one or two young men in gala dress with the little packet of tobacco to apprise the leading men of the village of their approach. While the messengers were gone the prairie became a vast dressing room, and men, women and children shook off the dust of travel, painted their faces, and donned their best garments to be ready to receive the escort which was always sent to welcome the guests.

When the tribes of the buffalo country went on their annual hunt, ceremonies attended each stage, from the initial rites, when the leader was chosen, throughout the journeyings, to the thanksgiving ceremony which closed the expedition. The long procession was escorted by warriors selected by the leader and the chiefs, for their trustiness and valor. They acted as police guard to prevent any strag-

gling that might result in personal or tribal danger, and they prevented any private hunting, as it might stampede a herd that might be in the vicinity. When on the annual hunt the tribe camped in a circle and preserved its political divisions, and the circle was often a quarter of a mile or more in diameter. Sometimes the camp was in concentric circles, each circle representing a political group of kindred. The Dakotas call themselves the "seven council fires," and say that they formerly camped in two divisions or groups, one composed of four and the other of three concentric circles. The Omahas and close cognates, when on the annual buffalo hunt and during the great tribal ceremonies, camped in a circle. Each of the 10 Omaha gentes had its unchangeable place in the line. The women of each gens knew where their tents belonged, and when a camp ground was reached each drove her ponies to the proper place, so that when the tents of the tribe were all up each gens was in the position to which entitled by the regulations that were connected with ancient beliefs and customs. At other ceremonies, especially the great annual sun dance, the Kiowas, Cheyennes and others camped in a circle made of the different political divisions in fixed and regular order.

The tribal circle, each segment composed of a clan, gens or band, made a living picture of tribal organization and responsibilities. It impressed on the beholder the relative position of kinship groups and their interdependence, both for the maintenance of order and government within and their defense against enemies from without, while the opening to the East of the position of the ceremonial tents recalled the religious rites and obligations to which the many parts were held together in a compact whole.

Major James McLaughlin in his great book, "My Friend the Indian," tells of a hunt on the Standing Rock reservation, in which 600 mounted Sioux participated, and in which he states that more than 5,000 buffalo were killed.

After describing the march across the plains, from the agency to the herd, and the arrival at the point where the animals were peacefully grazing he says:

“The slayers halted before rushing on their prey. They were no longer agency Indians. Every man of the lot had discarded every superfluity in the way of clothing and was simply and effectively garbed in a breech-cloth.

Most of them carried repeating rifles and all had breech loaders, except a few of the older men and the boys, whose poverty forced them to use, if not to be content with, the bow and arrow. Every man had a hunting knife.

There was no shouting as the race for the herd began, and we were among the buffalo, a column attacking each flank, before they knew it. A few of the animals looked up and sniffed, some scampered to a distance, but there was no stampede. In fact, so widely were they scattered and so immense was the herd — estimated at 50,000 — that a stampede would not have been possible. As the first rifle cracked, a few of the animals ran, but the hunters followed, and the hunt became a slaughter in less time than I have taken to tell it.”

The author recounts that the next morning he rode out to the field and that:

“The men were at work skinning and cutting up the dead animals when I arrived, and that day was given to this work; but the next day they followed the herd to the west and resumed the slaughter, which was even more extensive that day than in the first hunt. The attack was made as before, for the buffalo had moved but a short distance. They were attacked on each side, and the men killed the choicer animals until they had all the meat that could be carried away and all the skins needed — the hides in the shedding season being useless for robes. The slaughter had been awful but not wanton, and I was impressed with the fact then that the Indian displays more restraint in hunting, even

though his desire to kill makes his blood boil, than the white man."

EAGLES

Among the many birds held in superstitious and appreciative regard by the Indians, the eagle, by reason of its majestic, solitary, and mysterious nature, became an especial object of worship. This is expressed in the employment of the eagle for religious and esthetic purposes only. The wing-bones were fashioned into whistles to be carried by warriors or used in ceremonies, and the talons formed powerful amulets or fetishes, having secondary value as ornaments; the feathers were, however, of greatest importance.

The capture of eagles for their feathers was a hazardous branch of hunting, requiring great skill. Among some tribes eagle killing was delegated to certain men. Owing to the difficulty of getting within bowshot of the bird, it was often trapped or the eyrie was visited to secure the young.

The striking war bonnet of the Plains tribes was always decorated with eagle feathers and was highly valued, for it is said that one pony was the price of a perfect tail of 12 feathers of the "war eagle," i. e., the white plumes with black tips. Other varieties, with bars across the feathers, are regarded as inferior.

Warriors of the Plains tribes usually wore the feathers of the golden eagle only. Many tribes wore one or more eagle feathers in the hair, and these feathers were often cut, colored, or otherwise decorated with some cognizance of the wearer.

It was the custom of the Pillager Chippewas to allow a warrior who scalped an enemy to wear on his head two eagle feathers, and the act of capturing a wounded prisoner on the battlefield earned the distinction of wearing five.

Fans made of the primary feathers of the eagle formed an accessory to the costume of the Sioux and other tribes.

Eagle feathers were also attached as ornaments to the buckskin shirts worn by men, and war costumes and paraphernalia, including shields, were ornamented with them.

As one of the prominent totemic animals, the eagle gave its name to many clans or religious fraternities. It is probable that nearly every tribe in the U. S. recognizing clan or gentile organization, had an eagle clan or gens at some period in its history.

The eagle held an important place in symbolic art. It was depicted by all the methods of art expression known to the Indian, appearing on pottery, basketry, textiles, beadwork, quillwork, shields, crests, totem poles, house and grave posts, pipes, rattles, and objects pertaining to cult and ceremony. It was also represented in the primitive drama connected with ceremonies. Many tribes possessed eagle deities, as the Kwahus, the eagle kachina of the Hopis of Arizona, and the Eagle god of the Miwoks of California.

Among the Haidas, passes made with eagle fans were thought to be effectual in conjuring, and this use reappears in many tribes. The wing bones of the eagle were often employed as sucking tubes, with which medicine-men pretended to remove disease. The Tlingit and other North Pacific tribes used eagle down for ceremonies, sprinkling it on the hair, masks, and dance costumes. It was also scattered in the air, being blown through a tube or sprinkled by hand. The Pawnees and other Plains tribes also used the down in ceremonies, and it was probably a general custom.

The mythology of almost every tribe is replete with eagle beings, and the widespread thunderbird myth relates in some cases to the eagle.

So great was the demand for eagle feathers, among the Northwestern tribes, that many young men were trained to hunt them, and some of these became expert in that line.

Their fathers and their grandfathers gave them all the lore of eagle hunting that had been stored up in the tribe

for generations past, and they would unfold it all to these boys around the camp fire, night after night. There were different methods of hunting the eagle.

They breed mainly in the high mountains, or in the tops of great trees in the foot hills.

One plan of hunting the bird was for the hunter to climb the tree, or the mountain cliff on which the nest was built, crawling under cover to some point as near as possible to the nest. Then when the parent bird came to feed the young he would drive an arrow through it. He would usually defer the killing in each case until the young birds were nearly ready to leave the nest. After one of the parents was killed he would wait for the other one to come, and after getting both he would remove the quills from them, then take the young from the nest, return to camp and keep them until their plumage became perfect, when he would kill them and take their quills as well.

In other cases the birds were trapped. Later they were shot from the ground, or from the foot of the cliff with a rifle.

Some of the more skillful hunters amassed snug fortunes, as Indian fortunes go, by this industry.

HUNTING THE BUFFALO

Dr. Joseph K. Dixon in his book "The Vanishing Race," gives Chief Two Moon's story thus:

"When the crazy dogs, (a band of Blackfeet) found a good place where there were plenty of buffalo and water, they marked the camp. On their return, before they reached the main camp the scouts began to sing a crazy dog song, riding abreast. It means: 'sharpen your knife, and patch up your stomach, for you are going to have something good to eat.' They made a circle, coming to camp from the sunrise, and moved toward the sunset, and then the scouts told the camp they had seen lots of buffalo. Then they dismounted and went home.

"After the crazy dogs had had their meal, they went over to the tepee of the chiefs; then they told the chiefs they had found a good camping place, good ground, good water, and a big herd of buffalo just beyond. The crazy dogs had their smoke, it was late when they went home, and then they sent for Four Bear. Four Bear went to the camp, told the people concerning their new camp, and the next morning the women took the medicine pipes and put them at the side of the tepee looking toward where they were going to camp.

"Husbands told their wives to go out and see on which side of the tepee the medicine pipes were placed, that they might know where they were going. Then the wives came in and told them the medicine pipes pointed north. The husbands told the wives the camp was going to move north. The camp broke up that morning. The chiefs and their wives sat by their tepees in a half circle, smoking while the camp was being broken. After the chiefs were through smoking, they got up and found the camp ready to move. They got a lot of mixed tobacco ready, and then got on their horses. The chiefs started in procession. After going some distance they halted; the crazy dogs followed, standing on each side, watching the movement of the camp to see that everybody was out. After everybody had left camp, the chiefs followed the procession.

"When they thought it was noon they made a halt. They took their travois and saddles from the horses, and rested; then had their lunch. The chiefs told Four Bear to get the camp in traveling shape again, and went on. Finally they came to the spot where the camping place was marked. They then took the medicine pipes and put them on a tripod, and the warriors came and sat around and smoked. Four Bear was told to get the people settled, to tie up the buffalo horses, and get ready for the hunt. Four Bear told the people not to get a meal but to get a little lunch, and get ready for the hunt.

“ The chiefs started for the buffalo, the hunters following. They stopped before they got to the herd, and told the hunters not to start for the buffalo until they were all ready and everybody had a fair chance. In the meantime one of the Indians sneaked away to crawl toward the buffalo. This fellow chased the buffalo, and the crazy dogs took after him. When they got him, they broke his gun, his arrows and bow, broke his knife, cut his horse's tail off, tore off his clothes, broke his saddle in pieces, tore his robe in pieces, cut his rope into small bits, also his whip. Then they sent him away afoot.

“ About that time the buffalo stopped again; then the hunters got on their horses, and started the chase. If a hunter hit a buffalo with one arrow, he gave a yell, and that indicated he had hit him once. There were few guns in those days and those were flint-locks. Sometimes when a hunter rode side by side with a buffalo, and shot the animal, the arrow would go clear through.

“ The Indians are very proud and careful of their arrows. They did not wish to break them. That is the reason why they shot them on the side, so that when the buffalo fell the arrow would not be broken. Lots of the buffalo fell on their knees, and would begin to move from side to side. Then the Indian for fear that the arrow would be broken, jumped off his horse and pulled it out. The hunter then tied his horse to the horns of the buffalo for fear he might be attacked by enemies at any moment. After this they took their knives and sharpened them on hard steel, like the flint with which they made fire. All the time they were sharpening their knives they were looking for the enemy.

“ The fire steel was scarce and we had to use rocks most of the time. The knives were got from the Hudson Bay Company. When we killed a buffalo bull, we placed him on his knees, then we began to skin him down the back of the neck, down the backbone, splitting it on each side. The cows we laid on their backs, and cut down the middle. We

used the buffalo cowhide for robes; the buffalo bulls' hides were split down the back because from this hide we made war shields, parflesche bags, and saddle blankets.

"The husbands would tell the wives to take care of the heads. The wives took the brains out of the skulls and mixed them with the largest part of the liver, and after mixing well, used the brains and liver to tan the hides. The wife was told to take out the tripe and skin it, for they used the skin as a bucket to carry water when they got home. They had strips of rawhide about three feet long and a quarter of an inch wide and tied the meat so that they could carry it home on the horses.

"They took the backbone after it had been cleaned of the flesh, and tied the meat to that and threw it over the back of the horse, so the load would not hurt the horse. When we got home with the meat, we unloaded. The men who had gone without their wives simply got off their horses and went into the tepees. The women rushed out to get the meat. Then the women took the horse with the meat on it to their father-in-law. Then the mother-in-law hurried to get the meal, taking the ribs of the buffalo, setting them up against the fire to roast. After the meat was cooked it was cut in slices and placed in a wooden bowl, and the mother-in-law took the meat over to the lodge of her son-in-law. That was all we had for our meal. We had no coffee or anything else to eat, but we made a good meal from the meat of the buffalo.

"Then the son-in-law said to his wife: 'Your mother has been feeding me all this time, now you go out and catch the mare and give it to her as a present.'

"About that time night came on, and the chiefs sent for Four Bear, and he would go around and tell the people the grass in that camp was taken up. The next morning the women would take their medicine pipes and put them on the sides, indicating where the next camp was to be, and thus we went on from camp to camp.

“The Indians found some dogs on the prairie. After they got the dogs they would fasten a pole on either side of the dogs with a tanned hide fastened between the poles, and the Indians would put their trappings, their meat, and their pappoosés on this hide, stretched between the poles. In that way they moved from place to place, the dogs carrying the utensils of the camp. We called it a travois. One day when we were moving, the dog who was carrying a baby on the travois saw a deer and ran after it. He went over a bank and carried the baby with him and finally came back without the baby.

“Later its mother found it in the coulee, badly scratched and jammed, but quietly awaiting the arrival of its parent.”



Was-e-chun-ta-shun-ka, American Horse
In Buckskin and Feathers

CHAPTER XVII

THE INDIAN AS A HUNTER

REMAINS of the buffalo are found from Alaska to Georgia, but the range of the present type (*Bison americanus*) was chiefly between the Rocky and Allegheny mountains. Traces of the buffalo have been found as far east as Cavetown, Md., and there is documentary evidence that the animal ranged almost if not quite to the Georgia coast.

The first authentic knowledge of the buffalo by a European was that gained about 1530 by Alvar Nunez Cableza de Vaca, who described the animal as living in freedom on the plains of Texas. At that time the herds ranged from below the Rio Grande in Mexico northwest from what is now east New Mexico to Utah, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia; thence crossing the mountains to Great Slave Lake they roamed the valleys of the Saskatchewan and Red rivers, keeping to the west of Winnipeg and Lake Superior, and south of Lake Michigan and Lake Erie to the vicinity of Niagara; there turning southward to west Pennsylvania and crossing the Alleghenies, they spread over the western portion of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and north Mississippi and Louisiana.

All the Indian tribes within this range depended largely on the buffalo for food and clothing, and this dependence, with the influence and the habits of the animal, profoundly affected tribal customs and religious rites.

This is more clearly seen in the tribes west of the Mississippi, where the people were in constant contact with the

buffalo during the summer and winter migrations of the great northern and southern herds. These great herds were composed of innumerable smaller ones of a few thousand each, for the buffalo was never solitary except by accident. This habit affected the manner of hunting and led to the organization of hunting parties under a leader and to the establishment of rules to insure an equal chance to every member of the party.

The early writers say that among the tribes east of the Mississippi the hunting party, divided into four parts, closed the selected herd in a square, then, firing the prairie grass, pressed in on the herd, which, being hedged by the flame, was slaughtered. The accuracy of this statement is questioned by Indians, for, they say, the only time the grass would burn well was in the autumn, and at that time the animal was hunted for the pelt as much as for food, and fire would injure the fur.

Firing was sometimes resorted to in the autumn to drive deer from the prairie into the woods. In the North pens were built of tree trunks lashed together and braced on the outside, into which the buffalo were driven and there killed. Sometimes, as on the upper Mississippi, a hunter disguised in a buffalo skin acted as a decoy, leading the herd to a precipice where many were killed by being driven over. On the plains of Kansas and Nebraska the hunters formed a circle around the herd and then, rushing in, shot the animals with arrows.

The annual summer hunting party generally consisted of the entire tribe. As the main supply of meat and pelts was to be obtained, religious rites were observed throughout the time. "Still hunting" was forbidden under penalty of flogging, and if a man slipped away to hunt for himself, thereby scattering a herd and causing loss to the tribe, he was punished, sometimes even to death.

These severe regulations were in force during the tribal or ceremonial hunt. This hunt occurred in June, July and

August, when the animals were fat and the hair thin, the flesh being then in the best condition for food and the pelts easiest to dress on both sides for the making of clothing, shields, packs, bags, ropes, snowshoes, tent and boat covers. The meat was cut into thin strips and hung on a framework of poles to dry in the sun. When fully "jerked" it was folded and put into parfleche packs to keep for winter use. A cow was estimated to yield about 45 pounds of dried meat and 50 pounds of pemmican, besides the marrow, which was preserved in bladder skins, and the tallow, which was poured into skin bags.

In the sinew of the animal there was bowstrings, thread for sewing, and fiber for ropes. The horns were made into spoons and drinking vessels, and the tips were used for cupping purposes, the buffalo horn was also worn as insignia of office. The hair of the buffalo was woven into reatas, belts, and dressing ornaments. The dried droppings of the animal, known among the plainsmen as "buffalo chips," were valuable as fuel.

Tribal regulations controlled the cutting of the animal and the distribution of the parts. The skin and certain parts of the carcass belonged to the man who had killed the buffalo. The remainder was divided according to fixed rules among the helpers, which afforded an opportunity to the poor and disabled to procure food. Butchering was usually done by men on the field, each man's portions being taken to his tent and given to the women as their property.

The buffalo was hunted in the winter by small, independent but organized parties, not subject to the ceremonial exactions of the tribal hunt. The pelts secured at this time were for bedding and other garments of extra weight and warmth. The texture of the buffalo hide did not admit of fine dressing, hence it was used for coarse clothing, moccasins, tent covers, parfleche cases, and other articles. The hide of the heifer killed in the fall or early winter made the finest robe.

The buffalo was supposed to be an instructor of doctors who dealt with the treatment of wounds, teaching them in dreams where to find healing plants and the manner of their use. The multifarious benefits derived from the animal brought the buffalo into close touch with the people. It figured as a gentile totem, its appearance and movements were referred to in gentile names, its habits gave designations to the months, and it became the symbol of the leader and the type of long life and plenty. Ceremonies were held in its honor, myths recounted its creation, and its folktales delighted old and young. The practical extinction of the buffalo in the last quarter of the 19th century gave a death-blow to the ancient culture of the tribes living within its range.

Leupp says:

"In olden times the buffalo hunt served the double purpose of uniting and dividing tribes. It undoubtedly brought into existence the sign language common to the tribes of the Plains; as each had its own tongue, one hunting party meeting another was powerless to ask or answer questions, and out of need of some adequate medium of communication was evolved the use of hands, elbows, eyes, ears and head which a master of the art can make eloquent without speaking a word."

The same author says:

"Justice has a useful aid in the trailers" who are found on most of the reservations where civilization has least intruded. They are Indians who have kept up the skill of their ancestors in hunting fugitives; and their faculty of observing minute signs whose suggestiveness would quite escape the notice of a white pursuer, is almost like the exquisite scent of a hound. The trailers are in no wise attached to the courts; they have no regular organization, but volunteer their services in response to a call from the superintendent when a murderer has taken flight.

"If the runaway is of their own race they rarely fail to

track him, for they have vivid apprehension of what an Indian would do under any given set of conditions; and in the last few instances where trailers have been used, the guilty man, on learning that they were after him, has saved further trouble by suicide."

The Indian hunter has often been known to trail elk or other large animals over slide-rock, on the mountain side, where no white man, not even a Leather Stocking, could see the least sign that game had passed.

In another case this same red hunter would trail the animal across the dry, sun-baked prairie, where its hoofs would make scarcely any imprint; but the man would follow it as fast as his horse could walk, simply by noting how a spear of grass here and there had been turned by the animal's hoof.

In 1883 I went into the Cascade mountains, of Northwest Washington, to hunt mountain sheep. I inquired of a ranchman who lived in the foothills where I could get a guide. He directed me to Charlie Richter, a half breed who lived with his parents a few miles away, and I went after him. He said yes, he would go.

I asked him if he knew the Ashanola country and he said yes; that he had never been in it, but that he knew the trail. I asked him how, and he said his grandfather had told him all about it, from the time he was a baby.

I said: "Do you mean to tell me you can find a trail through a wild mountain country simply by hearsay?"

He said: "Yes; I have heard the trail described so often and so accurately that I can follow it just as well as if I had been over it a hundred times."

So I engaged the young man and the next morning we started up Ashanola creek. The guide rode in front and the way he followed the dim, old trail through the jungle and over rocks, fording the stream every half mile, crossing intervening canyons and climbing bare rocky walls, where there was scarcely a hoof mark that I could find, was simply marvelous.

When we stopped to rest our horses he would tell me about landmarks that we should soon find. A dead cedar, or a split rock, or a fall in the creek, and he would tell me how far away each of these was. Again I asked him how he knew and he said his grandfather had frequently drawn maps of the trail on the ground, for him and the other boys, had marked each one of these objects and located it so exactly that he, the guide, knew just where we should find it.

We covered perhaps 15 miles of this devious, almost obliterated trail, and the guide followed it just as skillfully as any old trapper could follow a trail he had been over a dozen times.

We finally landed in the sheep country, spent a week there, got our game, loaded it on our pack horses, and Charlie piloted me out again, as efficiently and faithfully as he had taken me in.

The Indian hunter can not only trail game and hear it run, farther than any white man can hear it; but he can *smell* it.

Often when going over a mountain trail, or threading our way through a great forest, my Indian guide has stopped and said: "Smell that bear?" Or in another case "Smell that elk?" And in still another "Been a moose here in an hour. Smell him?"

Sometime there would, sure enough, be an odor floating through the brush so strong that even I could detect it; but in most cases I could not get a whiff of it. The guide's nose was better than mine for big game, and we would soon after find the fresh tracks of the animal he had mentioned. In some instances we had jumped him out of his lair, and the red hunter would follow his trail, mark him down, and then give me the shot.

The pursuit of game may be divided into two sets of activities, which correspond to military strategy and tactics; the one including the whole series of traps, the other including hunting weapons and processes. Beginning with the

latter, the following nine classes embrace all the hunting activities of the American Indian:

1. Taking animals with the hand without the aid of apparatus. Examples of these are picking up marine animals on the beach, robbing birds' nests, and seizing birds on their roosts on dark nights or in the water in daylight. Such unskilled taking developed the utmost cunning, agility, and strength of pursuing, seizing, climbing, diving, stealing on, and deceiving, and the same qualities were useful in the pursuit with weapons. The climax of this first class was the communal game drive, in which a whole band or tribe would surround a herd of animals and coax or force them into a gorge, a corral, or natural cul-de-sac, or over a precipice.

This method was to partially surround a band of buffalo or other animals, on a high plateau, stampede them and drive them over a precipice which had been previously selected and agreed on by the hunters. By this method several hundred buffalo have been killed in one drive, by forcing them over a cliff where they would fall on rocks, probably a hundred or several hundred feet below.

In such drives the leaders of the band would try to stop, or swerve to the right or left when they came to the brink; but the maddened herd behind, urged on by the yelling savages, would press the leaders over the edge of the cliff in spite of their efforts, and then the hundreds of others would follow blindly.

2. Gathering with devices. To this class of activities belong substitutes for the fingers or palms, such as rakes for drawing or piling up sea food; a sharp stick for getting worms by forcing them out of the ground; nets and scoops for taking animals from the water; also dull, reatas, and bolas for reaching out and grasping. This class reached its climax in the partnership or communal net, used by the Eskimo and other tribes for taking seal and small fish.

3. The employment of apparatus for striking, bruising, or

breaking bones, including stones held in the hands, clubs with grips, and hard objects at the end of a line or handle, like a sling shot.

4. Slashing or stabbing with edged weapons. The earlier Indians had little to do with metals and were given almost altogether to the use of stone, bone, reeds, and wood for stabbing and slashing. Both chipped and ground weapons were used, either without a handle, with a grip, or at the end of a shaft. The Eskimo used daggers at close quarters, and had several other Indian side arms. Edged weapons, however, were not so common as the weapons of the next class.

5. Hunting with piercing weapons, the most common of all Indian methods of taking animals. The implements include the pointed stick or stone, the lance, the spear, the harpoon and the arrow. Weapons of this class were held in the hand, hurled from the hand, shot from the bow, or a blowgun, or slung from the throwing stick. Each of the varieties went through a multitude of transformations, depending on game, materials at hand, the skill of the maker, etc.

6. The use of traps, pits and snares. The Tenankutchins of Alaska capture deer, moose, and caribou by means of brush fences, extending many miles in which at intervals openings are made, snares set; and the same custom was practiced by many other tribes in hunting larger game. The Plains tribes captured buffalo, deer, antelope, and wolves by means of pitfalls.

7. Fowls of the air, marine animals, and especially carnivorous animals, such as the coyote, by their noises and movements gave the clue which aided the cunning and observant hunter to identify, locate and follow his game.

8. In America, as throughout the world, as soon as men came into possession of fire the conquest of the animal kingdom was practically assured. The Indians used smoke to drive animals out of hiding, torches to dazzle the eyes of



Low Dog

A distinguished Sioux warrior noted for his ability
as a trailer of men and game

deer and to attract fish and birds to their canoes, and fire-brands and prairie fires for game drives.

9. The bark of walnut root served to asphyxiate fish in fresh water pools in the Southern States; in other sections soap root and buckeyes were used.

In connection with hunting processes there were accessory activities in which the Indian had to be versed. There were foods to eat and foods tabooed, clothing and masks to wear, shelters and hiding places to provide, and not only must the hunter be familiar with calls, imitations, decoys, whistles, and the like, but acquainted with the appropriate hunting songs, ceremonies, and fetishes, and with formulas for every-act in the process, the time for the chase of the various animals; laws for the division of game, and the clan names connected with hunting. Besides, there were numberless employments and conveniences associated therewith. In order to use the harpoon it was necessary to have a canoe, and with every method of hunting were connected other employments which taxed the ingenuity of the savage mind. There were also certain activities which were the result of hunting. Questions presented themselves regarding transportation receptacles, the discrimination of useful species and the construction of fences. A slight knowledge of anatomy was necessary in order to know where to strike and how to dress game. All these gave excellent training in perception, skill and cooperative effort.

Many Indians were expert at catching waterfowl while feeding or resting on the water. The hunter would make a head dress of grass or brush, wade or swim out to a flock of geese, ducks, swans, brant or other water birds in a lake, crouching where the water was shallow, so that only his head was above the surface, and the hunter was so slow, stealthy and skillful in his movements that the birds would be deceived into thinking the bunch of grass or brush was drifting on the surface of the water. In this way the hunter would wade or swim into the very midst of a flock of the

unsuspecting birds and, seizing them by the feet, one after another, jerk them under and hold them there until drowned. Then he would pass them back to an assistant who followed him, disguised in the same way.

In this way hundreds of birds would sometimes be taken before the others would take the alarm and move away.

CHAPTER XVIII

WAR AND ITS ENTAILMENTS

THE Indians recognized two kinds of warfare, to which they gave distinctive names; defensive warfare, or fighting for the protection of women and children, the home and the village; and aggressive war, or the going forth of expeditions to avenge injuries or to take spoils. The aim of warfare was to destroy, and as every person, old or young, was a part of the present or future strength of the enemy, neither age nor sex was spared and no noncombatants were recognized. Mutilation of the dead was neither universal nor constant among the tribes, but the cutting off of the head or taking of the scalp was generally practiced. The fundamental reason for scalping has not yet been fully explained; but there is evidence to indicate that it was connected with the rites observed when a boy was recognized as a member of a band and his life was dedicated to the God of War. The ordinary physical training of young men fitted them to endure the discipline and hardships of war. From the time he determined to join a war party the man was obliged to abstain from all personal indulgence, and to accept whatever duty might be prescribed by the leader, until the disbanding of the party on its return home.

There were grades and ranks among warriors, each having its peculiar insignia. All rank was gained by personal achievement, but before a man could count his war honors, wear their appropriate insignia, or assume the grade or rank to which they entitled him, he had to be given the right to do so publicly and generally in connection with more or less

elaborate religious ceremonies, conducted by societies or by tribal officials. Among some tribes honors won in defensive warfare ranked higher than those gained in aggressive ventures. As war honors were public tokens of a man's courage and ability, they were regarded as his credentials; therefore when a man was called to any position or service, either social or tribal, custom required that before he entered on his duties he should give his public record by counting his honors in order to show his fitness to receive the distinction offered him. Among some tribes, at the telling of each honor a blow was struck on a post or some other object, and this form of recital has become known by the composite term "counting coup."

The treatment of captives varied among the different tribes. Adoption was common to nearly all, especially in the disposition of women and children. Although the life of a captive was generally regarded as forfeit, yet among many tribes there were ways by which either a captive could save his own life or it could be saved by members of the tribe. Among some tribes there was a village or clan that had the right to shelter or protect a fugitive; among others food was offered and if taken the captive was spared; others subjected captives to ordeals, which if the captive survived he was saved. In most cases the survivors were finally adopted by their captors.

Exchange of captives between tribes was of rare occurrence. Some tribes had a war chief whose duties pertained exclusively to war. When an attack, either offensive or defensive, was made which involved the entire tribe, the war chief led the warriors. War parties, however, were composed wholly of volunteers, and were organized solely for aggressive warfare. They varied in size from half a dozen men to a hundred or more.

Large parties which intended going a considerable distance from home were attended by hunters, whose duty it

was to keep the warriors supplied with game. Occasionally a few women were of the party; they were not under orders, but acted as servers, and when the spoils were divided they were given a share.

The initiation and organization of a war party for offensive warfare differed among the tribes, as did the religious rites which preceded its departure. Among the Pueblos these rites were in charge of a war priesthood: in all tribes the rites were more or less directly under the men to whom were confided the keeping of rituals and the direction of ceremonies related to war.

In general, a man had to prepare for the office of leader by fasting and continence, and, as on him rested the responsibility of the failure or success of the party, he must be careful to observe all the rites by which he could personally appeal to the supernatural. He assigned the men to their various duties, and to him each man had to render implicit obedience. Any refusal to carry out the orders of the leader was punished by flogging.

The leader appointed two lieutenants, or "little leaders;" who, in case of his death, should act in his place. Frequently, however, a war party had two leaders, equal in authority. In battle the warriors were not required to keep close together except when making a charge, but while each man fought more or less independently, friend stood by friend to death, and only under great stress was the body of a companion left to the knife of the victor. Frequently the severest fighting took place about the body of a fallen comrade.

The leader exercised no control over the men in regard to taking honors, such as touching, striking, or scalping an enemy; each man was free to take all the honors he could, but only the leader had the right to divide the spoils, and no one could question his apportionment. Not infrequently a war party carried some article sacred to the band, and rites

connected with it had to be observed. In such cases the responsibility of the outcome of the expedition was believed to rest with this emblem.

The warrior societies of several of the Plains tribes owned a certain object similar in use to the ceremonial lance of the Kiowas. This was attached by an elk skin sash to the neck of the leader, who under certain circumstances took his place in the front of his line of warriors, and, thrusting the lance into the ground through a hole in the end of the sash, there fought or awaited death; he could not retreat unless one of his own party should pull up the lance to which he was in honor fixed.

Dreams sometimes influenced the acts of a war party. Instances have been known where, because of a dream, the entire party has disbanded and returned home.

There were grades or ranks among warriors, each having its peculiar insignia, and all rank was gained by personal achievement. In defensive warfare, the warriors sprang to the alarm and aimed to engage the enemy beyond the limits of the village, while the women hastily threw up breastworks or dug pits in which to thrust the children out of reach of flying arrows. As a rule women fought only at close range, using their knives or any available objects as weapons; but in rare cases women went to war and fought on equal terms with the men. The club, knife, spear, javelin, and bow and arrows were the Indian's principal weapons. The throwing stick had only a limited range. Poisoned arrows were used by some of the tribes, and while the poison itself was sometimes effective, the main reliance was on the actual potency of the substance used.

SCALPING

The common name for the Indian practice of removing a portion of the skin, with hair attached, from an enemy's head, for trophy purposes. The word scalp is derived from an old Low German word signifying a shell or sheath. The

equivalent word in the various Indian languages commonly refers either to skin or hair.

The spread of the scalping practice over a great part of central and western United States was a direct result of the encouragement in the shape of scalp bounties offered by the colonial and more recent governments, even down to within the last fifty years, the scalp itself being superior to the head as a trophy by reason of its lighter weight and greater adaptability to display and ornamentation.

The operation of scalping was painful, but by no means fatal. The impression that it was fatal probably arises from the fact that the scalp was usually taken from the head of a slain enemy as a token of his death, but among the Plains tribes the attacking party frequently strove to overpower his enemy and scalp him alive, to inflict greater agony before killing him, and frequently also a captured enemy was scalped alive and permitted to go back, thus mutilated, to his people as a direct defiance and as an incitement to retaliation. The portion taken was usually a small circular patch of skin at the root of the scalplock just back of the crown of the head.

The "scalplock" itself was the small hair braid which hung from the back of the head, as distinguished from the larger side braids. It was usually decorated with beads or other ornaments. When opportunity offered the whole top skin of the head, with the hair attached, was removed, to be divided later into smaller scalplocks for decorating war shirts, leggins, etc. The operation was performed by making a quick knife stroke around the head of the fallen enemy, followed by a strong tug at the scalplock.

The teeth also were sometimes used in the pulling process, and the victor usually knelt with knee pressed down on the back of his victim stretched face downward. The man who took the scalp was not necessarily the one who had killed the victim; neither was the number of scalps, but rather of coups, the measure of the warrior's prowess.

The fresh scalp was sometimes soon afterward offered as a sacrifice to the sun, the water, or some other divinity. In the former case it was held up to the sun, with a short prayer by the owner, and then carefully stretched on a buffalo-chip and thus left on the prairie. When sacrificed to the water the scalp was thrown in the river after a similar prayer. When preserved for a time, as was most usual, the scalp was cleaned of the loose flesh on its under side, and then stretched by means of sinew cords around its circumference within a hoop of about six inches diameter, tied at the end of a light cord.

When dry the skin side was painted either entirely red, or one half red and the other half black. The hair was carefully rebraided and decorated with various ornaments. It was carried thus by the women in the triumphal scalp dance on the return of the successful war-party to the home camp and then, having served its first purpose, was retained as a bridle pendant by the warriors, deposited with the tribal "medicine," or thrown away in some retired spot.

SIGNALS

The system of long-distance signaling in use among many tribes may be regarded as supplementary to the sign language, and many of the signals were but adaptations of the corresponding gesture signs on a larger scale. Long distance signals were naturally most in use and most highly systematized in the open country, on the plains and in the Southwest, where the atmosphere is usually clear and the view unobstructed.

Signals were commonly conveyed by means of smoke, fire, or the movements of men either mounted or on foot. Their most frequent purpose was to indicate the presence of game or an enemy, or to define the intentions of an approaching party. Signals by means of fires built at convenient observation points were most frequent at night and along the coast, and were usually simple alarm fires, serving rather to an-



Indian Standard Bearers
Travio Pony Loaded for the Trail

nounce an event than to disclose its nature. The fire might mean the stranding of a whale or the approach of a boatload of strangers, and the watchers in the distant village at once prepared for either emergency, according to their expectation. If they were on the lookout for food or plunder they came prepared; if they dreaded an enemy they fled until they thought the danger had passed.

Methods of setting fire to an enemy's camp or fortified village by means of lighted combustibles attached to arrows were in general use down to a recent period.

Smoke signals by day were used over a wide area of the western country, and were reduced to a regular system by means of which many different details of information could be conveyed across miles of distance. The fire was built on some commanding elevation, the combustible used being damp grass, weeds, cedar tops, or some similar material which would burn slowly and throw out a dense smoke.

The fire, after having been lighted, was first allowed to burn some time without hindrance until it was evident or probable that it had attracted the attention of those at a distance for whom it was intended. The signaler then proceeded with the message by throwing his blanket or robe over the smoldering pile so as to confine the smoke, and then withdrawing it, allowing a single balloon-like puff of smoke to ascend toward the sky. This was repeated again and again until by the number, length, or continued succession of the smoke puffs the watchers in camp knew whether buffalo or an approaching enemy had been discovered, whether they must flee for safety, or hurry with all speed to the attack or rescue.

The signal was the more surely noted by reason of the fact that the Indians were almost constantly on the watch and that certain commanding lookout points in the neighborhood of every regular camping place were recognized as regular signal stations.

Returning war parties among the Pimas and some other

tribes of that region were accustomed to give advance notice of the number of scalps taken by means of a corresponding number of fires built within view of the home camp. Among the Omahas the returning successful war party sent up smoke signals when near the home camp, while on coming in sight of their friends the number of warriors lost was indicated by having the same number of men turn successively to one side and drop to the ground. The Apaches sent up fire signals by firing the resinous spines on the tall trunks of the giant saguaro cactus. The timber tribes of the East, on the contrary, made similar announcement by means of the long drawn scalp halloo.

Motion signals were made either on horse or foot, and frequently with the aid of the blanket, which the Indian warrior almost always wore about his shoulders, or twisted around his waist. In many cases, as has been said, they were simply adaptations from the ordinary sign language, and were frequently extremely picturesque in execution. The ordinary signal of "discovery" was made by riding in a circle, not because the circle itself indicated anything in this connection, but because such a movement was most sure to be distinguishable from any direction. When it was seen from the bustle in camp to have attracted attention, it was followed by the specific signal for buffalo or enemy, the two most constant ideas in the mind of the western nomad. The buffalo sign may be made to do duty for any other large game, or even in later times for a herd of range cattle, while the absence of either sign after the discovery signal indicated the proximity of a friendly party.

The buffalo signal was made by holding the open blanket at the two corners with the arms outstretched above the head, and gracefully bringing it down toward the ground.

The enemy signal was made by confused and rapid riding back and forth after the first discovery signal. It was also made by waving the outstretched blanket several times rapidly above the head.

Among the Omahas and some other tribes the discovery signal was made by riding from side to side, or by running in the same way, if on foot, the motion being known by terms signifying approximately "showing" or "zigzagging." The false or dishonest making of this signal was severely punished.

The alarm signal was made by throwing the blanket into the air several times in quick succession. The signal for coast clear was given by gently waving the open blanket from side to side in front of the body.

Returning war parties, or parties of scouts often with robe or blanket signaled success or failure, and in the latter case the number of men that the party had lost. Other signals, more or less easily understood, indicated "come," "halt," "friend," "defiance," etc. On those accidental occasions where the discoverer was without either horse or blanket, he might give the alarm from a distance by throwing up handfuls of dust. The Sioux, and perhaps other northern Plains tribes, in later times had a system of heliograph signals by means of mirrors.

The drum signal, for calling the people together on ceremonial occasions or for making the changes in the performance, was probably universal. Signal calls, as the "journey whoop," of an expedition on starting out, the "scalp halloo," etc., were in general use among the Eastern tribes.

On Kadiak and the Aleutian Islands of Alaska, according to Miss A. C. Fletcher, strangers halted at a recognized station to signal to the distant village and then sat down to await the arrival of the receiving party, occupying themselves in the meantime in fashioning stone lamps from material always kept on deposit at such places. Farther south along the same coast, as early as 1787, explorers noted the peace signal made from an approaching canoe by blowing into the air the white down feathers of a bird, or by displaying a tuft of white feathers from a pole set up at the head of the canoe.

Closely akin to signals were the various trail marks used to indicate the passing of a traveler, the occurrence of some notable incident, etc. These varied from the simple bending of a twig, blazing of a tree, or piling of stones, to the elaborate pictograph set in some conspicuous place, or the symbolic declaration of war among the Eastern tribes, especially in the Gulf states, by setting up red painted arrows along the trail near the enemy's village, with the totemic symbol of the attacking tribe, or leaving in plain view a red painted tomahawk with a scalp attached.

TRAILS AND TRAIL ROUTES

All early accounts indicate that from a period long prior to the coming of the whites the Indian was familiar with places often hundreds of miles distant one from another, and that they traveled over the same route in coming and going. The trader was inclined to follow the water courses, unloading his boat to pass obstructions and transporting the canoe and its cargo over short distances, called portages or carries, between different waters. Supplemental, however, to these open and in time of war obviously dangerous routes, were paths or trails, many of them originally made by deer or buffalo in their seasonal migrations between feeding grounds, or in search of water or salt licks.

The constant passing over the same trail year after year, and generation after generation, often so packed the soil that in places, especially on the hillsides, the trails are still traceable by depressions in the ground or by the absence of or the difference in vegetation. Many of these old trails have been obliterated by the roads and railways of modern times.

The Jesuit Relations (1658) indicate several routes followed from the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes to Hudson bay for trade, hunting or fishing; one of these is mentioned as having extended a distance of 250 leagues. Many maps of the colonial period, supplemented by other records,

indicate that these ways of communication extended with few breaks practically the entire length and breadth of the continent. While the streams answered in certain instances as suitable routes of travel, at times they had their drawbacks, owing to snags, low water, freshets, or when the channel approached close to the shore, thus exposing persons in boats or on rafts to attack from enemies concealed in the vegetation along the banks.

In many instances distant points were connected by trails, or traces, the latter word adopted from early French maps. Owing to the Indian habit of marching in single file, the Eastern trails seldom exceeded 18 inches in width, yet these were the ordinary roads of the country traveled by hunters, migrating bands, traders, embassies, and war parties. So long as the trails led through friendly territory, they followed the lines of least natural resistance. War parties after leaving friendly territory passed into the wilderness over routes selected by scouts, which routes they followed by significant marks, natural or artificial.

In some places the paths of wild beasts were followed, in others the beds of streams were chosen, so that the footprints of the party would be obliterated. Other things being equal, the trail was not laid out along rough, stony ground, because of the rapid wearing away of footgear; nor through green briers, nor dense brush, nor laurel or other thickets, because of the difficulty of making rapid progress. These trails were generally along high ground, where the soil dried quickly, where the underbrush was least dense, where the fewest and shallowest streams were to be crossed, and on journeys where mountains were encountered, the paths, with few exceptions, followed the lowest points, or gaps, in many of which stone piles are found. In the extreme Southwest these stone heaps have resulted from the Indians casting a stone when approaching a steep ascent, in order, they say, to prevent them from becoming fatigued.

The numerous and wide watercourses and the dense forest

growth along the coast of New England made progress on foot almost impossible; consequently the birch bark canoe was almost the only means of conveying the natives and their goods from point to point. Farther south the dugout canoe was of such weight as to make any but the shortest carries most difficult. In the middle states the country is more open and freer from underbrush, and the use of paths became a matter of necessity. Along the Northwest coast travel was along the beach or off shore in canoes. In the East trails consisted of footpaths, whereas those of the plains in later times were wide roads beaten down by large parties passing with horses, some of them dragging tepee poles and travois. These trails were well marked, often being depressed, or washed two feet or more below the surface, the difference in vegetable growth along them showing distinctly for many years where the trail had been.

Western Indians traveled hundreds of miles to obtain blankets from the Pueblos, and some Plains Indians are known to have traveled 2,000 miles on raids. The Santa Fé trail and the Oregon trail were well known routes whose beginning was Independence, Mo., one ending in New Mexico, the other at Willamette.

STORAGE AND CACHING

The storage of articles and supplies was general throughout America, and the practice of caching, or hiding things not less so. The extent of this custom indicates its ancient origin, a conclusion strengthened by the discovery of large deposits of articles of stone which in some instances show partial disintegration and other indications of great age. Hoards of stone axes have been found in New Jersey, ceremonial implements in Florida, pipes in Ohio, and California, shaped blades along the greater part of the Atlantic seaboard.

When time allowed, some things were sewed in skins and suspended on trees or hidden in hollow tree trunks; others

were buried under shelving rocks or in carefully prepared holes in the ground. Owing to the seasonal journeys of large numbers of persons in search of food or other supplies, many things had to be left behind which, because of their weight or bulk, would add to the difficulty of movement. Caching was resorted to in order to prevent the hidden things from being disturbed by wild beasts, stones often being piled over the cache; or, when the deposit was of food or clothing, fires were built in order that the ashes should hide surface indications and thus keep enemies from disturbing the deposit. In other cases the sod was carefully removed and replaced after the cache was completed; or, if the land was sandy, water was poured over the surface to conceal indications of the ground having been disturbed.

The term cache, from the French *cacher*, "to hide," has been generally adopted by the whites, who have not been slow to accept and practice this primitive method of hiding things intended to be reclaimed.

Formerly in Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia, dried fish were stored by the Indians of Columbia and Fraser rivers, in caches built of split cedar planks supported on the branches of trees far above the ground. The Kalispels cached their stores of dried berries on little islands in Pend d' Oreille lake. The berries were placed in reed bags and were protected from the weather by small log houses built near them. On the Northwest coast clams taken from strings of cedar bark, on which they had been dried, were stored for future use.

Lewis and Clark in 1804, found at the falls of Columbia river that dried fish were pounded between two stones and then placed in baskets made of grass and rushes and lined with salmon skin; the fish was then pressed down and covered with fishskins, each basket weighing from 90 to 100 pounds. In this condition the fish would keep a long time and could be carried long distances by canoe or in pack.

The explorers describe a cache on the Missouri river made

by first removing the soil from a circle 20 inches across and then excavating a pit which was gradually enlarged to a diameter of six or seven feet, having the form of a kettle; this hole was lined on the bottom and sides with sticks, and then filled with skins which the Indians desired to preserve, after which the sod was replaced and the surface made to appear as natural as possible. This is a typical method among the Plains Indians and southwestern tribes. These explorers refer also to buying corn in ears from the Mandans, who dug it up in front of their lodges, where it had been buried the winter before.



John Grass, Pe-Zhi
One of the wealthiest Indians in the Northwest

CHAPTER XIX

IMPLEMENTS, TOOLS, UTENSILS

HAMMERS were made, centuries ago, of stone or other hard substance, with or without handles, as were sledges, mauls, and pile-drivers for two or more men.

The special implements, tools and utensils employed in the various aboriginal industries are enumerated below.

Agriculture — Digging sticks, hardened in fire and sharpened, and often weighted; dibbles, hoes, scarecrows, harvesting devices, husking pegs, granaries and caches were common. For harvesting both wild and cultivated produce various tribes had tongs for picking the cactus fruit, stone implements for opening hulls or shells, baskets for gathering, carrying, and storing; poles for reaching fruit, harvesting apparatus for grass seed; wild rice, camas, wokus, coonti, maize, etc.

Bark work — Peelers, shredders, twisters, sewing tools, pitching tools.

Boat Building — Axes, adzes, saws, borers, hammers, knives, pitch and paint, brushes and fire.

Carrying — Pack baskets, hide cases, walking sticks, special costumes, and a provision of compact food, as pemmican, dried fish and crisp bread. The making of burdens into neat loads for handling and for the back was understood and used by means of headbands, breast straps, and shoulder straps. The dog was here and there a pack beast and harness was devised.

Cooking — Besides open roasting, grilling frames of wood, and pits for baking and steaming, there were stone

slabs for parching seeds and for baking bread, pottery and baskets for boiling (the latter by the help of heated stones), and soapstone utensils for preparing meat and other food.

Curing food — Drying frames, smoking devices.

Fishing — Besides fishing implements proper, the fisher's outfit included canoes, paddles, weirs, dams, anchor, stones, etc.

Plastic art — In the technic of this industry belong tools and implements used in quarrying clays and preparing them for the potter, all devices employed in building, smoothing, polishing and decorating ware, and the apparatus for burning.

Quarrying, mining and stone working — Digging sticks, mauls, hammers, edge tools for making lamps, and dishes and for receptacles of soapstone, chipping and other shaping tools and implements, carrying apparatus, flakers, chippers, polishers.

Textile industries — All implements and tools needed in gathering roots, stems and leaves as materials, and those used in preparing these for matting, bagging, basketry, blankets, robes, lacework, network, thread, string, and rope; all materials used in manufacturing these products.

Woodcraft — Ax, knife, saw, adz, chisel, borers, rasps, polishers, paint brushes, rollers, moving and setting up devices.

For serving and consuming food, knives were necessary; spoons were fashioned of natural objects, especially of wood, horn and gourd, but there were no forks or individual dishes or tables. Much food was consumed on the spot where it was found. The Indians had manifold apparatus for making, preserving and using fire; for cooking, lighting, and heating. Shovels were used for baking bread. The outfit for harvesting, and preparing acorns included gathering basket, carrying hamper, granary, hulling mill, mortar, hopper basket, meal mat, leaching pit, cooking basket, mush basket and eating bowls. Milling movement in general in

cluded natural bowlders and pebbles, mortars of wood, stone, bone, or hide, pestles of the same materials, metates of varying degrees of texture, with manos to correspond, baskets to serve as hoppers and to catch meal and brooms. Hunters' implements included a vast number of accessory apparatus for making weapons effectual.

Devices for binding or permanently holding two parts together, pegs, lashings, and cement were used. In the absence of metal and rattan, rawhide, sinew, roots of evergreen trees, splits of tough wood, pitch and animal glue performed the necessary function. In the aboriginal economy no great stones were moved, but large logs were sometimes transported many miles.

Metric devices of the North Americans were very crude compared with modern standards, but were exactly adapted to their needs. A man fitted his boat and all its appurtenances to his body, just as he did his clothing. The hunter, basket maker, potter, tentmaker, weighed and measured by means of the same standard.

Straighteners were made of wood, stone, horn, or ivory for bending wood and other substances to shape. Digging sticks, dibbles and the whole class of implements for making holes in the ground were used also for working in the quarries, for getting worms and the like from the beach or the earth, and for digging roots for food or for textiles and for industrial purposes. Tongs were employed in moving hot stones, in gathering cactus fruit, and in capturing snakes.

Dwellings were in varying types and forms while their construction in different areas required the services of different kinds of work — that of the tentmaker, the joiner, the mason, or the snow worker, with their different implements, including shovels, axes, trowels, adzes, levers, parbuckles, etc. The joiner's outfit included many devices, from those of hafting to those for house building; tent framing, boat fitting, and the use of roots and thongs. Punch-ions were hewn out, but there was no mortising. Hafting,

the joining of the work, part of toil and the manual part, was accomplished variously by driving in, groove, splice, socket, tongue-and-groove, or mortising, and the fastening was done with pegs or lashing.

For the sharpening arts, the working by stone, wood, and other hard substances, the apparatus varied with the material, and consisted of knives, hammers, wedges, saws, files, polishers, borers, adzes, and chisels, made out of materials best suited always to their uses.

The propelling of all sorts of water craft was done by paddling, by poling, by dragging over mud, and by towing. No oars or rudders were used. Vessels were made watertight with pitch or by swelling of the wood. The rope or rawhide line for dragging a canoe along shore is known as a *cordelle*, the French-Canadian term. Portage, the moving of a bark canoe from one body of water to another, was accomplished by carrying load and canoe, separately, sliding the empty canoe over mud, or shooting rapids in it.

The making of snowshoes was an important occupation in the north, requiring great skill and manifold tools and devices.

WEAPONS

The offensive weapons of the Indian may be classified by their working parts and hafting, and their use. Striking weapons are of stone, bone, or wood, in the shape of clubs or balls, and into the shapes of the clubs the tribes carved a marvelous amount of their mythology, especially those among whom tractable wood was abundant.

Cutting weapons, before the introduction of iron, were made of stone or copper; piercing weapons were of any hard substance that would take a point. Many weapons had two or more functions. The Sioux had clubs armed with blades or points; among other tribes cutting or thrusting weapons were weighted.

All three classes are subdivided according to the manner

of holding or mounting. They were held in the hand, perhaps wrapped with a strip of fur, set in a grip for one hand, mounted on a longer shaft for two hands, or slung to a line.

Missile weapons were thrown from a sling, darted weapons from a throwing-stick, hurled from the hand, or shot from a bow. Not all these were equally common. The chisel-edged arrow of Africa was almost unknown in the Western Hemisphere. Piercing implements for hunting were often combined with a device for holding the quarry, and the Mexicans are said to have shot the soldiers of Cortes with harpoon arrows thrown from atlatls; but war arrows had lanceolate, not barbed points. The war arrow also had a single head. The poisoning of arrows is a question upon which there is much conflicting testimony and to which no general answer may be given.

The most common defensive weapon of the North American was the shield, worn on the left arm by means of thongs fastened on the inside and used both for parrying and for covering the vitals. Shields were usually circular in form and made of the thickest rawhide, though bark, basketry, and rods woven together served the purpose here and there. The making of a shield, for which one or more covers were prepared, was attended with great ceremony. On the surface were painted heraldic devices, and the shield was further adorned with fringes, precious objects, tassels, and plumes of eagles. A special place was set apart for it in or about the tent.

Armor was not universal and was of two sorts: 1. Woven of rods or splints of wood or of plates of ivory; 2. Made of thick rawhide. From Bering Strait southward all varieties are found. There is historic evidence of skin armor on the Atlantic slope. The fighting of the earlier Indians was chiefly hand to hand, hence there was little need of engineering inventions or cooperative weapons demanding the united effort of a number of men.

BLANKETS

In the popular mind the North American Indian is everywhere associated with the robe or the blanket. The former was the whole hide of a large mammal made soft and pliable by much dressing, or pelts of foxes, wolves, and such creatures were sewed together; or bird, rabbit, or other tender skins were cut into ribbons, which were twisted or woven. The latter were made by basketry processes from wool, hair, fur, feather, down, bark, cotton, etc., and had many and various functions. They were worn like a toga as protection from the weather, and, in the best examples, were conspicuous in wedding or other ceremonies. In the night they were both bed and covering, for the home they served for hangings, partitions, doors, awnings, or sunshades. The women dried fruit on them, made vehicles and cradles of them for their babies, and receptacles for a thousand things and burdens; they exhausted their patience and skill on them, producing their finest art work in weaving and embroidery. Finally, the blanket became a standard of value and primitive mechanism of commerce.

In southeast Alaska originated what is popularly called the Chilkat blanket — a marvel of spinning, weaving, fringing, and mythic designs. The apparatus for this seems inadequate. The woman hangs her warp of mountain goat's wool mixed with shredded cedar bast from a horizontal bar. The long ends are made into balls and covered with membrane to keep them clean. Weft is not even wound on a stick for shuttle, nor is there even the rudest harness or batten. The details of the great mythic design are carefully wrought in by the women in twined weaving at the same time that a dainty lacework is produced on the selvage. The process ends with a long heavy fringe from the unused warp.

Farther southward on the Northwest coast, cedar bast,

finely shredded, served for the weaving of soft blankets, which were neatly trimmed with fur.

The Nez Percés and other tribes in the Fraser-Columbia area were extremely skillful in producing heavy and tastefully decorated blankets in twined weaving from mountain goat's hair with warp of vegetal fiber, and among the Atlantic and Pacific coast tribes generally soft barks, wild hemp, rabbit skins, the down of birds, and the plumes of feathers were put to the same use. Blankets and cords wound with feathers were produced, not only by the Pueblos and cliff-dwellers but quite extensively in the East as well as in the Northwest. These were all woven with the simplest possible apparatus and by purely aboriginal technical processes. They were the groundwork of great skill and taste and much mythology, and were decorated with strips of fur, fringes, tassels, pendants, beadwork, featherwork and native money.

After the advent of the whites the blankets leaped into sudden prominence with tribes that had no weaving and had previously worn robes, the preparation of which was most exhausting. The European was not slow in observing a widespread want and in supplying the demand. When furs became scarce blankets were in greater demand everywhere as articles of trade and standards of value. Indeed, in 1831, a home plant was established in Buffalo for the manufacture of what was called the Mackinaw blanket. The delegations visiting Washington during the 19th century wore this article conspicuously, and in our system of educating them, those tribes that were unwilling to adopt modern dress were called "Blanket Indians." In art the drapery and colors have had a fascination for portrait painters, while in citizen's garments the red man ceases to be picturesque.

In the Southwest the coming of Spaniards had a still more romantic association with the blanket. Perhaps as early as

the 16th century the Navaho, in affiliation with certain Pueblo tribes, received sheep and looms from the conquerors. These were the promise of all that is wrapped in the words "Navaho Blanket." The yarn for the finest was procured by unraveling the Spanish bayeta, a sort of baize, specimens from this material now command high prices. For coarser work the Navaho sheared their own sheep, washed the wool, colored it with their native dyes, and spun it on rude spindles, consisting of a straight stick with a flat disk of wood for a fly-wheel. This coarse and uneven yarn was set up in their regular but primitive loom, with harness for shifting the warp, a straight rod for shuttle, a fork of wood for adjusting the weft, and a separate batten of the same material for beating it home. Only the hands of the weaver managed all the parts of the operation with phenomenal patience and skill, producing these marvelous creations which are guarded among the most precious treasures of aboriginal workmanship.

The popularity of this work proved its worst enemy. Through the influence of traders and greatly increased demands for blankets the art has deteriorated. Native products were imitated by machinery. To the Indians were brought modern dyes, cotton warp, factory yarns and worsted, and utterly depraved patterns, in place of native wool, bayeta and their own designs so full of pathos and beauty.

At present a reformation in such matters is being encouraged, both by the Government and by benevolent organizations, for the purpose of restoring the old art.

In this connection should be mentioned the interesting variety of effects produced in the Indian blankets by simple native contrivances. There are all the technical styles of native handwork superadded to the machine work and the loom, including coiled, twined and braided technic. Two-faced fabrics are produced, having intricate patterns entirely different on the two sides.



Chiefs Dull Knife (right) and Little Wolf
Blanket Indians in Blankets

Different Pueblos had their fancies in blankets. Among these must not be overlooked the white cotton wedding blanket of the Hopi, ceremonially woven by the groom for his bride, afterward embroidered with symbolic designs, and at death wrapped her body in preparation for the last rites. In the same tribe much embroidered cotton blankets are worn by women impersonators in several ceremonies, also a small shoulder blanket in white, dark blue, and red, forming part of woman's "full dress" as well as a ceremonial garment.

From this list should not be omitted the great variety of Navaho products, commencing with the cheap and iniquitous saddle and paddings, personal wrappings, horse furnishings and ending in competitions with the world's artistry. There were also the dark embroidered and white embroidered blanket of Navaho legend. They also wove blankets with broad bars of white and black called "chief's pattern," to be worn by the headmen.

The Zunis, too, wove a blanket for their priest-chiefs. But they, as well as the Hopis, have plenty of the serviceable kinds, of cotton and of wool, which they make into skirts and tunics; coarse kinds likewise for domestic use, robes of rabbit skin, and finer work for ceremony. The Pima and Maricopa have abandoned the art lately, but their congeners — the Yaquis, Tarahumares, Mayos, and Opatas — weave characteristic styles.

WAMPUM

The contracted form of New England Algonquin Wampumpeak, wampumpeage, or wamponeag. The shell beads in use among the North American Indians, wrought out of several kinds of shells found along both the western and the eastern littorals of the continent.

In the making of these shell beads much patient labor and a marked degree of skill and careful manipulation were required. The work was not confined to any class of per-

sons among the natives, for Roger Williams remarks that in general those who live along the seashore make the beads, and that "as many make as will."

In New England and along the Atlantic seaboard wampum was chiefly of two colors; the white, and the violet or purple, which latter varies in shade from pale or pink violet to dark rich purple. The value of these shell beads was determined by their color and degree of finish. In form they were cylindrical, being from about $1/8$ to $3/16$ inches in diameter, and from $1/8$ to $7/16$ inches in length. Notwithstanding the abundant literature concerning the multifarious uses of these shell beads in trade, in embroidering of articles of dress, the making of objects for personal adornment and badges of rank and official dignity, and in the fiducial transactions of private and public life, no technical statement of the exact methods employed by the natives in their making is available.

According to Barber and Howe the method of manufacture after contact with the whites was as follows: The wampum was wrought, largely by the women, from the thick blue portions of the shell, and the process, though simple, required a skill acquired only by long practice. The intense hardness and brittleness of the materials made it impossible to wear, grind and bore the shell by machinery alone.

First the thin portions were removed with a light sharp hammer, and the remainder was clamped in a scissure sawed in a slender stick and then ground into an octagonal figure, an inch in length and half an inch in diameter. This piece being ready for boring was inserted into another piece of wood, sawed like the first stick, which was firmly fastened to a bench, a weight being adjusted so that it caused the scissure to grip the shell and to hold it securely.

The drill was made from an untempered handsaw, ground into proper shape and tempered in the flame of a candle. Braced against a steel plate on the operator's chest and

nicely adjusted to the center of the shell, the drill was rotated by means of the common hand bow. To clean the aperture, the drill was dextrously withdrawn while in motion, and was cleared by the thumb and finger of the particles of shell. From a vessel hanging over the closely clamped shell drops of water fell on the drill to cool it, for care was exercised lest the shell break from the heat caused by friction.

When the drilling reached halfway through the shell, the piece was reversed and the boring was completed from the opposite side.

To finish the surface and to shape the edges were the next processes. A wire about a foot long was fastened at one end to a bench, beneath and parallel with the wire was a grindstone with a grooved face, which was worked by a foot-treadle. The beads were strung on the wire and the free end grasped in the left hand and the wire of beads was drawn into the groove of the fast revolving grindstone.

By means of a flat piece of wood, held in the right hand, the beads were continually turned. By this process the beads soon became round, smooth and polished, and were then strung on hemp strings about a foot in length. Five to ten such strings could be made in a day, and were sold to country merchants at the rate of 12 1/2 cents apiece.

Wampum early in the intercourse between the whites and the Indians, as it already was among themselves, became a medium of exchange at fixed values, not only in merchandise, but also in dollars and cents.

In commercial transactions wampum was used strung and unstrung.

In trade it was usually exchanged by count when loose, by the string, or by the fathom. The fathom was a count.

A large portion of the white shell beads was consumed in the manufacture of various articles of personal adornment and in the embroidery of various articles of raiment for both men and women. For use in public affairs and in official

communications, in ritualistic and fiducial transactions, wampum was wrought into two well-known products — string, often tied into bundles or sheaves of strings, and belts or scarfs or sashes.

The first variety was made originally by stringing the wampum beads on small strands of skin or sinew, and later on a strong thread or on several threads twisted together; these strings of shell beads were called "branches" by French writers generally, probably including bunches or sheaves.

DYES AND PIGMENTS

Most of the Indian tribes of North America made permanent dyes from organic materials. The demand for these dyes arose when basketry, quillwork and other textile industries had reached a considerable degree of advancement, and there was need of diversity of color in ornamentation, as well as permanency of color, which pigments alone could not supply.

The inorganic colors used by the Indians were mostly derived from iron-bearing minerals, such as ochers and other ores, and stained earths. These furnished various tints, as brown, red, green, blue, yellow, orange and purple. The search for good colors was assiduously pursued; quarries were opened and a commerce in their products was carried on. White was derived from kaolin, limestone, and gypsum, black from graphite, powdered coal, charcoal, or soot; green and blue from copper ores, phosphate of iron, etc.

Pigments were used for facial decoration, red being most prized, for which reason the vermilion of the trader was eagerly adopted, but the intent of face painting was generally totemic or religious and not merely ornamental.

Pigments were rubbed into soft tanned skins, giving the effect of dye, and were mixed with various media for painting the wood and leather of boxes, arrows, spears, shields, tepees, robes, parfleche cases, etc.

Among the Southwestern tribes pigments were mixed with sand for dry painting, while pigments of iron earths or kaolin were employed for decorating pottery. In connection with the preparation and use of pigments are grinding slabs, and mullers, mortars and pestles, brushes and paint sticks, and a great variety of pouches and pots for carrying or for preserving them. The media for applying the pigment varied with the objects to be decorated and with tribal or personal usage. In general, face paint was mixed with grease or saliva, while the medium for wood or skin was grease or glue. The Northwest coast Indians put grease on their faces before applying the paint.

CHAPTER XX

POPULAR FALLACIES ANENT THE INDIAN

SINCE the day when Columbus miscalled the aborigines of America "Indians," believing that he had discovered India, popular fallacies respecting them have been numerous and widespread. Some of the more important of them will be discussed here.

As soon as the newly discovered continent was found to be not connected with Asia, theories of the origin of the Indians began to be formulated by the learned, and, consistently with the religious spirit of the age, a solution of the problem was sought in Hebrew tradition. In the Indians were recognized the descendants of the "lost tribes of Israel." The latest and most earnest supporters of the Hebrew origin are the Mormons, whose statements are alleged to have the authority of direct revelation. Absurd as this theory is, in the light of present knowledge, anthropology owes to it several valuable treatises on the habits and characteristics of the Indians, which it could ill afford to lose, notably Lord Kingsborough's *Mexican Antiquities* (1830-48) and Adair's *History of the North American Indians* (1775), the latter book being filled with fancied similarities to Jewish customs, rites, and even traditions.

Equally absurd, but less widespread, was the myth of a tribe of Welsh Indians, descendants of a colony reputed to have been founded by Prince Madoc about 1170. The myth placed them, with their Welsh language and Welsh Bible, first on the Atlantic coast, where they were identified with the Tuscaroras, and then farther and farther west,

until about 1776 we find the Welsh, or "white," Indians on the Missouri, where they appeared as the Mandans (according to Catlin), and later on Red river. Later still they were identified with the Hopis of Arizona, and finally with the Modocs of Oregon, after which they vanish.

Other seekers of a foreign origin for the American aborigines have derived them in turn from Greeks, Chinese, Japanese, Phoenicians, Irish, Polynesians, and even from the peoples of Australasia. Most of these theories are based on fortuitous analogies in habits, institutions and arts; but the attempt is frequently made to strengthen them by alleged similarities of language.

The general similarity of the human mind in similar stages of culture in every part of the world, with its proneness to produce similar arts, institutions, religious ideas, myths, and even material products, sufficiently explains the former class of facts, while the hypotheses of identity of languages, based, as they invariably are, on a small number of verbal similarities in the nature of coincidences, are wholly disproved on adequate examination and analysis.

Indian languages are so utterly unlike European speech in sound and so different in structure and character that it is not surprising that erroneous conceptions concerning them should arise. The unlearned conceived the idea that the speech of all Indians of whatsoever tribe was practically the same, that it was little more than a sort of gibberish, that it contained but a small number of words, that to eke out its shortcomings the Indian was compelled to use gestures, that it was hardly human speech, much less orderly and well developed language.

A comprehension of the manifold variety of Indian linguistic families, embracing a multitude of languages and dialects, of their rich vocabularies, flexible grammatical methods, and general sufficiency to express any and all concepts the Indian mind is capable of entertaining, above all,

of their capacity, shared with more advanced tongues, of indefinite expansion corresponding to culture growth, was reserved for a later period and more complete study. The intricacies of Indian languages are even yet but partially understood; their proper study has hardly begun, so vast is the field.

One of the common fallacies of early historians, by no means yet entirely dissipated, was the idea that the Indians were generally nomadic, having no fixed place of abode, and none of the necessities existence demanded. The term nomadic is not, in fact, properly applicable to any Indian tribe. Every tribe and every congeries of tribes, with exceptions to be noted, laid claim to and dwelt within the limits of a certain tract or region, the boundaries of which were well understood and were handed down by tradition and not ordinarily relinquished save to a superior force. Between many of the tribes, indeed, were debatable areas, owned by none but claimed by all, which from time immemorial formed the cause of disputes and intertribal wars.

Most or all the tribes east of the Mississippi, except in the North, and some west of it, were to a greater or less extent agricultural and depended much for food on the products of their tillage. During the hunting season such tribes or villages broke into small parties and dispersed over their domains more or less widely in search of game, or they visited the seashore for fish and shellfish. Only in this restricted sense may they be said to be nomadic.

The so-called "horse Indians," the Plains Indians, at least after the latter acquired the horse, wandered widely in search of their chief dependence, the buffalo. Though most of these had no fixed and permanent villages, they yet possessed some idea as to the extent of their own territory as well as that of their neighbors. The Athabaskan and Algonquian tribes of the far North, where absence of agriculture, the wide expanses of desolate territory, and the nature of the game necessitated frequent changes of abode and



White Bull, A Crow Scout
Note the Pompadour. This is the Crow's Typical
Manner of Dressing the Hair

forbade any form of fixed village life, most nearly approached nomadic life.

The exact nature of Indian ownership of land appears not to have been understood by the early settlers, and the misunderstanding was the fruitful source of trouble and even bloodshed. Neither the individual Indian nor the family possessed vested rights in land. The land belonged to the tribe as a whole, but individual families and clans might appropriate for their own use and tillage any portion of the tribe's unoccupied domain. Hence it was impossible for a chief, family, clan, or any section of a tribe legally to sell or to give away to aliens, white or red, any part of the tribal domain, and the inevitable consequence of illegal sales or gifts was bad feeling, followed often by repudiation of the contract by the tribe as a whole. Attempts by the whites to enforce these supposed legal sales were followed by disorder and bloodshed, often by prolonged wars.

It is perhaps not strange that the early emigrants to America, habituated to European ideas of royal descent and kingly prerogative, should describe the simple village and tribal organizations of the Indians with high-sounding phrases. Early treatises on the Indian teem with the terms "king," "queen," and "princess" and even with ideas of hereditary privileges and rank. It would be difficult to imagine states of society more unlike than one implied by such terms, and the simple democracy of most of the Indians.

On the Northwest coast and among some tribes of the south Atlantic region ideas of caste had gained a foothold, principally founded on the property basis, but this was exceptional. Equality and independence were the cardinal principles of Indian society. In some tribes, as the Iroquois, certain of the highest chieftaincies were confined to certain clans, and these may be said, in a modified sense, to have been hereditary, and there were also hereditary chieftaincies among the Apaches, Chippewas, Sioux and other tribes.

Practically, however, the officers within the limits of tribal government were purely elective. The ability of the candidates, their courage, eloquence, previous services, above all, their personal popularity, formed the basis for election to any and all offices. Except among the Natchez and a few other tribes of the lower Mississippi, no power in any wise analogous to that of the despot, no rank savoring of inheritance, as we understand the term, existed among our Indians. Even military service was not compulsory, but he who would might organize a war party, and the courage and known prowess in war of the leader chiefly determined the number of his followers. So loose were the ties of authority on the warpath that a bad dream or an unlucky presage was enough to diminish the number of the war party at any time or even to break it up entirely.

The idea prevalent among the colonists of a legal executive head over the Indians, so-called king, was acceptable on account of the aid it lent to the transaction of business with the Indians, especially to the enforcement of contracts. It enabled the colonists to treat directly and effectively with one man, or at most with a few, for the sale of land, instead of with the tribe as a whole. The fact is that social and political organization was of the lowest kind; the very name of tribe, with implication of a body bound together by social ties and under some central authority, is of very uncertain application.

Most erroneous ideas of the practice of medicine among the Indians are current, often fostered by quacks who claim to have received herbs and methods of practice from noted Indian doctors. The medical art among all Indians was rooted in sorcery; and the prevailing idea that diseases were caused by the presence or acts of evil spirits, which could be removed only by sorcery and incantation, controlled diagnosis and treatment.

This conception gave rise to both priest and physician. Combined with it there grew up a certain knowledge of

and dependence on simples, an important development of which was what we know as the doctrine of signatures, according to which, in some cases, the color, shape, and markings of plants are supposed to indicate the organs for which in disease they are supposed to be specific. There was current in many tribes, especially among the old women, a rude knowledge of the therapeutic use of a considerable number of plants and roots, and of the sweating process, which was employed with little discrimination.

Among the many erroneous conceptions regarding the Indian, none has taken deeper root than the one which ascribes to him belief in an overruling deity, the "Great Spirit." Very far removed from this tremendous conception of one all-powerful deity was the Indian belief in a multitude of spirits that dwelt in animate and inanimate objects, to propitiate which was the chief object of his supplications and sacrifices. To none of his deities did the Indian ascribe moral good or evil. His religion was practical. The spirits were the source of good or bad fortune, whether on the hunting trail or the war trail, in the pursuit of a wife or in a ball game. If successful he adored, offered sacrifices, and made valuable presents. If unsuccessful he cast his manito away and offered his faith to more powerful or more friendly deities.

In this world of spirits the Indian dwelt in perpetual fear. He feared to offend the spirits of the mountains, of the dark wood, of the lake, and of the prairie. The real Indian was a different creature from the joyous and untrammelled savage pictured and envied by the poet and philosopher.

If the term happy hunting ground be understood to imply nothing more than a belief of the Indian in a future existence, it answers, perhaps, as well as another. That the Indian believes in a future life his mortuary rites abundantly testify. It may be confidently stated that no tribe of American Indians was without some idea of life after death, but as

to its exact nature and whereabouts the Indian's ideas, differing in different tribes, were vague. Nor does it appear that belief in a future life had any marked influence on the daily life and conduct of the individual. The American Indian seems not to have evolved the idea of hell and future punishment.

The position of woman in Indian society, especially as regards the division of labor, was mainly that of servant. In addition to the nurture of children, her duties were the erection and care of the habitation, cooking, the preparation of skins, and the making of clothing, pottery, and basketry, and among many tribes she was required also to bring home the spoils of the chase.

Among agricultural tribes tillage of the fields was largely woman's work. Thus her tasks were many and laborious, but she had her hours for gossip and for special women's games. In an Indian community where the food question is always a serious one, there can be no idle hands. The women were aided in their round of tasks by the children and the old men. Where slavery existed their toil was further lightened by the aid of slaves, and in other tribes captives were often compelled to aid in the women's work.

The men did all the hunting, fishing and trapping, which in savagery was always toilsome, frequently dangerous and not rarely fatal, especially in winter. As a rule the man alone bore arms, and to him belonged the chances and dangers of war. The making and administration of laws, the conduct of treaties, and the general regulation of tribal affairs were in the hands of the men, though in these fields women also had important prerogatives.

To men were intrusted all the important ceremonies and most of the religious rites, also the task of memorizing tribal records and treaties, as well as rituals, which involved astonishing feats of memory. The chief manual labor of the men was the manufacture of hunting and war implements,

an important occupation that took much time. The making of canoes, also was partly man's work. Thus, in Indian society, the position of woman was usually subordinate, and the lines of demarcation between the duties of the sexes were everywhere sharply drawn.

Indian communities lived in constant danger of attack, and their men, whether in camp or on the march, must ever be ready at a moment's warning to seize their arms and defend their homes and families.

Where Indian communities adopted settled village life, as did the Pueblo peoples, or where the nature of tribal wealth was such as to enable women to become property holders on a large scale, as among the Navahos, whose women own the sheep, or where slavery was an established institution and extensively practiced, as among the Northwest coast tribes, the position of women advanced, and there ensued, among other social changes, a more equal division of laborious tasks.

It has long been an adage that the mixed blood is a moral degenerate, exhibiting few or none of the virtues of either, but all the vices of both the parent stocks. In various parts of the country there are many mixed bloods of undoubted ability and of high moral standing, and there is no evidence to prove that the low moral status of the average mixed blood of the west is a necessary result of mixture of blood; but there is much to indicate that it arises chiefly from his unfortunate environment. The mixed blood often finds little favor with either race, while his superior education and advantages, derived from association with the whites, enable him to outstrip his Indian brother in the pursuit of either good or evil. Absorption into the dominant race is likely to be the fate of the Indian, and there is no reason to fear that when freed from his anomalous environment the mixed blood will not win an honorable, social, industrial and political place in the national life.

All times and all peoples have had traditions of pigmies

and giants. It is therefore not surprising that such myths were early transplanted to American soil. The story of an ancient race of pigmies in Tennessee; familiar to most archeologists, owes its origin to the discovery, in the early part of the last century, of numerous small stone coffins or cists containing skeletons. The largest, measured by Featherstonhaugh, was 24 inches long by nine inches deep. The small size of the cists was assumed by their discoverers to be proof of the existence of a race of dwarfs, and the belief gained ready credence and exists to the present day in the minds of a few. In many cases the skeletons of the supposed dwarfs proved to be those of children, while, as pointed out by Jones and Thomas, the skeletons of the adults found in the cists had been deprived of flesh, a common Indian mortuary custom throughout the mound region, and then disjointed, when the bones of an adult could be packed into very small space.

A race of dwarfs has also been popularly ascribed to the cliff-dwellers region of New Mexico and Arizona, partly owing to the finding of shriveled and shrunken mummies of children, too hastily assumed to be those of dwarfs, and partly owing to the discovery of small apartments in the cliff-dwellings, of the nature of cubby holes for the storage of property, the entrances to which were too small to permit the passage, erect, of any ordinary man, hence, in the mind of the discoverers, they must have been used by dwarfs.

The myth of the discovery of giant skeletons, perennial in newspapers, is revived at times by the finding of huge fossil mammalian remains of ancient epochs, erroneously supposed by the ignorant to be human; at others by the discovery of buried skeletons the bones of which have in the course of time become separated, so as to give the impression of beings of unusual height.

There was some diversity of stature among Indian tribes, some, as the Pueblos, being of rather small size, while among the tribes of the lower Colorado and the Plains were

many big men. Now and then, too, as among other peoples, a man is found who is a real giant among his kind. A skeleton was exhumed in West Virginia which measured 7 1/2 feet in length and 19 inches across the shoulders.

The belief was formerly held by many that the mound builders of the Mississippi valley and the cliff-dwellers of the Southwest border were racially distinct from the Indians, or had reached a superior degree of culture. The more thoroughly the mounds and cliff ruins have been explored and the more carefully the artifacts, customs, and culture status of these ancient peoples are studied, the more apparent is it that their attainments were not superior to those of the later Indian. There is no evidence incompatible with the theory that the builders of the mounds and the dwellers in the cliffs are the ancestors of the tribes now or recently in possession of the same regions.

CHAPTER XXI

THE COURT LANGUAGE OF THE WEST

A SYSTEM of gestures in use by the Indians of the plains for intercommunication among tribes speaking different languages was formerly in general use. Traces of such a system have been found among the former tribes of East U. S., in the Canadian Northwest, and in Mexico, but as commonly known the sign language belongs to the tribes between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, and from the Fraser river, British Columbia, south to the Rio Grande. It seems never to have extended west of the mountains, except among the Nez Percés and other tribes accustomed to make periodic hunting excursions to the plains, nor to have attained any high development among the sedentary tribes in the eastern timber region, being superseded in these sections by some mother dialect or trade jargon. In the great treeless area of the plains, stretching nearly 2,000 miles from north to south and occupied by tribes of many different stocks, all constantly shifting about in pursuit of the buffalo herds and thus continually brought into friendly meeting or hostile collisions, the necessities of nomadic life resulted in the evolution of a highly developed system of gesture communication which, for all ordinary purposes, hardly fell short of the perfection of a spoken language.

In its evolution the sign language appears to have followed the same line along which, according to the theory of most philologists, human speech developed, viz., a gradual progress from the representative to the conventional, from the picture to the arbitrary symbol, the sign language, how-

ever, is chiefly in the representative or pantomimic stage. It may, in fact, be described as a motional equivalent of the Indian pictograph, the conventional sign being usually a close reference to the predominant characteristic of the object in shape, habit, or purpose.

The signs are made almost entirely with the hands, either one or both. Minor differences exist, like dialect in spoken languages, the differences being naturally greatest at the two extremes of the sign-language area, but even with these slight dissimilarities a Sioux or a Blackfoot from the upper Missouri has no difficulty in communicating with a visiting Kiowa or Comanche from the Texas border, on any subject from the negotiating of a treaty to the recital of a mythic story or the telling of a hunting incident. The claim of any particular tribe to having invented the system may be set down as mere boasting, but it is universally admitted that the Crows, Cheyennes and Kiowa are most expert in its use, and the tribes east and west of the central area, viz., the Omahas, Kansas, Osages and others near the Missouri, and the Utes and Shoshonis in the mountains, know less of it. In fluent grace of movement a conversation in the sign language between a Cheyenne and a Kiowa is the very poetry of motion.

As has been said the signs in every case are founded on some tangible or symbolic characteristic, although by abbreviation or "wearing down," as in a spoken language, the resemblance has frequently been obscured and conventionalized. Thus the sign for man is made by throwing out the hand, back outward, with index finger extended upward, apparently having reference to an old root word in many Indian languages which defines man as the erect animal.

Woman is indicated by a sweeping downward movement of the hand at the side of the head, with fingers extended toward the hair to denote long flowing hair or the combing of flowing locks.

A white man is distinguished as the hat wearer, either by drawing the index finger across the forehead or by clasp- ing the forehead with outstretched thumb and index finger.

For Indian the speaker rubs the back of his left hand, or, perhaps, his cheek, with the palm of the right to indicate a person whose skin is of the same color. The sign having obtained this conventional meaning, it may be used equally by a white man to convey the same idea.

Each tribe is designated by a special sign combination, usually the equivalent of the common name in the various spoken languages. Thus for "Blackfoot" the speaker touches his moccasin and then rubs his fingers on something black.

For Ute he makes the sign for black man. For Pawnee, the "Wolf people" of the Plains tribes, he throws up the right hand, with two fingers apart and pointing upward and forward, at the side of his head, to indicate erect ears of a wolf, following this with the sign of man, as already explained. Another suggested interpretation is "Horn people" from a peculiar scalplock formerly worn by the Pawnees.

A tepee is shown by bringing both index fingers together like an inverted v ($\wedge$), to indicate the conical shape and the crossing of the poles. An ordinary house would be distinguished by adding the sign for white man.

The buffalo, and in later days a cow, is indicated by crook- ing the index finger at the side of the head to resemble a horn.

A dog is indicated by drawing the hand, with first and second fingers spread apart, across in front of the body, typifying the old time travois dragged by the animal used as a beast of burden.

Eating and drinking are indicated by signs easily intelligible. Sleeping is indicated by inclining the head to one side, with the open palm held just below, typifying the re- cumbent attitude of repose. As days, or rather nights, are

counted by "sleeps," the same sign may mean a day when used in connection with enumeration, indicated by the motion of counting on the fingers.

In the same way, cold is indicated by the clenched hands in front of the body, and as Indians count years by winters or "cold" seasons, it signifies also a year in another context. The hand upright and turned on the wrist, with fingers apart, and extended, indicates the question sign, and a somewhat similar but slower gesture means vacillation, i. e. may be.

Reduced to action, the question, "How old are you?" becomes (1) point finger at subject — you; (2) cold sign — winter, years; (3) counting sign — number; (4) question sign — how many? An expert can go through the whole movement in about the time required to put the spoken question, with the advantage that he can be understood by an Indian of any language from Canada to Texas.

Some signs are beautifully symbolic. Thus, fatigue is shown by a downward and outward sweep of the two hands in front of the body, index fingers extended, giving a gesture-picture of utter collapse.

Bad is indicated by a motion of throwing away, truth by signs of straight talk, and falsehood by the talk sign, with another for different direction, i. e. "talking two ways."

Persons desiring to study the sign language seriously will find in Ernest Thompson Seton's book, entitled "Sign Talk," issued by Doubleday, Page & Co., the most complete, exhaustive and accurate treatise on the subject that has ever been published.

Mr. Seton worked on this subject nearly 30 years and has covered the ground completely. The book is embellished with more than 700 illustrations of sign talk, all of which are strictly accurate, as I know from years of personal use of the sign language.

CHAPTER XXII

TAMING THE WILD INDIAN

A NATURAL result of land cessions by the Indians to the U. S. Government was the establishment of reservations for the natives. This was necessary not only in order to provide them with homes and with land for cultivation, but to avoid disputes in regard to boundaries and to bring them more easily under control of the Government by confining them to given limits. This policy, which has been followed in Canada under both French and English control, and to some extent by the colonies, was inaugurated by the U. S. in 1786. It may be attributed primarily to the increase of the white population and the consequent necessity of confining the aboriginal population to narrower limits.

This involved a very important, even radical change in the habits and customs of the Indians, and was the initiatory step toward a reliance on agricultural pursuits for subsistence. Reservations in early days, and to a limited extent more recently, were formed chiefly as the result of cessions of land. Thus a tribe, in ceding land that it held by original occupancy, reserved from the cession a specified and definite part thereof, and such part was held under the original right of occupancy, but with the consent of the Government, as it was generally expressed in the treaty defining the bounds that the part so reserved was "allotted to," or "reserved for" the Indians, thus recognizing title in the Government.

However, as time passed, the method of establishing reservations varied, as is apparent from the following return,

showing the method of the establishment of the various reservations, given by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in his report of 1890:

By Executive order, 56; by Executive order under authority of Congress, 6; by act of Congress, 28; by treaty, with boundaries defined or enlarged by Executive order, 15; by treaty or agreement and act of Congress, 5; by unratified treaty, 1; by treaty or agreement, 51.

The setting aside of reservations by treaty was terminated by the act of March 3, 1871, which brought transactions with the Indians under immediate control of Congress and substituted simple agreements for solemn treaties. By sundry subsequent laws the matter has been placed in control of the President.

Reservations established by Executive order without an act of Congress were not held to be permanent before the general allotment act of February 3, 1887, under which the tenure has been materially changed, and all reservations, whether created by Executive order, by act of Congress, or by treaty, were permanent.

Reservations established by Executive order under authority of Congress are those which have been authorized by acts of Congress and their limits defined by Executive order, or first established by Executive order and subsequently confirmed by Congress. The Indian titles which have been recognized by the Government appear to have been (1) the original right of occupancy, and (2) the title to their reservations, which differ in most cases from the original title in the fact that it is derived from the U. S.

There have been some titles, and a few of them still exist, which the Indian Bureau deems exceptions to this rule, as where the reservation was formed by restricting the original areas or where reservations have been patented to tribes by the Government. Examples of the latter class are the patents to the Cherokees, Choctaws and Creeks.

In a few instances the Indians purchased the lands form-

ing in whole or in part their reservations. The construction given to these by the Indian Bureau and the courts is that they are not titles in fee simple, for they convey no power of alienation except to the U. S. Neither are they the same as the ordinary title to occupancy; they are, "a base, qualified, or determinable fee," with a possibility of reversion to the U. S. only, "and the authorities of these tribes may cut, sell, and dispose of their timber, and may permit mining and grazing, within the limits of their own citizens."

The idea of moving the Indians living east of the Mississippi to reservations west of that river, was adopted at an early date. The first official notice of it appears in the act of March 26th, 1804, "erecting Louisiana into two territories, and providing the temporary government thereof."

By treaty with the Choctaws in 1820 they had been assigned a new home in the West, to include a considerable portion of west Arkansas, with all that part of the present Oklahoma south of the South Canadian and Arkansas rivers.

In 1825 President Monroe reported to the Senate a formal "plan of colonization or removal" of all tribes then residing east of the Mississippi, to the same general western region. In accordance with this plan the present Oklahoma, with the greater portion of what is now Kansas, was soon after constituted as territory, under the name of "Indian Territory," as a permanent home for the tribes to be removed from the settled portions of the U. S. Most of the northern portion of the territory was acquired by treaty purchase from the Osage and Kansa tribes.

A series of treaties was then inaugurated by which, before the close of 1840, nearly all the principal Eastern tribes and tribal remnants, had been moved to the "Indian Territory."

By subsequent Legislation Kansas was detached from the Territory, most of the emigrant tribes within the bounds of Kansas being again moved to new reservations south of

the boundary line. Other tribes were brought in at various periods from Texas, Nebraska, and farther north, to which were added, as prisoners of war, the Modocs of California, (1873) the Nez Perces of Oregon and Idaho (1878), and the Chiricahua Apaches of Arizona (1889), until the Indian population of the Territory comprised some 40 officially recognized tribes.

An unoccupied district near the center of the Territory, known as Oklahoma, had become the object of controversy with intruding white settlers, and was finally thrown open to settlement in 1889. In 1890 the whole western portion of Indian Territory was created into separate territory under the name of Oklahoma. In the meantime, under provisions of an allotment act passed in 1887 agreements were being negotiated with the resident tribes for the opening of the reservation to white settlement.

In 1906 a similar arrangement was consummated with the five autonomous tribes and the eastern section, or Indian Territory — the home of the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles — together with the several small tribes in the northeast corner of Indian Territory. In the following year, 1907, the whole of the former Indian Territory was created into a single state under the name of Oklahoma.

According to the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the number of reservations in the U. S. in 1908, including the 19 Spanish grants to the Pueblo Indians, was 161, aggregating 52,013,010 acres.

THE AGENCY SYSTEM

Indian affairs are conducted under the administrative bureau in Washington by local Indian agents. This agency system was gradually developed to meet the various exigencies arising from the rapid displacement of Indian tribes by white settlers.

During the colonial period the spread of trade brought a

large number of tribes in contact with the French and the English, and each nation strove to make allies among the natives. Their rivalry led to the French and Indian War, and its effects were felt as late as the first half of the 19th century. When the Revolution began the attitude of the Indians became a matter of importance, and plans were speedily devised to secure their friendship for the colonists and to thwart English influence. One of the means employed was the appointment of agents to live among the tribes near the settlements. These agents were to watch the movements of the Indians and through the maintenance of trade to secure their good will toward the colonists. As the war went on the western trading posts of the British became military camps, which drew the colonial troops into a hitherto unknown country. Conditions arose which necessitated new methods for the control of the Indians, and in 1786 Congress established two districts, a northern district, to include all tribes north of the Ohio river and west of the Hudson, and a southern district, to include all tribes south of the Ohio river. A superintendent was placed over each, and power was given him to appoint two deputies. Every tribe within these districts laid claim to a definite tract as its own territory, and these tribal districts came to be recognized as tribal lands. The old trading posts became in time industrial centers, and the Indians were called on to cede the adjoining lands. The right of way from one post to another was next acquired. As settlers advanced more land was secured, and so rapidly were the tribes constrained to move westward that it became necessary to recast the districts established in 1786. The plan of districting the country under officers was continued, but on a new basis — that of tribal holdings, or, as they came to be called, reservations, which were grouped geographically into superintendencies, each presided over by a superintendent, who was responsible to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington. The reservations were in

charge of agents, who reported to the district superintendent. This plan continued in force until about the middle of the 19th century, when the office of superintendent was abolished and agents became directly responsible to the Commissioner. For more than 80 years the office of agent had been exclusively filled by civilians. The powers of the agents had expanded until both life and property were subject to their dictum. While many men filled the difficult position with honor and labored unselfishly for the welfare of the Indians, others abused their trust and brought discredit on the service.

President Grant, in 1868-69, sought to remedy this evil by the appointment of army officers as Indian agents, but Congress in 1870, prohibited "the employment of army officers in any civil capacity." The President then appealed to the religious denominations to suggest candidates for Indian agencies, and to facilitate the arrangement the reservations were apportioned among the various denominations. The plan led to the amelioration of the service through the concentration of the attention of religious bodies on particular tribes, thus awakening an intelligent interest in their welfare. About this time commissioners were appointed to visit and report on the various tribes, and in this way many facts and conditions hitherto unknown were brought to the knowledge of the Government and the public. As a result new forces were evoked in behalf of the natives. Industrial schools were multiplied both on and off the reservations; Indians became agency employees; lands were allotted in severalty; and through citizenship legal rights were secured. These radical changes brought about within the two decades following 1873, led up to the act of March 3rd, 1893, which permits the abolishment of agencies, where conditions are suitable, giving to the superintendent of the reservation school the power to act as agent in the transaction of business between the U. S. Government and the tribe.

Congress established the office of inspector by the act of Feb. 14, 1873. There are five inspectors, nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate. They hold their office four years and report directly to the Secretary of the Interior. They are charged with the duty of visiting and reporting on agencies, and have power to suspend an agent or employee and to enforce laws with the aid of the U. S. district attorney. The salary is \$2,500, with necessary traveling expenses. In 1879 Congress provided for special agents. These are appointed by the Secretary of the Interior. Their duties are similar to those of the inspectors, but they may be required to take charge of agencies, and are bonded sufficiently for that purpose. They report direct to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The salary is \$2,000. Special Agents are also detailed by the Indian Bureau to investigate special matters or to transact business. Special allotting agents, whose duties are to allot, on specified reservations, the land in severalty to the Indians, are appointed by the President. The inspectors and special agents are the intermediaries between the Indian Bureau at Washington and its field organization.

The Indian agent (now superintendent) holds office four years or until his successor is appointed and qualified. Cessions of lands by the tribes to the U. S. were always made for a consideration, to be paid to the Indians in money or merchandise. Most of these payments extended over a series of years, and the disbursing of them devolved on the agent. He was also charged with the preservation of order on the reservation, the removal from the Indian country of all persons found therein contrary to law, the oversight of employees, the protection of the rights of the Indians in the matter of trade, the prevention of traffic in intoxicating liquors, the investigation of depredation claims, the protection of the Indians on their lands held in severalty, the care of all Government property, the care of agency stock, the proper receipt and distribution of supplies, and

the supervision of schools. In addition to the correspondence and other clerical work incident to the current business of his office, each agent is required to keep a book of itemized expenditures of every kind, with a record of all contracts, together with receipts of money from all sources, of which a true transcript is to be forwarded quarterly to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The salaries of Indian agents range from \$1,000 to \$3,000 a year. The employees under the agents are clerks, interpreters, police, farmers, carpenters, teamsters, herders, butchers, blacksmiths, millers, laborers, watchmen, engineers and physicians, besides the school employees. A large proportion of these employees are provided in accordance with treaty stipulations. The salaries range from \$200 to \$1,200 a year.

Interpreters stand between the Indian and the white race, between the tribe and the Government, and have exercised a far-reaching influence on Indian affairs. The translations of these men were the sole means by which the two races understood or misunderstood each other. Until recently most interpreters picked up colloquial English from trappers, and other adventurers in the Indian country. They were generally mixed bloods whose knowledge of the language and the culture of both the white and the Indian races was necessarily limited. It was impossible for them, with the best intentions, to render the dignified and thoughtful speech of the Indian into adequate English, and thus they gravely prejudiced the reputation of the native's mental capacity. The agency interpreter received his salary from the Government through the agent, and, as was natural, he generally strove to make himself agreeable to that officer. His position was a responsible and trying one, since questions frequently arose between the Indians and the agent which demanded courage, prudence and unswerving honesty on the part of the interpreter, who was the mouthpiece of both parties. Of late years the spread of English among

the younger Indians through the schools, while it has not done away with the official interpreter, has lessened his difficulties, and, at the same time, diminished the power he once held.

The Indian police force was authorized by act of Congress of May 27, 1878. Its duties are to preserve order on the reservation; to prevent illegal liquor traffic and arrest offenders in this matter; to act as guards when rations are issued and annuities paid; to take charge of and protect at all times Government property; to restore lost or stolen property to its rightful owners; to drive out or arrest timber thieves and other trespassers; to return truant pupils to school, and to make arrests for disorderly conduct and other offenses. Such a force is on duty at all the agencies, and the faithfulness of the Indian police in the discharge of duties is well attested. The pay is from \$10. to \$15. a month, usually also with a small house and extra rations.

Although the right of eminent domain over all territories of the U. S. is vested in the Government, still the Indians' "right of occupancy" has always been recognized. The indemnity paid by the U. S. to the Indians when these made cessions of lands was intended to extinguish this right. These payments were made in money or merchandise, or both. The entire amount to be paid to a tribe was placed to its credit in the U. S. Treasury. In some instances only the interest on this sum was paid annually to the tribe; in other cases the principal was extinguished by a stated annual payment. These annuities (annual payments under treaty obligations) had to be voted each year by Congress and were distinct from the sums appropriated as special gratuities to be used for cases of peculiar need. During the early part of the 19th century cash annuities were handed over by the agent to the chief, who receipted for the money and distributed it among the tribe; but during the last 50 years or more an enrollment of the tribe has been made



The Author
In Blanket Indian Days

by the agent prior to each payment, and the money has been divided pro rata and receipted for individually.

A large proportion of the payments made to the Indians was originally in merchandise. This mode of payment was abused and inured to the advantage of white manufacturers and traders, but was injurious to the tribe, as it tended to kill all native industries and helped toward the general demoralization of the Indian. Payments in goods are now made only in cases where an isolated situation or other conditions make this method necessary to the interest of the Indians.

Rations were a part of the merchandise payments. They were issued to keep the Indians confined within the reservations instead of wandering in pursuit of game. After the destruction of the buffalo the beef ration became a necessity to the Plains Indians until they should be able to raise their own stock. Except in a few instances, where treaties still require this method of payment, rations are not now issued, unless great poverty or some disaster makes it necessary.

ADDENDA

A WINTER CAMPAIGN IN THE BIGHORN MOUNTAINS

CAPT. H. H. BELLAS, U. S. A.

THE summer of 1876, while celebrated by the people in the "States" as the nation's centennial anniversary, was an exciting one and full of peril to the inhabitants of the far West Territories.

Gold had been discovered in the Black Hills the previous year, and as usual exaggerated reports had been sent out. Consequently, early in the spring of '76, thousands of men, flocked into the hills from all over the country.

The Indians then inhabiting the Black Hills had taken the alarm and had given warning of their intention to oppose the entry of miners or settlers. To avoid a conflict between the two races, the United States Government had directed the military authorities to interpose, and, while holding the Indians in check, to remove all white intruders from the disputed territory until a treaty could be made with the Indians and peaceable possession obtained.

The Sioux nation, the most powerful on the continent and consisting of many separate tribes, each strong in itself, could at this time, it was estimated, place in the field 10,000 warriors. They would be aided by most, if not all, the Northern Cheyennes, some 2,000 more. Through past successes in their dealings with the Government, and confidence in their own strength, these Indians were now insolent and arbitrary in their demands and soon embraced the oppor-

tunity to initiate hostilities by making predatory raids, from their reservations, and attacking small parties of miners and prospectors wherever found. Troops were at once ordered to the scene to preserve the peace, and avert, if possible, an open conflict. The Indians, however, refused to return to their reservations, and expeditions were immediately organized, in the Departments of the Platte and Dakota, by Generals Crook and Terry, to proceed against them. Then followed the fight on the Rosebud, in which the camp of the hostiles was surprised, the Indians defeated and hundreds of their horses captured. Custer, following up a large body under Crazy Horse, some two months later, had, on the contrary, through rashness met his fate, the entire command being totally annihilated on the 25th of June, on the Little Big Horn.

The Indian foe derived increased encouragement from this victory. Those hitherto quiet now joined their friends, already in the field, and during the whole summer of '76 the entire Northwestern country swarmed with warriors on the warpath, whom it was certain death for the white man to meet, at a disadvantage.

Such was the condition of affairs when, all the forces in the two military departments above named being already in the field, orders were issued for the transfer of troops from all the other departments to the scene of conflict, to prevent a general uprising over the entire western country. Our regiment, the 6th Cavalry, then on duty in the panhandle of Texas and in the Indian Territory, was one of the first called for, and was soon en route to the Department of the Platte.

My troop had but recently returned to its post, Fort Elliott, from a summer scout on the Staked Plains and on the occurrence of the outbreak had been first ordered to change station to Fort Dodge, Kansas, 200 miles farther North.

Early the next morning I was on the march for my new

station. After crossing the Canadian and while in camp on Commission Creek, late one evening, a courier rode into camp with the news of the Custer massacre and with despatches from Department headquarters directing the different troop commanders to proceed as rapidly as possible, and, on reaching the railroad, to ship their commands immediately for the North.

Three or four days later I arrived at Fort Dodge, and after drawing supplies for the journey, transferred my troop to the cars and started for the Department of the Platte, via Las Animas, Denver and Cheyenne. From the latter point, I took up the march again, by way of Forts Russel and Laramie, for Red Cloud Agency, in Nebraska, some 200 miles farther North.

My troop was one of the first to reach the agency, but soon after, companies and battalions of all arms of the service, from East, West and South, began to arrive at the rendezvous. General Crook had taken the field, in the summer, with Merritt's column of cavalry, and this force, after varied successes and many privations, took up its return march for the agency in October, leaving the hostile Sioux still in large force and in comparative possession of the entire Black Hills country, as well as that lying toward the Big Horn mountains and the Yellowstone.

An expedition against them in the dead of winter, when hampered in their movements for want of grazing for their stock, was seen to be the only way to reach the hostiles effectively, provided we could subsist our own column in the meantime. It was also evident that we should be out the greater part of the winter, and it was deemed advisable not only to make careful preparation for the safety and proper equipment of the expedition, but also to provide comfortable quarters for the troops, on their return.

The large bodies of recruits now arriving were accordingly drilled three times a day, while the entire force was at the same time set to work cutting, hauling logs, sawing

lumber and building rude barracks and stables for the command. These preparations continued steadily until the beginning of November, exciting the interest of the thousands of semi-friendly Indians still surrounding the agency. They watched all our movements, noted the arrival of every new body of troops and no doubt continually reported by runners every item of news to their friends who were still out from the reservations. Furthermore they furnished these renegades with supplies of provisions and arms.

These communications were continued so regularly, notwithstanding several arrests made by us at the agency, that it was determined by Generals Crook and Mackenzie, the latter being in command of the cavalry column of the expedition now organizing, to send, as a preparatory measure, the whole force of cavalry against these Indians, who had established a sort of half-way station between the agency and the hostiles' camps.

Accordingly, on the evening of October 22nd, six squadrons of picked men and horses, each over 150 strong, started quietly, about 9 o'clock, for an all night ride to surround the camps of the Sioux chiefs Red Cloud and Red Leaf, some 40 miles North from the agency. Our orders were to capture and bring both bands back to their reservation, where they could be under the surveillance of the military. Only one day's rations were taken and no baggage of any kind — the whole command in light marching order. The night was pitch dark and very cold. The country was intersected by a series of ravines and washouts; but the most positive orders having been issued by Mackenzie, who was in command, for the whole column to keep closed up, at all hazards, the trot and gallop were continued throughout the night. Occasionally a troop would be brought down to a walk, at the bottom of some gulch or dry creek, and then, on emerging, would be compelled to go to a gallop to overtake the preceding troops, which had already disappeared in the blackness ahead.

The only sounds to be heard were the thunder of the column as it tore along over the frozen ground; the rattle of the harness of the horses, the men's sabres being thrust between their knees and saddles, and the muttered exclamation of some trooper as his steed stumbled or fell. Such riding was of course terribly fatiguing to both horses and riders. The men always regarded a night ride as far worse than a week's ordinary march. Experience, however, had taught us, as well as our gallant commander, that it was the only sure way "to catch the weasel asleep."

By the gray light of the morning, we found ourselves cautiously and slowly approaching the two camps of sleeping Indians. One battalion, under Colonel G——, had been sent to surround Red Leaf's band; the other under Major M—— that of Red Cloud; the two bands being encamped about two miles apart. In each case the result was the same. As the different troops swung quickly and successively into their positions, the watchful dogs of the camps gave the alarm. The Indians, completely surprised, sprang to their arms. A rapid fusillade followed. There was a rush and a shout by the troops, and the next moment we were in possession of both camps and all, or nearly all, their inhabitants were our prisoners, escape being almost impossible.

The Indians were at once ordered to surrender their weapons, pack their lodges and all their effects and move with their herds, which were afterward to be taken from them, into the agency. This order was only complied with after many of their unpacked possessions had been committed to the flames, accompanied by the chanting of the savage "death-song."

We had little time to eat or rest, as the return march was soon taken up. By dark we had made about one-half the distance to the agency. To prevent escape, the General determined to send the bucks, numbering over 100, on into the post that night, leaving the rest of the column with the

women and children, to await rations and to slowly make their way in the next day.

Four troops, including my own, were accordingly selected and under the command of Colonel Gordon, started with the captive Indians in the center of the column, two being mounted on each pony. The trot was at once taken up and continued the whole remaining distance. By 11 o'clock our destination was reached and the outfit, including Red Cloud and Red Leaf themselves, safely secured in one of the guardhouses of the post.

The work of our battalion was over for the time. A ride of 90 miles or more, with the surround and capture of two large Indian encampments, in a little over 24 hours, was certainly lively work and gave strong evidence that the comparatively raw recruits composing full half the command, might be depended on in the approaching winter campaign.

All being in readiness the Powder river Expedition, so named by reason of its supposed ultimate destination, started on the first day of November, on its long and dreary march toward that inhospitable region. The force consisted of six squadrons of cavalry, under Mackenzie, one battalion of heavy artillery and three large battalions of infantry under Colonel Dodge. We had also a pack train of 400 mules in charge of experienced packers, and a long ambulance and wagon train. There were altogether 2,500 men. Accompanying the expedition in the capacity of guides and scouts, and under the command of officers selected from the cavalry, was a body of 100 friendly Indians, Pawnees, Arapahoes, Crows, Bannocks, Shoshones, Snakes, and even Sioux and Cheyennes; for any Indian will betray even those of his tribe, including his wife's relations, provided the reward offered be sufficiently tempting.

The march for the first 15 miles was through the White river canyon, a dangerous pass leading from the agency, thence North through the sandhills of Wyoming, via Forts

Laramie and Fetterman, (crossing the Platte twice) toward the head of the Powder river in the Big Horn mountains. At the last named post, General Crook, with his staff, overtook and assumed command of the expedition.

A week later, Fort Reno, an old abandoned post on the Powder river, was reached and while here word was brought by one of our Indian scouts of the proximity of a small party of hostile Cheyennes, four or five lodges, encamped but a few miles to the West of us. Our scouts were sent out a second time and captured one of the band, who rode into the camp of our allies in the evening, supposing them to be friends and he discovered his mistake only after he had informed them of the location of the main body of the Cheyennes, in the canyon at the head of one branch of the Powder river and on the opposite or Western side of the Big Horn mountains. He also told of the encampment of the Sioux under Crazy Horse still farther North on the Rosebud. Then, suddenly, he found himself in the midst of foes and a prisoner, as the party covered him with carbines and compelled him to surrender his arms. He was brought in to headquarters closely guarded, and though now obstinate and sullen, enough was elicited from him to corroborate his previous unwary confession.

Orders were at once issued by Crook to prepare for a 10 days' rapid march, with the pack train only, toward Crazy Horse's camp, to strike a decisive blow at the main body of hostile Sioux. The expedition proceeded as rapidly as the snow would allow, for it had been storming heavily all the past week, with the temperature falling far below the freezing point. The character of the country had likewise become not only much rougher but more bleak and desolate. There was no timber save in the creek bottoms, while the prairie, like the steppes of Tartary, was a vast desert of sand hills covered with sage brush and cactus. Not a sign of game was seen, save an occasional sage hen, as the long column kept on its way day after day still Northward to-

ward Cloud Peak, now clearly seen though 80 miles away, rising majestically like a huge mass of white cloud in the clear sky.

On reaching Crazy Woman's Fork of the North branch of the Powder river, after a long day's march, Sitting Bear, one of our scouts who had been far ahead of the column and near Crazy Horse's camp, brought back word that the small band of Cheyennes, having missed their comrade, had been likewise scouting the country, and having seen our column and having noted the direction it was taking, had divined its destination, and hastily decamped. They had hurried on, passing Sitting Bear on the way, toward the camp of Crazy Horse to give the alarm and that would most likely cause the retreat of the whole tribe.

The course of their trail indicated this and perceiving that our expedition in that direction was defeated, but that they had probably not sent any warning to the large Cheyenne camp on the opposite side of the Big Horn; which was now in our rear, Crook countermanded his order and quietly reversed the march of the expedition.

On the evening of November 23rd the infantry and artillery were left in charge of the wagon train and the whole body of cavalry, 12 troops, each nearly 100 strong, started under Mackenzie for a rapid ride across the mountains, to strike the Cheyennes under Dull Knife.

A number of our Indian allies were sent ahead through the passes to locate the hostile camp, while the others remained to guide the column. The march was resumed at sunrise. By noon the scouts reached a grassy vale, completely sheltered from observation in front, by a semicircular range of hills. Here they halted to allow the cavalry to come up.

On its arrival, and just as the pack train was going into camp here, the Indian outposts were seen circling around, with their ponies at full gallop, in a wild and excited manner. The next moment a shrill yell went up from the scout sta-

tioned farthest to the front. Supposing we were about to be attacked, the whole command, in less time than it takes to tell it, was in line and rushing forward to the brow of the range of hills, with skirmishers thrown out in advance. The cause of the alarm was now ascertained to be the return of some of the Indian scouts sent out the preceding evening to locate the exact position of the hostile camp. They had communicated their discovery of us by signals, on seeing our outposts, while the howling of our allies, stationed as sentries, was but a shout of triumph at the return of the others. When these arrived at our headquarters, so worn out that their ponies fell exhausted and the riders were in almost as bad a plight, we were certain that the village was still some distance ahead; though how far was difficult to say; as an Indian's ideas of time and distance are rather indefinite. Mackenzie, however, thought it possible, by making an all night ride, to strike the hostile village by daybreak in the morning; so, after a few hours' rest and a cheerless meal of hardtack and cold bacon, no fires being allowed, the command again started, leaving the pack train to follow under escort of a detachment two hours later.

Emerging from the basin in which we had halted, we entered a wild pass, through the red sandstone cliffs, and then clambered up and over a second hill, which commanded a full view of the entire column stretched out far behind. The next instant the scene vanished at the head of the column, as it began the descent in front.

All through the cold, dark night the march was persistently continued; with little or no halting, but with our scouts always thrown far in advance; over jagged hills, then cautiously winding around their sides, on narrow ledges and overlooking deep, yawning chasms below; then crawling down, in single file and dismounted, into dark ravines, across rapid or miry mountain streams and then up and out over the hills again.

Once we passed through a beautiful level valley, about three miles long by half a mile wide, which the men nicknamed the "race-course," and where the gallop was quickly taken up and continued throughout its whole length. By the gray dawn of the coming morning, 25 miles had been covered. Had it been possible for us to proceed in a straight line, less than one half that distance would have been necessary.

As we approached the mouth of the canyon in which lay the hostile encampment, the country became constantly rougher, being more and more intersected with ravines running in every direction, and several of the horses of the column fell exhausted and some dying. The beating of war drums and the yelling of the Cheyennes were now distinctly heard. Familiar sounds they were, to most of us; but our scouts soon returned from a reconnaissance of the camp to assure us that this demonstration had not been occasioned by our coming, but was probably a celebration of the massacre of some venturesome miners, or of a band of Indians belonging to a hostile tribe.

Orders were at once given to prepare for a charge. The long column was closed up as compactly as possible, while our Indian allies commenced casting off all superfluous clothing and all extra weight from their ponies. Then, gayly decked for the occasion, they pressed eagerly to the front, as race horses going to the score. The battalion under Colonel Gordon led the advance, while Major Mauck's followed directly after. The Indians swarmed in front, and on either flank, surrounding the general and his staff, at the head of the leading battalion.

Replying to the clear notes of the bugle as it rang out the charge, echoed and re-echoed from the walls of the canyon, was the music furnished by one of the Pawnees, who sounded a wild humming tune on a pipe that rose above all other sounds and somewhat resembled the prolonged shriek of a steam whistle. Added to this were the shouts and

cries of our foremost line of scouts, who dashed into the herds of ponies to stampede them. Then quickly followed a few sharp flashes from rifle, carbine and pistol, in the dim morning light, the loud cheer of our troopers and the thundering roar of more than 1,200 horsemen of the rushing column resounding from the sides of the narrow canyon.

This canyon, it should here be stated, is about four miles long and from a quarter of a mile to a mile wide, with the clear headwaters of the North Fork of Powder river flowing through it, from West to East. The lodges of the village were on both sides of the stream and numbered over 200; so that, allowing five persons (the usual average) to a tepee, the total population was close to 1,000. A little plateau ran parallel to the stream and the lodges, for nearly a mile on the North side of the canyon, and terminated, at the Western end in a high red sandstone butte that commanded the whole village. Beyond this huge mound the canyon closed in a series of low, flat-topped hills, much cut up with ravines, to which many of the Cheyennes fled as they saw us entering at the opposite end.

As the leading troops came dashing up the canyon, the remainder of the tribe, alarmed by the noise of the rapidly advancing column and cut short in their war song and dance, by the stern reality of war, started at first to defend their encampment; but the next moment, realizing the hopelessness of such an effort, retreated rapidly to the foot hills beyond. Our column after charging through the village, seized a commanding position on the red butte, as well as on the tops of several other bluffs 400 to 500 feet high, on the sides of and overlooking the canyon. Then they started forward to dislodge the hostiles from the ravines in front.

Lieutenant McKinney, dashing fearlessly forward at the head of his troop, was met at the end of the canyon with a volley from the concealed foe ahead. Rider and horse both fell, mortally wounded by half a dozen bullets, while the leading fours of the troop were shot down at the same time.

The men, thrown into confusion and unable to advance across the ravines, hesitated a moment; but quickly reforming, under their remaining officer, as another troop swept by them to the front, again charged forward against these formidable natural entrenchments. The enemy in their front was now speedily dislodged and destroyed; but as the troops continued to crowd into the canyon, they were placed at a great disadvantage, being exposed to the fire of the hostiles who were comparatively secure from observation.

Many of the men and horses fell, from the hidden fire poured in on them from the hills at the West end of the canyon as they endeavored to cross the little plateau overlooking the village. I was twice honored, as I rode rapidly across the plain, with special volleys; but in both cases escaped unharmed.

Broad daylight now succeeding the gray dawn which had prevailed when the attack commenced, the troops were dismounted, the horses led behind the butte and the enemy quickly driven out, in succession, from one ravine after another, till completely beyond the range of our carbines.

They now resorted to strategy, endeavoring to draw our men out from their shelter by springing boldly up in view, confident of their own safety in being supplied with weapons superior in range to our own. Then they would suddenly pour in a volley with deadly effect. Their fire, however, slackened toward noon, and we soon understood the reason; large quantities of ammunition being discovered in the tepees, from which we had driven the hostiles.

Our Indian allies, who had in the meantime fought, recklessly, beside the soldiers, against their own race, now taking advantage of the lull in the fight, returned to the village and, having already secured the main herds, commenced to plunder the encampment from one end to the other. Two squaws were found secreted in the lodges, unable to escape, and now refusing to come out and surrender were, in spite of the remonstrances of the soldiers, shot and scalped. The tepees

were filled with dried meat and skins, blankets and cooking utensils. The kettles all had water in them and the fires were burning, as if in preparation for the morning meal.

All regrets, if any existed, for the destruction of the camp vanished, as many relics of the ill-fated Custer expedition came to view. Silk guidons, officers' blouses and overcoats, a jaunty buckskin coat with a bullethole in the shoulder (supposed to be the one worn by Tom Custer, the brother of the General, in the Little Big Horn fight), hats, caps, gauntlets, sabres, watches, pocketbooks (with money in them), target-practice and memorandum books, rosters of the different troops of the Seventh Cavalry, curry combs, bridles, saddles, canteens, etc., all in the greatest profusion, were found everywhere.

In the herds were also several horses branded with the troop letter and the regimental number; while, among the Indian trophies were found several fresh scalps, which were identified by our Bannocks and Shoshones as evidence of the massacre of members of their tribes across the mountains. These accounted for the war song and the dance we had so rudely interrupted that morning. Several beaded necklaces, decorated with dried human fingers, one having ten, others five, six or eight of these horrible mementoes, were likewise found and identified by our furious allies.

Many of the troops were now withdrawn behind the butte, to get a few minutes' rest and a bite to eat, having been fasting nearly 24 hours. The pack train, which had come up during the fight in the morning, and had been parked in the willows during the day, was unloaded for the first time since the preceding afternoon. The horses were already gathered here, as also were the wounded men who were being carefully cared for by the surgeons accompanying the expedition.

Throughout the afternoon the fight was kept up. Mackenzie endeavored to dislodge the hostiles from their last stronghold with as little loss as possible from their sharp-

shooters. A direct charge on their position would not have compensated us for the loss we should have sustained. Finally, toward sundown the Indians withdrew from our front completely beaten. All our dead were now brought in, while our allies secured many scalps from their fallen foes whom the Cheyennes had been unable to carry off with them. They paraded these trophies about our camp fires in the evening, with the greatest glee.

Our loss we ascertained to be one officer killed (Lieutenant McKenzie), in whose honor a military post was afterward named, by order of the War Department. Two other officers were struck by spent balls, while between 30 and 40 enlisted men and two of our Indian scouts were killed or wounded, besides a number of our horses.

Nearly 100 of the enemy had been killed or wounded, three of Dull Knife's sons being among the dead. That night both sides slept on their arms, in anticipation of an attack, but none was made. The Cheyennes were compelled to kill several of their remaining ponies for food, but they refused all suggestions of surrender, being now desperate.

Preparations were accordingly made for renewing the fight early the next morning; but our foes, taking advantage of a heavy snow storm that had set in, secretly decamped and started across the mountains to make their way to the encampment of the Sioux under Crazy Horse. It was impossible for us to follow with our horses, and encumbered with our wounded, and so Mackenzie determined to return to the supply camp, where we had left the artillery and infantry with the wagon train.

All our dead and wounded were placed on travois, litters made out of lodge poles having one end hitched to a mule, while the other dragged on the ground, and the column started on its return march. Before leaving, however, the hostile village, or what was left of it, with its contents was given to the flames. Over 600 head of ponies had been captured, and after the distribution among our Indian scouts

had been made, all those remaining, and not worth keeping, were shot, to prevent their recapture.

The return march occupied about twice the time of the advance. The whole route over which the command had passed during the night preceding the fight, was found strewn with all kinds of clothing and horse equipments; proof of the hard ride we had made to accomplish our purpose.

In just one week after our departure from our supply camp we returned to it, completely successful; though had a smaller force attacked this same Indian camp, situated as it was, not one of the command, it is believed, would have returned to tell of it, and the Custer massacre would have been duplicated.

The next day the last sad rites were held over the dead, numbering now a dozen, as several of the wounded had died on the return march. All were committed to one large grave; a rude monument of rocks being raised above their resting place. Lieutenant McKenzie's remains were sent, under escort, over our former route toward the railroad, for shipment to his family in the States. All the wounded, as well as those officers and men who had already succumbed to the hardships of the campaign and the severe weather, were at the same time sent into Fort Fetterman, while the remainder of the column soon after started across to the Black Hills country, in order to head off Crazy Horse, who it was supposed had retreated Eastward across the Powder river toward that region.

Following down the Belle Fourche or North Fork of the Cheyenne river, which encircles the Black Hills, we found the country, after leaving old Fort Reno, more desolate and destitute of grazing than ever. Bare buttes rose here and there over the bleak plains, the only timber being the young cottonwoods and willows fringing the river banks. The former we used when possible for firewood; feeding our animals on the bark and twigs. Often no fuel was to be found



Curley, A Crow Scout
One of Custer's Scouts
The only human being in Custer's Forces to escape alive

but the miserable sage brush, the roots of which were used to make smoky fires, that lasted only a few minutes. Still, such fires were kept up by reliefs all night, replenishing them constantly to keep us from freezing in our beds of snow. Three or four of us, combining robes and blankets, generally turned in together for the night, dressed in overcoats, hats and boots, disrobing being out of the question, as we were frequently destitute of both fire and tents during our winter campaign. The former were often forbidden or impossible, while we were unable to transport the latter, by packs, when separated from the trains.

The thermometer, on Christmas morning, marked 40 degrees below zero. How much lower the temperature fell the surgeons were unable to report, as the mercury froze in the bulb. Frozen noses, fingers and feet were general. The old buffalo robes which we had taken from the Cheyenne village, were cut up and made into shoes, leggins and caps, to afford protection from this truly Arctic weather. Sun-dogs, which occur only in extremely cold weather, were frequently visible. Iron tent pins, or picket pins, were abandoned in the frozen ground where driven and water was only to be had by cutting holes in the ice. Our horses soon learned to kneel, in line, and thrust their noses through these openings to drink. The only use we had for water was for making coffee, which, with hard-tack and raw frozen bacon, often constituted for days our sole subsistence.

The horses and mules commenced to give way, even more rapidly than the men, under this exposure and the loss of their forage, though the cavalry relieved their animals, as far as possible, by dismounting and walking more or less. A dozen or more horses gave out each day of our journey. These were shot, by the rear guard, to prevent their falling into the hands of the hostile Indians, who in small bands hovered about us. This fact we were made unpleasantly aware of by the stampeding of the horses of several of the troops at night. Fortunately all these were recovered, hav-

ing run into other portions of the camp. The marauders also killed and scalped several destitute miners and prospectors, who incautiously strayed a mile or two from our column, which they had joined and followed for some time, for safety. It would have been a useless wearing out of our already weak horses to have pursued these small bands over this bleak, snow-covered desert. Additional orders were therefore issued to prevent straggling, many of the cavalry being now afoot and frequently falling out to rest and re-join other portions of the command.

As we finally neared Deadwood, without finding indications of any large body of hostile Sioux, Crazy Horse having retreated still farther Northward, across the Yellowstone, General Crook resolved to proceed to Red Cloud Agency again, in order to recuperate men and animals during the remainder of the winter and to prepare for the spring campaign, as well as to be ready for any emergency that might arise.

The return march was accordingly taken up and, proceeding Southward, the entire column recrossed the Platte river on the ice. By the end of January the whole command had arrived at the termination of its winter journey, of over 1,000 miles.

The Powder river expedition was disbanded in general orders and the troops were soon comfortably settled in their quarters. Rumors, however, still prevailing among the alarmed settlers in the Black Hills, of the inroads of prowling Indian bands, a battalion of cavalry was detached and sent back to the vicinity of Deadwood and Custer City for their protection.

Early in the following spring, Crazy Horse and Dull Knife's bands, the former having been also recently struck and defeated in the North by General Miles, came into the agency and surrendered with the greater portion of their arms and ponies. Then it was that we first learned the full extent of the destruction and suffering we had inflicted on

the latter band in the preceding November. We found that many of the warriors had afterward died of wounds received in the fight, and that others with their women and children had perished from starvation or had been frozen to death, as they made their long and weary way, on foot, across the rugged country to the camp of Crazy Horse. The narration of their calamity, to the latter, corroborated by their destitute appearance, had been one of the main causes of his surrender; thus the purpose of our campaign had been accomplished by the defeat of Dull Knife's Cheyennes.

Crazy Horse was soon after assassinated, by one of his own tribe, in the office and in the presence of the commanding officer of the post.

Sitting Bull had fled, with his band of irreconcilables, across the international boundary line and had taken refuge in Canada. This practically ended all probability of hostilities on a large scale, with the Sioux nation, during the coming spring.

Our service in the Department of the Platte was ended, but often do I now recall that trying period and think what changes have occurred since then. Within six years both of the battalion commanders, in the cavalry column, and full one-half of all the troop officers of the entire six squadrons, were either dead or disabled and retired, having been completely worn out in the service; while the effect of that terrible winter's work is still more marked to-day. The same is equally true of all the other portions of that command. Many of the officers and men, who served throughout the whole of our Civil war, have told me that never, during those four eventful years, did they participate in campaigns so arduous as those on the frontier, against both a savage foe and a relentless climate.

Who then will say that our small and hard-worked army has always received the credit due it for the service it has faithfully performed in wresting the great West from the dominion of the savage?

THE SHEEP EATER CAMPAIGN

CAPT. M. D. HARDIN, U. S. A.

In the spring of 1879, while Troop G, 1st Cavalry, in which I was then a corporal, was stationed at that delightful post, Boise Barracks, Idaho, orders were received directing the troops to take the field as soon as the snow on the mountains would permit, in search of some Indians, who, during the previous winter had murdered some Chinese miners on Loon Creek, Idaho. These Indians were called "Sheep Eaters." I inquired of several pioneers and learned that they were a small band located somewhere in the Salmon river country; that they had never been on a reservation, and had been known since the early '60's when the gold fever first broke out in Idaho. Some said the band was made up of renegades from other tribes, and this is all the information I have ever received concerning the origin of the Sheep Eaters.

We did not get started on our hunt until about the last of May. As we were to travel with pack-mule transportation, it was necessary to go lightly equipped, with no tentage save what could be made of the one piece of shelter-tent issued to each man. The command consisted of Troop G, 1st Cavalry, about 50 men, and two civilian scouts, under command of Brevet Colonel B. F. Bernard, Captain 1st Cavalry, now Lieutenant Colonel 9th Cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier General U. S. Army.

On leaving Boise City we struck into the mountains to the Northward; passed through Idaho City, and then disappeared from the world. From that time until our return, 100 days later, we were either climbing up or sliding down mountains, making our own trail generally, and keeping within the region that in the 10th census report of Idaho is branded "Unexplored."

On examining almost any map of Idaho of that date, the reader might be persuaded that somewhere in the section

traversed by us one might find a piece of level ground large enough for a football field; but the reader must not be deceived by the maps, that is, if they are all as bad as the best I have seen.

After the first three or four days deep snows retarded the pack train, though we managed to get through, and then had to go into camp to wait for the snow to melt. As we were 52 hours ahead of our rations, this was called Starvation Camp.

With great difficulty we crossed another snow-covered divide and reached the deserted mining town of Oro Grande, on Loon Creek, the place where the Chinamen had been killed. Just before reaching Oro Grande we had our first bit of excitement. Two men were seen, on the opposite side of the creek, making frantic efforts to escape. We gave chase, charging by file along the narrow trail, and soon came within hailing distance of the fugitives, whom we found to be white prospectors, very much frightened, having mistaken us for Indians.

The next few days we spent in trying to work our way down Loon creek, which was very high, and during this time it rained or snowed without ceasing. On and on we went through beautiful mountains, until our rations were about exhausted, when we returned to Starvation Camp. Here in a beautiful little valley we rested 12 days, while the train was sent to Boise Barracks for more rations. But this was not now a camp of starvation. We killed many deer and blue grouse, and lived well.

On the return of the train with fresh supplies, we again started on our hunt for Sheep Eaters. Circling through the mountains, we explored all the streams known or suspected to exist, finding plenty of old, but no new, signs of Indians.

Deer were plentiful, does with fawns, in the valleys, and fat bucks on the higher ground. Occasionally a bear was killed, and we found a few mountain sheep. Streams were

numerous, and we had no difficulty in catching all the trout we wanted, when we could get grasshoppers for bait. We were not provided with the approved rods and flies, but had common cotton lines and the cheapest hooks, while rods were cut from willow thickets, used for the day and thrown away. Our best arrangement for fishing was to have two men work together, one to catch grasshoppers, and the other to catch trout. In this way both could find plenty of work to do, and a good team of workers might easily catch 80 or 100 trout in an afternoon, after the day's march.

Had we been out for pleasure only, we could not have wished for a better country; but we had lost some Indians; so instead of scouting up and down one of the forks of the Salmon river, making and breaking camps at pleasure, we were obliged to keep going as fast as our pack train could travel.

To relate all the incidents of that summer's outing would be to write a large volume, so I must confine myself to the mention of only a few. The scenery was everywhere grand. Pine timber, grass and beautiful streams of clear, cool water on every hand. We found but one body of water that was not cool, and where there were no fish. That was a very deep lake away up in the mountains, and the water was quite warm. To explore this lake we constructed rafts, and floated out a mile or more from shore. We had some picket ropes with us, and with them we sounded to a depth of over 100 feet, but found no bottom. We dove into it, and the temperature of the water increased with its depth. We enjoyed this lake very much, as all the other waters we found were too cool for comfortable bathing.

Among the curiosities we found, perhaps the greatest was the red fish in the head waters of Payette river. Gazing into one of the deep pools of this stream, one could see what appeared to be a red gravel bottom; but on throwing a stone into the water, this red bottom would break into a thousand pieces, and the pieces would fly in all directions. Then for

the first time we could see it was fish that made the bottom of the pool red. These fish resemble the salmon in all respects save the red coloring of their backs. I have never seen or heard of them in any other place. On this stream we found a man preparing a seine for catching them. We helped him with his seine, and in return he allowed us to use it for one haul. That was all we wanted, for we got enough fish for supper and breakfast for the entire command.

Another curiosity was one of our own creation. One afternoon we went into camp near a mountain torrent which we were obliged to cross, but whose banks were vertical walls 30 feet in height. Fording or swimming was out of the question. We must make a bridge for men and animals. We made the bridge and that was the curiosity. First we felled a huge pine tree across the chasm. Over this some men crept, and cut off the upper branches so that the trunk of the tree would lie snugly on the ground. Then long slender pine poles were cut and tied together with ropes so that one would hang on either side of the large log, and with the tops of the poles about on a level with the top of the log. Pine boughs were then laid on, and over this we strewed earth. Our bridge was then complete, a narrow one, and a roaring torrent swept under it. Many thought the animals would refuse to cross; but they did not. All crossed in a few minutes, and without trouble. It is needless to say the horsemen did not ride across.

On July 4th we celebrated at about noon, on a great snow bank on the top of a high ridge, by pelting each other with snowballs. While we were thus engaged our officers, for safety I presume, climbed to the top of a bare peak sticking out of the snow. From their position they discovered some bighorns down at the base of the peak, and on the side opposite us. Lieutenant P—— hurried down, and taking three of us with him, crept around the base of the peak, where we crawled under cover of a snowbank to within about 25 feet of the sheep, while they were peacefully snoozing in

the sunshine. We killed three fine fat fellows, and greatly enjoyed the feast that followed.

About the middle of July we found what we had wanted a long time — not the Indians but a fighting bear. All summer we had been looking for such an animal, for we had an alleged bear fighter with us, a man known as Reddy, and wanted to see him kill a bear by his own pet method. According to his story, he was a wonderful slayer of ugly and wounded bears. He said the way the trick was done was to drop on his back and let the bear walk over him, when he would leisurely disembowel him. He had done the trick often in Montana, he said; but for some reason we were all skeptical and were anxious to see Reddy perform the act.

Some bear had been shot during the summer; but they had all yielded up the ghost easily, giving Reddy no chance. One afternoon, about time to make camp, we came to a small patch of clear ground in the middle of which was a bear, and an ugly one he proved to be. On seeing us he stopped rooting, and sat up to take a look. The captain and scout fired at once, knocking him down; but, after rolling about a bit, he got his feet under him and scampered off into the timber.

We went into camp then and there. As soon as the horses were turned out to graze, some of us found Reddy and told him we were sure of finding the wounded bear not far away, and we wanted him to show us how to kill it with a knife. Reddy did not take kindly to the scheme, arguing that the bear had only been tickled enough to make him travel well, and he was already miles away and still going; but by guying and coaxing we got him to go with us.

We soon found a trail of blood, and began to fear we should soon find a dead bear, and so be cheated of our entertainment. The more blood Reddy saw the braver he became; he was soon quite a warrior, taking the lead, partly through his own bravery, but chiefly through our courtesy. He carried his knife in his boot, his revolver under his belt

in front of his body, and his carbine at the position of "ready." We had followed about half a mile, and were about to pass a fir tree, with branches thick about the base, when suddenly these parted, and out sprang the bear.

Reddy fired at nothing, then dropped his carbine, turned and ran, at the same time grasping at his revolver, which he also dropped. Away he flew, the bear weakly following, paying no attention to the rest of us. Evidently the bear was willing to assist in our entertainment, but Reddy was not, and he did not stop until he had clambered to the top of a rock about a hundred yards away. In vain we yelled at him to lie down and carve the bear which tried to climb the rock, but was too weak. Reddy shouted like a wild man, calling us to shoot and save him; but we were having too much fun as matters stood. The bear finally concluded he could do nothing with Reddy, and turning he came lumbering toward us.

This was not exactly what we were there for, so we opened fire, finally knocking him down when within a few feet of us. He was almost gone, but got up and staggered blindly away a few paces; when we succeeded in getting him down to stay. He was not a large bear, though he would probably weigh 500 pounds; but he was a vicious beast. The scouts called him a mongrel; his color was many shades of brown, slightly grizzled.

Reddy never afterward mentioned his method of killing bear, and we never saw his wonderful knife trick performed. Toward the middle of July we began to find fruit, and from this time to the end of our outing we were frequently treated to wild currants, huckleberries, and one other fruit that I have never heard named. The plant that bore this fruit was an annual, having a single stalk about four feet high and covered with what looked like nettles; but they were soft and harmless.¹ The leaf was large and like the grape leaf. The fruit grew in clusters, and looked like large red rasp-

¹ (*Rubus parvi flores* — Nutt) Flowering Raspberry, Thimbleberry; — sometimes called Salmon Berry.

berries, and, like raspberries, left a cone on the stem when plucked. The flavor of the fruit was very delicate and delicious, resembling that of the strawberry. On first discovering this fruit we feared it was poisonous, and let it alone; but one of the men concluded to test it, and after we had seen him eat a quart or more of the berries, with evident relish, and without bad results, we followed his example as long as any of the berries could be found.

Toward the end of July we found our first sign of civilization. It was the residence of a Chinaman on Salmon river, not far from the town of Warrens, or Washington, as it appears on some maps. This Chinaman had a nice garden, and supplied us with the first fresh vegetables we had that season. Passing through the old mining town of Warrens, on the Warrens and Florence trail, I was detached with two men and sent to look for Indians at Loon lake.

My party left the trail at Secesh creek, and turning up this stream, we traveled about 15 miles over fallen timber when we discovered our lake, a body of water having an area of perhaps a little more than two square miles. Now, as we had been led to believe there was a strong possibility of finding Indians on this lake, and as we did not wish to be found by them, I concealed our horses, under charge of one man, and sent one man around one side of the lake, while I went round the other side. There was a dense growth of timber about the lake, and we had to proceed with some caution. We found some old signs of an Indian camp, but no fresh ones. After reconnoitering the lake, we concealed ourselves in a clump of pines and went into camp for the night, picketing our horses after dark on a clear grass plot near our thicket. Toward midnight we were aroused by the snorting of the horses. Grasping our carbines we crept to the edge of the thicket to see what was going on. There in the moonlight, not 50 yards off, stood a huge elk, quietly looking at our frightened animals. As we could not carry

much meat, we refrained from shooting. The next morning we saw several elk taking their morning drink within a quarter of a mile of us; but we did not molest them.

As we expected to find our command on the trail not far from the crossing on Secesh creek, we did not hurry our march to that point, and it was about midday when we reached it. Still thinking there was no cause for hurry, we unsaddled and picketed our horses out to graze while we smoked and rested. We were soon aroused by rifle shots, not far away, and on investigating we found the shooters were two civilians, who said they had been directed to look out for me, and to tell me our commander, having learned that Lieutenant Farrow, with his scouts, was on the trail of a band of Indians who were going to Devil's mountain, would march to that mountain that day, and I was to join him that evening. The distance I was to travel, the men said, was 60 miles.

Our horses were none too fresh, and I had my doubts about being able to comply with this order; but long experience had taught me this commanding officer did not take much stock in impossibilities, and I knew the effort must be made. Mounting in haste we took the trot along a good trail, and kept up the gait most of the time for more than three hours, when to our joy we ran on the command in camp. It seems that later news had been received from Farrow, and his Indians were really white men driving a herd of horses. At least that was the explanation I received.

We joined Farrow the next day, and a day or so thereafter we learned that the Indians had been found by a company of mounted infantry, under Lieutenant Catley, 2nd Infantry, who had been defeated with the loss of three men and some mules. The Indians had been found away back East of the place where we had found the Chinaman. After a hard march of four days we reached the Chinaman's

claim on Salmon river, where we were joined by Captain Forse, 1st Cavalry, with a part of his troop, and Lieutenant Catley who had found the Indians.

From this point we started on the queerest march I have ever made. The first day we climbed a steep mountain, camping near the summit. It was a long march and we made our zigzag trail the whole distance. The next day we slid down the other side to Big Creek, on which we camped for the night. During the next two days we marched down the canyon of Big Creek, and so narrow and rough was this canyon that almost if not quite one half of the two days' march was made in the bed of the creek, in water knee-deep to our horses, with enough holes to furnish plenty of amusement for those who could keep out of them.

These two days of wading brought us to the site of the recent "Battle of Vinegar Hill," as it was named by the soldiers. Farrow's scouts were in front, and had captured the camp of the hostiles, which they had found on a shelf of the mountain, about 500 feet above the bed of the creek, and about a mile below Vinegar hill. It was a splendid stronghold for a small band of Indians, having several acres of beautiful grass, plenty of wood, and a fine spring of cool water. Farrow's scouts must have worked nicely to capture this place without loss. I suppose the surprise was made easy through the route we came. Surely no person could have expected human enemies by that route. Farrow also captured some mules and rations that had been lost at Vinegar hill. We stopped for the night in that captured camp, while Farrow's men went out on the trail of the hostiles.

On August 20th, the morning after the capture, our scouting party was broken up. We were far from home and our rations were running low, so the commands of Captain Forse and Lieutenant Catley were started back to their proper station, while our troop went up the mountain in the direction taken by Farrow. It was my fortune to be left on rear guard that day, to travel with the pack train. The train

was not ready to march with the command, and we were delayed about an hour in getting started.

When all was ready, a group of us lingered a moment to hear the last of a yarn that was being spun. Suddenly the air was split by wild yells of Indians, and we received a rattling volley from the top of a bluff about 60 feet high, and 100 yards from where we stood. One man and three horses fell, and the remainder, including all of our group, sprang to the nearest cover, which chanced to be a crooked pine tree about a foot in diameter. Our men were well drilled, and they dressed beautifully on the tree, following its curves exactly. One moment for reflection, and then we concluded to show fight.

The chief packer told us he could take care of the mules, if we would kindly keep between him and the hostiles; and this chief packer, Jake Barnes, was just the man for such a situation. In a moment he had run his train to a sheltered place, and then leaving it in charge of his men, he caught the mule that carried our emergency ammunition boxes — boxes that could be opened without unloading the pack — and under a heavy fire brought that blessed mule to our position. Then after issuing ammunition to my men, he joined me, saying: "I want some of this myself."

Before this, however, we had abandoned our tree, and were well sheltered behind solid rocks. Leaving two men at the base of the hill, with orders to make as much noise as possible, I took four men and started up the mountain, under cover, intending to get above the Indians, cut them off, and then kill or capture them with ease. I had been on that bluff the previous evening, and knew the lay of the land pretty well. If I could only get directly behind them, they were my Indians. I cautioned my men not to show themselves; but unfortunately one of them became too eager, and when about on a level with the enemy's position, he ran up to a rock and took a peep at them. Then, seeing an Indian, he fired. That shot gave our scheme away. We ran across

as quickly as possible, but the Indians had promptly retreated. They must then have been very near to and above us, and might have turned the tables on us nicely; but their own narrow escape from a trap had evidently "rattled" them.

Our little fight had made a tremendous noise. Down in that deep canyon the carbines had roared like field-pieces, and had of course been heard by the troops, and they were all back with us soon after the firing ceased. One of our men, a private of the 2nd Infantry, had been shot through both legs. Our surgeon amputated one leg and then the poor man died. It was a blessing he was permitted to die there, for he would have suffered horribly in being carried out of that canyon, and he could not have lived to reach the nearest post.

On the morning after the fight the commands again separated. It was decided that all the rations we could spare were to be given to Farrow, who, with his scouts, would remain in that vicinity to run down this band of Indians. Captain Forse and Lieutenant Catley were to proceed to their proper stations, and we were to march to the mouth of Loon creek, where we expected to meet rations from Boise. Our first march up the mountain, getting out of that canyon, was a terrible one, and cost us 14 mules. We soon found we had been too liberal in dividing rations. Ours were entirely exhausted before we reached the mouth of Loon creek, and we found no train there, so we were without food for three days of hard marching. As ill luck would have it, just at this particular time we saw no game.

On the afternoon of the third day of our famine, as we were riding up Loon creek, someone shouted, "Salmon!" There they were, a fine lot of them, sunning themselves in water scarce deep enough to cover their backs. The captain and half a dozen of us dismounted at once. The Lieutenant was directed to find a camp, and in a few minutes we had shot about a dozen large fish, which were soon in camp.

Salmon steaks were hastily cut, thrown on fires, and when about half cooked, they were snatched from the fires and eaten, without bread or even salt. The first swallowed would not remain down; but we persisted until we could make it stay. I ate no more salmon for several years.

That evening our energetic chief packer, Barnes, took two of his best pack mules and struck out for Bonanza, a mining town supposed to be about 75 miles away. The next day we marched up Loon creek to Oro Grande, and that evening Barnes rejoined with two loads of bacon, crackers and coffee, and we had the most enjoyable feast of my life. The following day we met Lieutenant Patten, 21st Infantry, with a pack train loaded with provisions, and our famine was ended.

A few days later we went into camp on the Payette river, where we awaited orders from General Howard, who finally directed us to return to Boise Barracks, where we arrived about the middle of September. Meanwhile, the scouts under Lieutenants Farrow, 21st Infantry, and W. C. Brown, 1st Cavalry, were pressing the Sheep Eaters and soon had them all captured. There were only about 70 warriors in the band.

Thus ended our Sheep Eater campaign. The march had been a hard one, because we had been obliged to keep going, we had suffered from hunger and were in rags; but for real pleasure and sport, for one who enjoys hunting and fishing, the country traversed by us in the summer of 1879 can hardly be equalled.

SITTING BULL'S LAST MEDICINE

MARGARET GRAY BROOKS

On a wind-swept plain far above the Missouri river and far across the Dakota prairies, Uncle Sam placed a Government post, many years ago, for the protection of white settlers and travelers.

It was named Fort Yates, presumably in memory of Captain Yates, killed in the battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876. The post is 58 miles south of Mandan, and from there the post can be reached in eight to nine hours, by army ambulance, with four good mules.

Scarcely a house is seen after leaving Fort Lincoln, seven miles south of Mandan, until within three miles of Fort Yates, where the road leads through a small Indian village. Occasionally one catches a glimpse of the winding Missouri; otherwise the ride is lonely, dreary and monotonous.

At the post gates is the "Standing Rock Agency," which receives its name from an upright rock that the Indians say is a petrified squaw. This agency is the supply station of the Government for the Sioux occupying the northern strip of the great reservation.

During the winter of '90 and '91 the post was garrisoned by two troops of the 8th Cavalry and three companies of the 12th Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Drum, of the latter regiment; in all, about 275 men, women and children. At the agency the whites numbered only 18 or 20, while the Sioux in this northern half, aggregated 5,000.

The Indians had been peaceable during the several preceding years. Their agent was an honest, upright man, fair in all his dealings with them. They respected and liked him, as well as his wife, who acted as interpreter and personally aided many in sickness and sorrow, often going 10 miles or more across the wild, snowy land, at night in midwinter, to aid the sick and suffering.

The Indians had never seemed more content. They were

well fed and well clothed; their children were receiving good educations at the agency school, under the direction of 14 Catholic Sisters, as well as at the half-dozen or more sub-agency schools in different parts of the reservation; while others were in the East, at Carlisle or Hampton Roads.

Suddenly, in the early fall of 1890, a strange rumor spread through the Sioux nation, telling of the coming of the Messiah. Little more than a whisper at first, it gradually gained credence and assumed vast proportions, resulting in overwhelming demoralization of the Indians. Several months later it required the massing of the greater part of our Northwestern army to bring the red men from the war path.

The story had come from the distant Northwest, where the Messiah was supposed to be, whence it had travelled by the aid of runners and visiting Indians. As it reached the Sioux, it brought up wonderful visions for future years and memories of old-time wars. The Messiah was on earth, ready to aid his followers. Now he was herding buffalo, making spring wagons and money — so the queer tale ran — and all for those who obeyed his wishes and followed his teachings. The white people, in the spring, would be covered by a “sea of mud,” and once more the red men would rule.

Who should be one of the first to pretend to accept the belief, but the crafty, cunning old medicine-man, Sitting Bull, he who had been so great among the Sioux not many years before? Now, in his old age, he found himself almost alone, his band having, one by one, joined those of other and more progressive chiefs. No longer a prophet, no longer an authority, bereft of all the prestige of his younger life, his wily nature exposed by honest Indians, he was eager to grasp anything that might restore him to his old power. In the Messiah craze he saw his opportunity. He heard the tale, professed to believe it, then retold it, exaggerated and dwelt on it with all his savage eloquence.

Could he but once again make himself a prophet, he knew some of his band would return to him. He first told the Indians it would be an open winter. Fortunately for him, the snows were late in coming, and the winds were mild far into the winter season. Then he quickened the blood in the veins of his people as he related, again and again, with cunning rhetoric, the pleasures of the hunt for the beloved buffalo; how they, the red men, could go to war when they chose if the buffalo returned, as the Messiah had promised.

Sitting Bull then held up before their mind's eye the spring-wagon, knowing that, next in desire in the Sioux Indian's heart, is this same modern vehicle, many of which are given to deserving ones by the Government. Finally, he pictured the money, heaps and heaps of it, money without limit, in process of manufacture by the Messiah, and all for them, if they followed his teachings.

Now comes the point from which the old chief expected to gain for himself. He told the Sioux they must be prepared to go to the Messiah in the spring; they must go peaceably if possible; if not, then forcibly. He knew that if any attempt should be made by the Messiah adherents to quit the Sioux lands for the north, an Indian war would result, and in such a war lay his only hope of restoration to power.

The old chief had received word from various tribes of the West regarding the prospective uprising of their people with the return of spring. He seemed to have no fear of punishment for inciting the Sioux to disobedience of the laws, for he had always escaped before and hoped to be equally fortunate now.

He lived about 45 miles from Fort Yates, and his cabin was headquarters of the ghost dancers of his tribe. Men and women, old and young, even little children, joined in the dance, which they performed by all holding hands and dancing around in a circle, in the center of which they had placed one of the "ghost shirts" on a high pole. This was

a white cotton garment, rudely painted and fringed, and it was supposed to render invulnerable any person who was so fortunate as to wear it.

The Sioux nation had become sadly demoralized. The army women and children no longer were allowed to walk outside the garrison. The agent at Standing Rock ordered the leaders to have the ghost dance stopped, but they refused to obey. Many of Sitting Bull's old followers had returned to him, led on and on by his alluring promises regarding the Messiah; by the fever of war, and by the prospect of the wiping out of the hated white people.

A feeling of terrible uncertainty had spread over the western portion of the Dakotas, North and South, and the settlers in isolated farm-houses were terror-stricken.

A detachment of cavalry, sent out from the post across the river, brought back startling reports. The Messiah story was known all over the land, and the Sioux grew bolder and bolder, intimidating and threatening the whites. They told the farmers, among other things, that their houses and fields all would belong to the Indians in the spring, when they, the whites, were killed. The cavalry had met many families of whites on the roads, fleeing from their little homes and carrying their goods with them.

By the second week of December, Sitting Bull's band had reached the limit of Government endurance, in disobedience of orders and in defiance of all laws. A large number of Sioux who were in Government service, as policemen on the reservation, were ordered to carefully watch Bull's movements. Suddenly, one morning, they discovered that he was preparing for flight to the South, to join the Indians of the Lower Dakota agencies, who were also making ready for war. He realized that his work of exciting the Sioux to the breaking of laws would no longer be tolerated, and he decided to quit his village before being arrested. Couriers carried this news to the fort and to the agency. For a week past the Post Commander, a wise and careful soldier

and officer, had had orders to secure the person of Sitting Bull. The plan had been to quietly arrest him in his village the next ration day, while many of his band would be at the agency drawing supplies; but when the news reached the post that he intended flight, it was decided to take him at once. Lieutenant-Colonel Drum, commander of the post, and Indian Agent James McLaughlin, planned to have Sitting Bull arrested by the Indian police, hoping this course would cause less alarm among his followers than sending the cavalry to make the arrest; though later developments showed that perhaps it would have been better to have sent the troops, as the hostiles doubtless would have allowed Sitting Bull to be taken peaceably by them rather than precipitate a fight.

A body of Indian policemen was dispatched from the agency at nightfall to join those patrolling the old chief's land at Grand River, with orders for his arrest. The cavalry was ordered to march at midnight, meet the policemen when returning after the arrest, receive Sitting Bull from them and bring him to the agency — this, to prevent his rescue, should such an attempt be made.

The greatest secrecy was observed, lest Bull should hear of the movement. The policemen arrived at Bull's house at early dawn and arrested him in the name of the United States Government. He agreed to go with them. Then they let him dress, aided by his two wives. A great deal of time was thus consumed. Suddenly one of his sons, who was in the room, a deaf and dumb boy subject to epileptic fits, uttered one of his strange cries. This aroused Bull's followers, who were sleeping in the surrounding tepees, and they dashed to the house as he and the policemen were leaving it. Crow Foot, a young man of 19, and another of Bull's sons, taunted their father with allowing himself to be taken. They repeatedly asked him if he would go. Sitting Bull, stung to action, then refused to go, saying, "I'll die first!"

At this one of his band, named Catch-the-Bear, fired at



Lieutenant Bull Head

He commanded force of police who surrounded Sitting Bull
and fired one of the two shots that killed him

the policemen, the bullet wounding Bull Head, the first lieutenant of police, in the leg. The hostiles had fired the first shot, and the police, seeing that nothing now could prevent a fight, and fearful lest Sitting Bull should escape, were ready for action. Bull Head, who was on Sitting Bull's left, and whose thigh was broken, as well as Red Tomahawk, the first sergeant, who was on his right, fired at the medicine man simultaneously, and the old chieftain, the hero of many wars, fell dead.

Then a fearful fight followed between the 43 police and Sitting Bull's band of about 125 warriors. Both sides were poorly armed and when the guns would fail to discharge they would use them as clubs. Many guns were found broken, lying about the scene of battle in the morning.

The fight continued with terrible fierceness until the brave little band of police routed the hostiles and drove them out of the village. So intense was the feeling of the honest, progressive Indians against Sitting Bull that even his own relatives showed no pity. Grey Eagle, who was not a policeman, but a judge of the police court and who had volunteered to go on the expedition, was a brother-in-law of Bull. He was appealed to in the thick of the fight by Crow Foot, his own nephew and a son of the chief, to save him; but Grey Eagle would not intercede for the young hostile and he was killed.

Meantime the cavalry had orders to proceed to Oak Creek, a point 25 miles from Fort Yates, and it quietly marched out of the post at midnight of December 14th, 1890. There were two troops of the 8th Cavalry officered by Captain E. G. Fechet, First-Lieutenant E. H. Crowder, Second-Lieutenant E. C. Brooks, of "G" Troop, and First-Lieutenant S. L. H. Slocum, Second-Lieutenant M. F. Steele, of "F" Troop, Assistant-Surgeon A. R. Chapin and two agency guides, all under the command of Captain Fechet. Arriving at Oak Creek before daylight and not finding the courier whom they had expected, reporting the receipt of

the orders carried by the detachment of police who had left the agency on the preceding twilight, the cavalry pushed on to within four miles of Sitting Bull's village, fully expecting to be fired on from each clump of trees, or sheltering rock, by hiding hostiles.

Suddenly along the road, through fog and rain, appeared an Indian policeman with pale face and wild eyes, full of intense excitement, who told of the killing of all the police but himself. The command, stopping only long enough to dispatch the messenger to Fort Yates, nearly 40 miles away, dashed on.

Half a mile farther they met a second policeman, whose story brought hope with it. He told of Sitting Bull's arrest; of the resistance by the hostiles; of the death of the old chief and the fearful fight that ensued. Many policemen were killed — how many he could not say — and a number of hostiles. Dispatching him also to the post, the cavalry pushed on at a rapid trot, with the Hotchkiss and Gatling guns ready for action at any moment.

Halting on a high plateau overlooking Sitting Bull's village about 2,000 yards away, they could see figures moving about near the houses. The lieutenant in charge of the Hotchkiss aimed to the right of a cabin, where he saw puffs of smoke from the brush, and fired. Learning from the agency guide which was Sitting Bull's house, and supposing it to be the hostiles' stronghold, he sent in another shell, which struck and exploded a little to the right, killing two ponies. Then the cavalry on the right began firing with carbines. A number of figures that the troops had seen lying on the crest of some low hills, and whom they supposed were the policemen, started to run, and the situation was quickly taken in. Accepting the last messenger's story, they had supposed the hostiles were in the village. Several more shots, now directed to the uplands, sent the band fleeing in all directions.

A line of men filed out of the house, and one of the guides, hearing his name called, said:

“ Listen! They’re calling — ‘ It’s us! It’s us!’ ”

Then these policemen lined up in military fashion and two came up on horseback from the valley to meet the troops, carrying the ghost shirt in front of them.

The whole command returned to the village, where a pathetic sight met their eyes.

The cavalry had come none too soon, for, while not nearly so many were killed as told by the courier, yet the survivors were in a sad plight. Almost out of ammunition (except some that would not fit the guns, and that had been hurriedly given to the men at the agency) nearly worn out with the fight, they could have illy withstood the hostiles, so much stronger than their own band, had they attacked the police later in the day.

The timely arrival of the troops saved the day and the ghost dancers fled in wild confusion. They were not pursued, and later, when the village was deserted, they returned for their belongings and fled to the south.

In a log house in the village lay seven policemen, four dead, two mortally and one seriously wounded. They were brave beyond words, those dying Sioux; every soldier honored them. They never murmured when the post surgeon probed for the bullets, though the pain must have been almost unbearable. They said they were glad to die thus, having performed their duty to their Government and their children.

The most tender care was given them by their brethren and by the troops, and these men, used as they were to great courage and to acts of bravery, marvelled at the heroism shown by these simple-minded red men when their lives were fast ebbing away.

The village was searched, and one officer with a squad of men made a tour of the houses and tepees. In one of the

former, two Indian women were found, sitting on a bed crying. John Eagle Man, a policeman who had been through the morning's fight, told the officer he thought there were hostiles near. The squaws were ordered to rise, but refused, and were finally led across the room. The bedding was raised and underneath were hidden two Indian lads of 14 and 18. They were taken prisoners, later conveyed to the agency and then released. Had they fallen into police hands that morning they would have fared worse, as one was a nephew of Sitting Bull, who had brought such sadness to their brave little band and to the Sioux Nation at large.

In the early afternoon the return march to the post began. The wounded were driven with all speed to the agency hospital, where they arrived at midnight.

The dead policemen were placed on a wagon, with the body of Sitting Bull, and taken away.

The command camped that night at Oak Creek, where the infantry, under Colonel Drum, met them, and the next day the dead and living reached Fort Yates and Standing Rock once more. Poor Shave Head died that night, though everything possible had been done to save him. The dead Sioux, including Sitting Bull, were buried in the agency cemetery.

Thus, ended the life of the aged chief of the Uncapapas, and Tah-tank-ah-Yo-tah-kee, as he was called by his people, had made his last medicine. The brave cavalry men killed in the battle of the Little Big Horn were avenged by the very Sioux who had slain them.

HUNTING INDIANS IN A FOG

CAPT. C. B. HARDIN, U. S. A.

During the Modoc war in 1873, I was a member of Troop G, 1st Cavalry. With Troops B, F, and H, of the same regiment, five companies of infantry, and a few Klamath Indians, we were encamped at Land's ranch, 8 or 10 miles east of Captain Jack's stronghold in the lava beds. General Wheaton with more troops, was four miles west of the Modocs. At midnight of January 16th our little command moved out on foot, and in single file, over a rough trail. Until daylight we moved slowly on account of darkness, and then still more slowly because of a dense fog. We could not see 50 yards, and were in doubt as to our exact position. The greater part of the forenoon was spent in halts. It was a bad day to hunt Indians, but we had General Wheaton's orders to move forward, and there was nothing else to be done. About noon we found a herd of Indian ponies and promptly gathered them in. The noise we made in doing so informed the Indians of our presence, and we fell back to avoid a premature engagement, followed by a few random shots from the redskins. We had retreated perhaps a mile, when a volley, accompanied with the usual yells, told that our retreat was cut off, and we must either fight or crawl.

Troop B was ordered to charge and did so in gallant style; meeting with such a warm reception, however, that Troop G was sent to their assistance. The Indians were chased from point to point until they ceased firing. The fog made good shooting impossible, and we had but three men wounded. The Modocs suffered but slight loss.

We picked up our wounded, and went into camp for the night. We were not a jolly party. The old hands knew that our work was yet before us, and the youngsters were nervous, having found that Indian fighting was by no means a pic-nic. I thought myself fortunate in being assigned to

picket duty with Private Lavelle — the jolliest fellow in the troop. But Lavelle had made up his mind he was to die on the morrow, and talked of nothing else; so I had a bad night of it. (I was an enlisted man at that time.)

At daybreak we moved out to the attack, leaving a few men to care for the camp. One of these men, hearing of Lavelle's presentiment, begged to exchange positions with him; but like the good soldier he was, Lavelle refused to shirk his duty.

We started out as skirmishers, and kept that formation all day. The fog was, if possible, more dense than before, and the silence, unbroken save by the caution of our officers — "Steady, men, keep your intervals" — was positively awful. When we had advanced about half a mile, we found some ponies hobbled in front of a natural wall of rock. This wall was shaped like a horse-shoe, with the opening toward us.

The ponies were a bait for a beautifully planned ambuscade, and the Indians were massed behind the wall, ready to gobble up any small detachment sent to take their horses. We were not looking for ponies that day, we were after their masters.

The whole line swept forward, and I experienced no joy from the discovery that I was one of the few skirmishers who would have to enter the horse-shoe bend. The fog was at its worst as we entered the trap, and we advanced some distance into it, when we received a terrible volley. Our Second Lieutenant was shot through the shoulder; he spun round like a top before falling, letting his carbine fly from his hand. The carbine struck my head and made me think I was blown to atoms. Several others went down, but poor Lavelle, who had predicted his own death, was the only man killed outright.

Troop B, on our right, poured volleys down our front, causing the enemy to fall back and cease firing for a brief period, and we drew off to better cover, taking our wounded

with us. Here we awaited the action of General Wheaton, who, on account of the fog, did not wish to attack. He could not signal to call us off, and hearing our guns was forced to advance and support us. Soon we heard his howitzers, but as the gunners could not see where they were sending their shells, they soon stopped firing. Then came volleys of musketry and the cheers of charging troops, and we had the pleasure of hearing a great fight without being in it. Nor could we get in it very well, for our friends were sending showers of lead over us, obliging us to keep down.

Finally the fog broke General Wheaton's attack. His men became scattered; many came through the stronghold, to our lines, and others fell back. Occasionally the fog would lift a little, and then pot-shots at short range were in order, with the disadvantage that we were in the pot, while the Modocs could keep under cover. So it went on until well toward evening, when General Wheaton managed to signal to us to fall back. At dusk we returned to our camp of the preceding night, where wounds were dressed, and preparations made for the march to our permanent camp. About midnight we started. Those of our wounded who could ride were mounted on captured ponies. Others were carried in blankets, with a bearer at each corner. It was a night of horror. The worn-out bearers would frequently stumble over the rocks, letting their burdens fall, and the groans of the poor fellows, so roughly handled, were heart-rending. It was after sunrise when we staggered into camp at Land's ranch, tired, sleepy, hungry, and footsore, and we had not even the satisfaction of having licked the Indians.

A WINTER WITH THE SOUTHERN CHEYENNES

CAPT. H. H. BELLAS, U. S. A.

An Extract

Occasionally a young brave from the Sioux country would spring into the cleared space and deliver himself of a speech, one of which — as nearly as I can recall — ran as follows: “My friends, look at me and listen. I have come from the far off north country. The E-ho a-mo-hoes (Sioux) living there are going out when the grass grows, to fight the long-knives. (Note-he-ahs.) But we are their friends; besides, we are poor in horses.” (Pause.) “But we have a few; for as we came down to meet you, we met some Sac-Foxes and killed them and took their horses to help us. (A yell of delight.) Then, a little further on, we came across some Shoshones and we did the same to them. (Another yell.) Then next we saw a couple of Arapahoes, and we killed them also. And then we ran across a party of black Pawnees (Tsay-moch-tow-Ho-ne-ah-tans) and we shot them like dogs, as they are!”

“Medicine” was now made for a successful buffalo hunt. The game was finally discovered near the camp, having been driven northward by prairie fires. Their appearance was hailed with delight and immediately announced by the old camp criers to all the hunters of the tribe, who were directed to assemble and start early the next morning in the direction from which the herds were approaching. In many of the hunts that followed I gladly joined the Indians; the result of such a day’s work being that the herd of 200, 300 or 500 head was generally completely surrounded and every animal killed. Toward nightfall many a small pony would be seen staggering into camp, covered with a mountain of meat, with the fresh buffalo hide thrown over it and a Cheyenne hunter sitting on top of all! For the



An Indian Camp at the Crow Agency
Indian Police
Photographed at Rosebud Agency

next week the squaws of the entire camp would be busy as beavers, stretching, dressing and tanning the hides; while the "bucks" would feast, smoke and sleep in their tepees in dignified laziness, or in preparation for the next hunt.

In the beginning of April the Indians decided that as a full supply of robes and dried meat had been laid in they would start toward the agency. They expected to meet on the way their six months' supply of annuity goods to be issued by the Government, and which they had been informed was enroute from Camp Supply to their camp. Orders were given for breaking camp, and woe to the unlucky Cheyenne who failed to comply. Their lodges were quickly torn down over their heads and destroyed, while bucks and squaws were soundly whipped by the other Indians. Each morning, en route, the warriors would saddle and leaving their camp, ride ahead until they reached their next halting place, when they would dismount and sit down in the grass to enjoy a quiet smoke; waiting for the lodges, herds, pappooses, dogs and all the paraphernalia to arrive under the charge of the squaws, who had taken down and packed the tepees in the morning and driven the entire caravan the whole day.

On reaching the designated camp in the evening the squaws pitched the tepees again, picketed the herds, carried water and wood and cooked the supper for their lords. Then would these vagabonds condescend to enter their lodges and eat.

Finally the long looked-for supplies were met with and the whole tribe was assembled in its respective bands, with each band separated into its different families; forming a huge circle on the prairie, and with all the goods to be issued deposited in the center. These issues were made and order was preserved by the "Dog Soldiers," a species of native Indian police, composed only of young warriors of known prowess, their badge being a string of red beads worn in a peculiar manner. The widows and orphans were especially

protected; the families of Black Kettle, Medicine Water, and others, who had either lost their lives or their liberty by the government, being looked after among the first. Shades of justice! Who would imagine these supplies to be sufficient for this horde of gluttons for six months? In six days the whole of the rations were consumed!

Allowing for the natural wastefulness of the Indians, it would have been impossible for any one to make them last this band more than two weeks. Where was the balance? The Indian bureau agents could probably have answered; I could not — when questioned by Whirlwind and the other chief — and can not now. Dissatisfaction was marked in the whole tribe, and no wonder. I advised Whirlwind to make his complaints (for he had several personal ones against the local agent) to the Indian department, on his arrival at the agency. I was powerless in the matter.

I have often regretted the termination of my free and independent life with the Cheyennes, half-savage though it was. How true the remark I once heard, from one who had passed nearly his whole life with them:

“It is easy for a white man to become an Indian, but almost impossible for an Indian ever to become civilized like a white man.”

A FOUR LEGGED INDIAN

W. F. NICHOLS

I was a member of Company “A,” 11th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry. In the spring of '65 a portion of the regiment was ordered out on a 10 days' scout under our Colonel, Tom Moonlight.

We were stationed at what was known as the Upper Bridge on the North Platte, in Wyoming.

We were ordered to scout the Powder river country under the guidance of the noted Jim Bridger, hunter, trapper,

and Indian fighter, who had located (by signs) a band of about 200 Sioux.

We marched to where they had been camped, but they had fled. On our return march we camped for noon rest on a beautiful little stream which so charmed the Colonel that he decided to remain there over night.

Being then, as now, an ardent sportsman, I took my carbine and two heavy revolvers, and in company with Sergeant John Bristow sauntered off on a hunt, going eventually three miles or so from camp, crossing on the way three or four low ridges.

We were standing on a slight elevation looking for game, when we espied, approaching on a trail which passed close to us, a dense cloud of dust. Being on an Indian scout we, of course, took it for a small band of Sioux. Measures must be quickly adopted for a scrap.

Utterly forgetting that my companion was the vested authority on the ground, I assumed command and ordered an ambush, which I disposed behind two large bowlders near by. Lying flat on the ground, we placed our cartridges and percussion caps beside us, and awaited approach of the enemy.

When the dust cloud had come to within 200 yards of us, a slight flaw of wind blew it backward and revealed the enemy — a large buffalo bull. I need not say the disappointment was agreeable. Both of us had seen Indians before, but neither had ever seen a wild buffalo.

Rapidly I instructed the sergeant, telling him where to aim, and to fire when I said three. True I had never shot a buffalo, but I had heard old hunters tell how to do it, and followed the lead of the old stories, telling him to aim at the shoulder — low down.

When the old bull was opposite us and not more than 30 or 35 yards from us, I gave the word. Our guns were discharged simultaneously; the reports were one.

The bull instantly left the trail and ran in a circle partly

round us, but before we could reload our carbines, he fell. Of course, we were elated, and each claimed the shot.

On reaching our victim we found that one bullet had, indeed, pierced his heart, but what had become of the other? On skinning him we found it. It had struck the tail about midway. A more perfect center shot could not have been made.

In camp I tried to claim that shot, but to no avail. I was known as the best shot in camp, and the sergeant rather a poor one. He rarely afterward referred to the buffalo, as some of the boys were sure to chaff him about firing so far back, to save meat. We fed the whole troop that night and the next day.

HOW WE LOST OUR MULES

NELSON YARNALL

After the Phil Kearney massacre, and the treaty of our government with the Sioux Indians, under which Forts Kearney and Smith were abandoned, the mules from these posts were sent to Fort Laramie and turned over to the quartermaster there to be foraged through the winter. When Laramie received its allotment for forage no allowance was made for animals from other posts. As hay and grain could not be had so late in the season, it was thought best to place the mules in charge of competent employees, and send them out to be herded on the grass for the winter, or until forage could be brought out from the Missouri river.

Accordingly the mules were placed in charge of a man named Daniel McCall, who chose from the post employees a competent cook, one teamster, two day herders and two night watchmen, a Mr. Smith and I being employed for this duty. We prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, drawing from the quartermaster good tents, axes and clothing; from the commissary a liberal supply of

provisions, and from the ordnance department good guns and ammunition. The mules were counted and receipted for by Mr. McCall, and we started for the grazing grounds on the Laramie river, about 20 miles west of Fort Laramie.

There were something over 100 animals. They were poor; but although the weather was cold, it being midwinter, the grass was so plentiful on the range that in a short time they had gained in flesh wonderfully, and when turned out of the corral would run and play like colts. It was surprising to see so great a change in so short a time.

The place chosen for our camp was in a beautiful grove of cottonwood trees, which, besides affording excellent shelter from the cold winds, furnished an abundance of good fuel and material for a corral. This we made by felling trees in a circle.

After our tents were pitched and everything prepared for the remainder of the winter we congratulated ourselves on the good time we would have. Antelope and deer were plentiful, and a good supply of meat for our camp, with an occasional choice cut for the commanding officer and the quartermaster, was almost a sure thing, we thought.

On the North and South sides of the river were low, broken hills, with coulees coming into the river at short intervals. This broken, hilly country terminated on the South side about a mile to the East of our camp, and a comparatively level plateau extended thence Eastward four or five miles, making an ideal place to hunt antelope. The rough, hilly country to the Westward of this plateau afforded an excellent hunting ground for deer of both kinds. It was also a good hiding place for Indians, as we soon learned.

It was my custom to retire at sunrise and sleep until our noonday meal was ready. Then, if not rested, I would go into my blankets again in the afternoon.

One day, after I had eaten my dinner, I shouldered my gun and went after a deer. I had not gone far, however,

when I saw fresh moccasin tracks. I immediately returned and reported what I had seen to Mr. McCall, but he thought the tracks might have been made by some of the coffee coolers from the post, who might be out hunting. I argued that the soldiers would not hunt in our vicinity without visiting our camp.

The matter was dropped, however, and nothing more thought of it for a short time. We had enjoyed, for a month perhaps, the pleasant life we were foolish enough to anticipate, when one morning while Mr. McCall and party went to the post to renew our supply of provisions, a stalwart Sioux Indian appeared in our camp. I had turned the mules over to the day herder and had retired to try to make up some of the sleep I had lost the previous night. The cook was busy baking a Dutch oven full of deer ribs, and I had just gone to sleep when the cook's head appeared in my tent, and in a voice which I thought sounded a little shaky he said,

"Yarnall, for God's sake, get up; there's an Indian in camp and I can't make out what he wants."

"Perhaps he smelled the meat you are cooking and came in to have a feast," I answered.

I knew the sign language, and as I was the only man in camp who could talk with an Indian, I dressed and went to the camp fire, where the Indian was sitting, eyeing our oven of meat. I waited some minutes for him to open the conversation, but as he showed no inclination to begin I asked him, in sign talk, where he was going and what he wanted.

He replied, in what seemed to me the easiest and most graceful signs I had ever seen, that he was on his way to the Cache La Poudre, to visit friends.

I asked him if he was alone. He said he was, and added that he had come a long way; that he had no meat, and was very hungry. I told the cook I thought the Indian lied; that it was my opinion he was in our camp as a spy, and might soon return in a very different manner; all of which

I now believe the Indian fully understood. I had some other conversation with him about hunting buffalo, going to war, etc., after which the cook gave him a "heap big" breakfast.

After eating what seemed to me enough to satisfy two hungry men, the Indian mounted his pony and rode away, but in the opposite direction from the Cache La Poudre. This greatly increased our fear for safety. The cook was frightened, and I imagined I could see his knees tremble.

I again retired, after sending word by the cook to the day herder to be on the alert, and by no means to allow the mules to wander too far from camp. I could not sleep, however, and soon arising, suggested to the cook that we would best fortify ourselves, as I fully believed we would be attacked. We accordingly piled logs around our tents, which afforded fair protection from any possible attack. My gun was an old Spencer carbine, of 50 or 52 caliber, and when fired the ball traveled so slowly that at a few hundred yards an Indian would have plenty of time to dodge if he should see the smoke from the gun when fired. On one occasion I fired it, at a distance of 600 yards, at a band of antelope, and on watching them some seconds after firing, was surprised to see two of them drop. I proposed to exchange guns with the cook, his being a modern Springfield, but he would not hear of it.

On the following morning, after giving the day herder instructions, and turning the mules out of the corral, I had just retired to my tent and rolled myself in my blankets when I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs on the frozen ground, and the voice of the herder exclaiming, in the highest accent possible.

"In-di-ans! In-di-ans! In-di-ans!!!"

I leaped out at once, but was only in time to see the herd of 100 mules disappearing over the crest of the hill, with nine Indians close behind them, yelling like demons and shaking their blankets at the frightened animals. If it had

been amusing to see them kick and play, at times, it was much more so now to see how quickly they climbed the hills and disappeared. I would not have believed it possible for a mule to run so fast had I not seen the stampede with my own eyes.

There were left standing around the corral, enjoying the morning sun, a number of mules, two of which we secured as quickly as possible. Neither the cook nor I had a saddle, but we mounted hastily and all three of us, the cook, the herder and I, started in pursuit. It was a foolish thing to do, but we felt the loss of our charge so keenly that I believe had we not been fortunate enough to secure a mount we would have started after the redskins on foot.

We urged our mounts forward as fast as they could go, anxious to come up with the Indians, but of course were unable to do so. We followed the trail until afternoon, when, seeing the hopelessness of further pursuit, we returned, reaching our camp at one o'clock at night, about as sore and as tired a trio as could be found anywhere. I have since thought how fortunate for us that we were unable to come up with the Indians.

On our return we attempted to withdraw poisoned arrows from six mules that had given out and had been wounded by the Indians; but were unable to do so, as the arrow points were too firmly imbedded in the flesh. The poor mules afterward died of their poisoned wounds. Two of them tried to get back to camp, but were too weak to do so and died on the way.

After preparing a hasty meal we all retired, and it seemed to me I had just gone to sleep when I was awakened by the familiar voice of McCall who, in decidedly unpleasant language and accent, demanded of me the whereabouts of the mules. It transpired that while we were in pursuit of the Indians, McCall and party had returned. Finding the mules and us gone, they naturally supposed we had run away with our charge. Hastening to the post they had

reported the matter and had returned with a party to follow us.

After explaining to McCall the true situation, and that we were not the guilty parties, we were informed we must take the trail again.

This time we were furnished saddles, by two of McCall's party remaining in camp, and, mounted on animals that had only been ridden 20 miles, we again started in pursuit. The Indians then had 24 hours the start of us, and our chance of coming up with them, without a change of horses, was a hopeless one. We pushed along, however, until after night-fall, when we came to a small stream, a tributary of Horse creek, Southeast of Fort Laramie. There we halted for the night. After unsaddling we found the little stream was frozen entirely dry at that place, and we were unable to get water for the horses. We managed to get a drink ourselves by melting snow. There was no timber along this stream, and as the weather was very cold, the only way we could keep from freezing was by dividing our party into reliefs, keeping one man at work gathering the little willows that grew along the stream and adding them to the fire.

I managed to get a little sleep during the night by rolling myself in my overcoat and lying near the fire; and what sweet sleep it was! I shall never forget how hard it was to arouse myself when called to do my half hour's gathering of willows.

At the first peep of day we were in the saddle and following the trail, which then bore a little North of West. At about 10 o'clock we came to the main stream of Horse Creek. There we halted long enough to water our thirsty animals and make a cup of coffee. This, with a few pieces of dried buffalo meat the Indians had lost and I had picked up, and some hard bread, made a meal we greatly enjoyed.

After eating our scanty breakfast we mounted and again took up the trail, which then bore still more to the North. About two miles from the creek we found three wagons

loaded with logs, such as are used in the West in building houses. We wondered how their owners could have escaped, as they were in advance of the Indians and directly on the trail. Our fears were soon confirmed, for on approaching the wagons we found the harness cut to pieces, and the bodies of two men near. They had been scalped and horribly mutilated. One of the men was bald, but had a light growth of hair around the lower part of the head, which the Indians took as a scalp. It has been asserted that an Indian warrior will not take the scalp of a bald person, but in this case they appropriated what little hair remained on the unfortunate man's head.

We found an axe near one of the wagons, with which we cut the frozen earth and buried the bodies as well as we could. The men had been hauling logs to build a road ranch on the North Platte river, near Scott's Bluffs; but there was no clue to their names, as the Indians had taken every vestige of their clothing.

We followed the trail until early sunset when we came to the North Platte river. There we found the Indians had crossed and were evidently so far ahead of us it would be impossible to overtake them with our jaded animals; so we gave up the chase and turned toward Fort Laramie. We camped at the Cold Spring ranch that night, and on the following day rode in to the post.

I have lately been looking over the history of Sitting Bull, and find that one of his most daring feats was to "run off a whole herd of mules." In all probability it was our herd.

AN ART CRITIC AMONG THE SIOUX

D. F. BARRY

During one of my visits to Standing Rock Agency, N. Dak., a Mr. Bennett, of the Signal Corps, bought a fine buffalo robe.

He wanted the three great chiefs, Sitting Bull, Gall, and

Rain-in-the-Face, to ornament the back of the robe by painting it in Sioux fashion, and requested me to engage them to do it. The first question an Indian asks is "how much?" That is the interesting point with him. Mr. Bennett was willing to pay them \$3 each and I agreed to make the proposition.

On my way to dinner I looked in the trader's store and, as I expected, found Gall and Sitting Bull there. I made my business known to them and said I would return in an hour to learn their decision. When I got back I found Rain-in-the-Face waiting outside the building. I told him Mr. Bennett wanted him to paint 1/3 of the robe and would pay him \$3. He consented to do the work at that price. Soon Sitting Bull and Gall came to talk the matter over, and while we were together Mr. Bennett came along. He was delighted when he saw the chiefs and heard they would accept his offer. He brought the robe, and said the chief who put the best work on it should get \$6 instead of \$3.

Sitting Bull inquired who would be judge. Mr. Bennett replied that if they were satisfied he would leave it to me.

Gall and Rain-in-the-Face agreed, and so did Bull, after looking me in the eye a moment. When the robe was handed to the latter that he might begin the picture he made all manner of excuses; saying he would paint it when the others had finished. Rain-in-the-Face then refused to take it first. Gall took it and told Rain-in-the-Face when he could have it. Before leaving they named a time when they would return with the finished robe.

Little did I realize then the importance of my appointment as judge and art critic, but I did later, for it proved an expensive experience for me.

On the day set the three chiefs rode up to my tent, Bull carrying the robe in front of him. They dismounted and inquired for Mr. Bennett. I sent a boy for him, and while waiting examined the robe. I noticed Sitting Bull had written his name under his painting. There was nothing to

show who had done the rest of the work. In one of the pictures was the figure of a buffalo which I thought well drawn and full of action, and I selected that as the prize winner. When Mr. Bennett arrived he was delighted with the work. He asked me to decide at once who was entitled to the extra money.

I said "The chief who drew this," and pointed to the picture of the buffalo. Instantly Sitting Bull flew in a rage and abused me without stint. From him I learned, much to my surprise, that the picture selected was drawn by Rain-in-the-Face. It was well known I was the best white friend Rain-in-the-Face had. When leaving that country he took his moccasins off his feet and making me take them, went away barefooted.

Sitting Bull reminded me of that friendship and said he had known how I would decide. He showed me all the good points in his painting; said he had done much more than Rain-in-the-Face and ought to have the \$6. He never forgave me. Gall in time seemed to forgive and forget, but Sitting Bull never.

Two years later I rode across the country from Bismarck to Grand river, where Sitting Bull lived, for the purpose of photographing him and his family and their log shack. I had the ride of 260 miles for nothing. He put the price so high I could not afford to press the button. I offered him \$20. He refused it, but said if I would wait they would get me something to eat. I thanked him and headed for Bismarck, feeling that he considered he was getting even with me for not awarding him the prize for his painting on the buffalo robe.

A HOT CORNER ON INDIANS

A. J. W.

There were several old frontiersmen in camp, and the spirit of camaraderie ran high around our blazing fire. Fi-

nally someone who knew Jack Fenton called on him for a story, and in response he said: —

“I drove my first stake in Kansas and would probably have been there yet if love of adventure and the grasshoppers hadn’t driven me to the cow ranges and thence to hunt buffalo for a livelihood. In the fall of ’83 I got together a first class outfit, consisting of four good mules, a wagon, ammunition, guns and provisions for a six months’ hunt, and two saddle horses to do the hunting on. I ran across a man named Jim Wright at one of the trading posts, and, taking a liking to him, proposed to throw the outfits together, pull across the Missouri river and commence work. Jim was a six foot, herculean Missourian in the very prime of life, and one of the best shots I have ever seen. He agreed to my proposition, so we pulled out for Sutherland creek on the North side of the Big Muddy, made camp in a good sheltered place and commenced hunting buffalo in earnest. Jim and I did the hunting, while three men, hired for the purpose, took care of the hides and meat.

“We had been in camp about a week when the buffalo began to play out. Of course, that meant a trip over the country to look up the big herd; so one morning we decided to take a spin and try to locate them. Before pulling out we told our men to stay in camp and keep a sharp lookout on the stock, as Indians had become troublesome down the country and were raising Cain whenever an opportunity offered.

“We had been out some time when Jim reined in his horse and, after sharply eying a heavy fresh trail which we had just cut, said,

“‘I have a good notion to go back to camp, Jack. This smells a whole lot like Injuns to me.’

“‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘those are horse tracks and they are running a bunch of buffalo toward the forks of Sutherland creek. Ten chances to one they will run over our camp and then h—ll will pop, for I’ll bet every one of those boys

is off deer hunting. Come on, Jim, let's hit the trail for camp; it isn't over 10 miles and we can make it in an hour, and perhaps get in ahead of them.'

" 'An Injun runnin' buffler gits over th' ground mighty fast,' was Jim's comment, as we started on a long lope for camp. We made it in an hour and found our worst fears realized. The camp was in ashes, and not a man, horse or mule was to be found. I had dreamed some pleasant dreams that fall about a certain 160 acres of land down in Kansas, and a little blue-eyed schoolmarm, and if things had turned out right on this hunt I was to have been the happy possessor of both. But here, inside of six hours, things had dwindled to one Sharp's rifle, a six shooter a saddle horse and a buffalo hunter in an ugly frame of mind. Just then Jim rode up and cried,

" 'Them red devils hain't got the boys, fer thar they come down through the pines, every last one of 'em. We'll give Mr. Injun a run for his money yet. Come on, Jack, brace up. Let's dig up our ammunition cache and hit the trail after them mules.'

" By the time we had opened the cache and supplied ourselves with ammunition the boys rode into camp. We were soon ready, and hit the Indian trail, which went East on the South side of the Sutherland creek divide. It was arranged for me to follow the divide and keep a sharp lookout; Jim was to follow directly on the trail, and the other men were to follow on well below it, as it was supposed the Indians would turn that way in the course of three or four miles. From my point of vantage on the divide I was to signal the others if anything was sighted.

" About 12 miles down the divide I saw a bunch of stock moving a mile ahead of me, and, spurring my horse to an open point where I could get a clear view, I saw the mules, with four Indians behind them. Signaling to Jim, I dashed down the divide, thinking to head them toward the three boys under the hill. There was a little snow on the ground,

and the badlands dirt was like ashes, so not a sound was given out by the hoofs of my running horse. I turned down a coulee and found, after I had ridden $1/4$ mile, that it had steep cut banks and that I was on the wrong side of it to get at the Indians. I had also forgotten an important thing in fighting Indians, which is that they always guard their back trail. The fact was impressed on me in a short time, for as I turned the next point I ran squarely into the middle of eight Indians sitting on their horses waiting for Jim to come up on the trail. There was no show to get back, and to turn would be sure death; so with a muttered prayer that I might shoot straight I drew my six shooter and sent one Indian to the happy hunting grounds. By that time the others were shooting in every direction and were a badly rattled lot. It was a complete surprise all round. In the melee one Indian shot another's horse. The animal fell, pinning his rider to the ground. I was pretty well up on the ways of wounded Indians, and so put a ball through him before he could bring his gun to bear on me. The other six were running down the coulee within 40 yards of the man they were waiting to ambush and the best shot in the West. By the time I got straightened out I heard Jim's Winchester rattle and when close enough to talk he broke out with,

" ' Well, pard, I've been in many an Injun scrimmage, but that was a little the slickest piece of work with a six shooter I've seen yet. I seed ye comin' down onto them Injuns, but couldn't get word to ye in time no how. Let's take a look down in the coulee. I plugged four of 'em out of six shots. I'll bet *they* won't steal any more mules, and when I get their ha'r raised they can't get into the happy huntin' grounds, 'cause sculped Injuns can't go thar no how.'

" We went back to the boys and camped. They had rounded up the mules and picketed them and the horses for the night. We broke camp in the morning and pulled out for home. We had recovered the mules, but the wagon,

harness and grub stake were burned, and, of course, the hunt was off."

A SCOUTING ADVENTURE

W. JACKSON

I was a scout under General Miles, in the campaign of 1872 against the Sioux Indians, and was detailed with three Cheyenne scouts to carry a message to Major La Zelles, then pursuing a band of hostiles. The Cheyennes had but recently made peace, and I was not at all sure of the loyalty of the men with me. On the fourth day our provisions gave out, and so far we had seen no buffalo or antelope. We camped that night on Beaver Creek, and by next morning were pretty hungry.

I left the Indians with the horses, and went back from the creek to where I had noticed, in passing, a prairie-dog town, intending to shoot a few prairie-dogs for lack of better provender. I knew the danger incurred by firing a gun in that hostile country, but hunger overcame prudence, and I soon had four fat dogs strung to my belt. I shot another that managed to reach its burrow. I could see it lying dead a few feet within the entrance, and while trying to secure it, by twisting a stick on its fur, I was startled by a flash of light across my eyes. Looking up I saw, on a hill not far away, an Indian, who was flashing a little looking-glass in the sunlight to attract my attention.

I knew at once I had the Sioux to deal with; and sure enough, around the hill, a dozen mounted Indians, in full war costume, came galloping toward me. There was a small, short ravine near by, and to it I ran, with the Indians only a few rods behind. I threw myself under the bank, and filled the magazine of my Winchester as rapidly as possible. By the time I was ready to fire the leading warrior was within 40 yards of me; but I was flustered by surprise

and my run, and missed him clean. A second shot was equally futile. The Sioux were yelling and firing as they came on, but fortunately over-shooting. My next shot struck one of their horses in the neck, and horse and rider rolled on the plain.

This checked their advance a moment, and I ran to the further end of the ravine. Here I determined to make my last stand. The man whose horse I shot had regained his feet, and with the others again came on. Before I had time to fire, I heard a yell behind me, and glancing back, was amazed and delighted to see my three Cheyennes coming at the top speed of their ponies, and leading my horse behind them. Stripped to their breech cloths, their long hair flying about their grim savage faces, they looked as gallant a little band of braves as ever swept the plains. With a shot for encouragement they passed me, and striking up a war-song, charged straight at the astonished Sioux. Three of the latter fell to the first volley from my friends, and then, no doubt supposing the Cheyennes to be the advance guard of a larger party, the Sioux turned and fled. I mounted my horse, and we chased them to the creek, killing another of them before reaching it. There we gave up the pursuit, and left that vicinity.

We arrived at Major La Zelles' camp without further mishap, where we obtained a much-needed rest, and food more palatable than prairie-dog meat.

The three Cheyennes who had so signally proved their loyalty, were highly praised for their courage, and on many subsequent occasions rendered valuable service to the command.

AN INDIAN HORSE RACE

MAJ. F. M. BERNARD

It happened at the Agency when Troop O was over there, escorting from the fort a delegation from the Society for

the Amelioration of the Condition, and the Protection from Imposition, of the Plains Indians. The Agency butcher, Beckett, told Farrier Lipbrown, of Troop O, that Howling Bull, a young chief, was anxious to match his American horse, Tegante (popularly believed to be a part of the spoils of last year's raid on the horse ranches near the railroad), against the Troop's running horse, Ossian, and proposed making a race. The farrier doubted if it could be done, because, during the march over, a party of Crow Indians that camped near the troop one night had run off several horses, including the captain's own, one of the fastest in that part of the west. This had naturally enraged him against all Indians and their doings. Beckett persisted; showed how such an opportunity for getting the best of the guileless red man might never occur again; that it was too good a chance of doing him to be lost.

Howling Bull was Beckett's brother-in-law, so he could get all the inside information about the other horse; and with this, added to the other advantages he possessed, it would be odd if the race didn't go our way. In fact, he put the matter so forcibly and favorably that Lipbrown agreed to speak to the First Sergeant about it. The First Sergeant, when he proposed the match to the Captain, met with a profane refusal. Howling Bull then appeared and used his eloquence — at first without avail; but later, when he hinted that he might be able to recover the stolen steed, the Captain relented. He knew of this Indian's expertness in the science of horse-transference and that he could probably make good his hint.

The excitement over the race was great. Both horses were well known, and, it was thought, evenly matched. Lipbrown and Beckett had exclusive information, acquired by dark and devious ways unknown to the Indian. They had a certainty, plunged heroically, taking everything the whites at the Agency could be induced to put on Tegante. The Indians were moneyless, but they freely staked ponies,

furs, etc., against the luxuries of the trader's store. Howling Bull, a fine specimen of his race, had been educated at a Jesuit college near St. Louis, and had returned to his people as a leaven of civilization. But the leaven did not work. Once back in a lodge with a blanket over his shoulders he was a savage again in spite of four years of teaching. A knowing savage, however, his schooling was not entirely thrown away. It helped to make him a man of note in his tribe, and gave him a knowledge of manners, habits and customs of the white man which his brothers did not possess. He learned one lesson in the St. Louis school he did not forget. That was the value of money, and he always had a goodly sum stowed away somewhere. His wad was, in this instance, the white man's point of attack. It was the real stake, the ostensible one being three ponies against a steer.

For a time Howling Bull would not bet money. He declared he had none so persistently that it required all of his brother-in-law's persuasive powers to induce him to finally produce the roll. When it came it was found to be much larger than the others imagined it would be, and they had to scratch around pretty lively to cover it. If the race went against them neither would touch a cent of pay for over a year. The orders for it were in the trader's safe.

Lipbrown, who handled the Troop horse, had been a hanger-on about English racing stables previous to embracing a military career, and had, he said, ridden in the great races. True to his training he enveloped his preparations for the race with Newmarket secrecy and mystery. Howling Bull was as open as the other was close. Tegante remained with the herd and, as far as one could see, was not handled at all.

The course was from a point near the stockade across the plain to and around a low hill, and back to the starting point — about two miles. As the hour for the race drew near, the plain about the course was well covered with Indians, men, women, and children, mounted and afoot. It was ration day at the Agency and that, with the presence of

the Commission, had drawn an unusually large number together, 6,000 to 8,000, practically all of them in gala dress. They made a brave show, moving about in their paint and beads; dashing here and there; running short races; calling to each other, and trying to cross the course kept clear by the Agency police. A New Yorker, a guest of the captain's and Hungry Snake, an old chief, were the starters and judges. The First Sergeant was posted on the hill, to see that everything went straight while the horses were out of sight of the judges.

All was ready, except that Howling Bull had not appeared with his horse. Lipbrown, in an improvised jockey suit, nervous and excited, stood at Ossian's head, conversing in low tones with Beckett. The crowd at the starting place — mostly white soldiers — was beginning to chaff the two managers, when the Indian dashed up, placing his horse beside the other. The rider was entirely naked, except as to a breech clout and a few beaded and porcupine-quilled ornaments about his head and neck. His face, painted in the highest style of Indian art, glistened in the strong sunlight as if varnished, giving him an uncanny look.

His horse was about as much dressed as the rider was undressed. Strips of beaded and colored buckskin were braided in with his tail and mane; his face was painted bright yellow, with a border of white; his hoofs and legs, half way up to his knees, were black, while over his sides and quarters marks as of blood-red hands were scattered. A blanket, fastened on by a surcingle, and an elaborately fringed and otherwise ornamented headstall completed his toilet. Taken altogether, the pair did look like man and horse, but like the creatures of a nightmare.

Howling Bull beckoned to a boy of about 12 standing near, and when he approached threw him on Tegante. This brought an excited protest from the other side. Calm and impassive the red man listened to it, and when the

judges ruled against him he took the boy down and mounted himself.

At the word they were off. Ossian at first leading by two lengths or more. At the first quarter Tegante's fantastic nose was opposite Lipbrown's knee, at the half mile it was still there, and Beckett's heart beat furiously as he saw how easily he kept his position. As they passed out of sight at the turn of the hill the butcher sickened, for he could see that Tegante's rider was not letting him go. As they came into view again Lipbrown's face was white, for, try all he could, he could not get that yellow nose one inch to the rear. A wave of wonder seemed to roll over the hitherto silent Indians, who gave vent to a series of grunts.

"By gum," said a soldier standing near the judges, "you're done, Beck. Bull can win any way he pleases."

Beckett's only reply was an oath.

Nearer they came to the post. At about the last quarter Howling Bull gave Tegante his head a little. He shot forward like a locomotive at the opening of the throttle, and Ossian was a length or thereabouts in the rear and there remained until the race was won, and Lipbrown and Beckett ruined financially.

Two days later Troop O returned to the fort. The morning it started, while the Captain was breakfasting, Howling Bull appeared at his tent leading the horse the Crows had stolen. Only those who have seen a lost horse returned under similar circumstances can form an idea of what then occurred. I, therefore, will not attempt to describe it.

"At last there is one honest Indian," said the Captain. "Howling Bull said if I'd let Ossian run he would try to find Thunder and Boots, and he's done it."

Said the Captain's New York friend, a racing man: "See here, Captain, your nag looks awfully like that Indian's horse."

"Of course he does. Everyone knows they're both sorrels, of about the same weight."

Howling Bull grunted a "Thank you" as he pocketed a neat reward for the return of Thunder and Boots, and the episode was ended — that is to say, not quite ended, for at "stables" that evening, 30 miles away from the Agency, Lipbrown, tremendously excited, came up to the Captain, and, without even saluting, gasped out: —

"See 'ere, sir! I've dropped on somethink! Bull is a scoundrel, sir! I've found yellow paint on Thunder's blaze, and ye can see where his legs 'as been painted black, and his tail looks like it's been chawed! That Injun's did us up. He's changed 'orses on us!"

This supposed duplicity of Howling Bull caused a great to-do in camp, for nearly every man there had lost more or less on the race. Lipbrown attempted to return to the Agency and was put under guard. The captain showed the First Sergeant how improbable the farrier's suspicions were and refused to take any action.

The episode had an echo, however. Many years later, when the Captain had become a major, he met Beckett, then a big Indian-cattle contractor, and in the course of conversation Beckett said: "You remember the race at the — Agency, one of your men and I got up with an Indian named Howling Something or other?" —

"Your brother-in-law."

"Ye-es — then. Well, sir, that fellow let us in beautifully. He knew your horse and run him off himself and got that Crow outfit to leave early in the morning, so you'd think they had taken him; and when you thought so he made the race. He kept the horse over in Sour Apple's village until the race day, when he painted out his marks, clipped his tail, so he would look like Tegante, and won. He nearly ruined that soldier and me. I was a year and over, getting straightened out. An Indian is a low-down, mean beggar. No trusting him. And by the way, Colonel, nothing about

that brother-in-law business, you know. My wife is kind of uppish. Her father was a governor, and she mightn't like it."

ANOTHER REPORT OF THE CUSTER FIGHT

GEN. E. A. GARLINGTON, THEN ADJUTANT 7TH U. S. CAVALRY

Early on the morning of June 25 the hostile camp was located by the scouts in the valley of the Little Big Horn. It was Custer's intention to remain concealed until night and then make plans to attack the Indian village at dawn on the 26th, but shortly after halting he received information which assured him that his presence was known to the hostiles.

To prevent their escape he determined to march at once to the attack.

Custer divided his regiment into three squadrons — one, of five troops, he commanded himself, the other two, of three troops each, were commanded by Majors Reno and Benteen, respectively.

Reno had the advance, and was ordered "to move forward at as rapid a gait as he thought prudent, charge the village, and the whole outfit would support him." He directed Benteen to move off to the left and south until he could see the valley of the Little Big Horn, to attack anything he found, and to send him word.

When about three-quarters of a mile from the Little Big Horn, Custer swung off the trail to his right, evidently intending to support Reno's attack by striking the Indians in flank.

It was now about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Reno moved forward and crossed the river without molestation, delaying 20 minutes to water his horses. He continued his advance down the valley, under a desultory fire for two miles, when he was brought to a stand by a large mounted force of Indians. Instead of charging as ordered, he dismounted his squadron to fight on foot. The left was held by the Ree scouts, who fled at the first real attack; the line, thus uncovered, fell back to the timber. This position was well protected. Up to this period one man had been wounded.

The second position was probably held 20 minutes, when Reno ordered the squadron to "mount and get to the hills." As soon as the retreat commenced the Indians swarmed around the right flank and forced the column toward the river. The ford over which Reno came could not be reached, but a pony trail was found, crossing about a mile and a half below and leading up a narrow ravine to the bluffs on the right bank of the river. The banks were precipitous and the outlet narrow, but under the impulse of showering lead the ascent was made and the high bluff gained. In this retreat two officers, 28 enlisted men and one scout were killed, seven enlisted men wounded and one officer (Lieut. De Rudio) and 18 enlisted men and scouts missing.

As nearly as the time can be fixed it was now about 2 o'clock. Benteen was unable to execute his orders, by reason of the broken country, and was

forced back to the trail of the main column. Soon after reaching the trail a trumpeter from Custer's squadron delivered to him the following dispatch: "Benteen, come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring packs. Sgd. Cooke. P. S. Bring packs." He took the gallop and reached Reno on the bluffs about half-past 2 o'clock. Very soon after Benteen's arrival the Indians withdrew from the attack. A large number of mounted warriors were seen in the valley and suddenly all of them moved down the stream. From the most authentic information received from Indians who were present at the memorable struggle it appears that Custer, after leaving Reno's trail, followed down the general course of the river, but behind the bluffs, for about five miles, evidently looking for a favorable outlet in the hills through which he could strike the village.

By the time he reached his farthest point, Reno had been driven to the bluffs and his own presence was discovered. The Indians evidently thought Reno's squadron, after reaching the high ground, had left a detachment of observation there and had gone down the river under cover of the bluffs and formed a junction with Custer's column, for all authorities seem to agree that no considerable force remained in front of Reno after about 3 o'clock. It was near this hour when Custer was discovered.

Three thousand warriors, armed with magazine rifles, gathered in the ravines and coulees and burst upon Custer's intrepid band.

Of course, it was but a question of time. Encumbered with the led horses, provided with an inferior arm, the Indians not only 12 to one, but each of these 12 firing at close quarters 5 shots to every soldier's one, the end was soon reached. At 5 o'clock Reno made an effort to join Custer, but it was too late.

The warriors were free to drive Reno back to his former position and to besiege him with vigor until darkness shrouded the bloody scene. But it brought short rest for the command. New dispositions were made. The wounded were made as comfortable as possible. Every available man with such instrument as he could find was put to digging holes or rude intrenchments. In the direction of the Indian village the horizon was aglow with reflected light.

With the dawn of day came the whirr of bullets, and all day the 26th the Indians vainly sought to dislodge the troops. At 7 o'clock that evening they gave up the attack and moved off toward the Big Horn Mountains.

On the morning of the 27th Gen. Terry, with Gibbon's column, arrived on the battlefield and discovered Custer's fate.

The scene of the fight was visited the next day, and it presented a most heartrending spectacle. The bodies of the dead were horribly mutilated, except that of Gen. Custer.

The dead were found by troops, with little piles of empty cartridge shells beside each man—mute testimony of the cohesion and discipline which existed in the brave band until the end. Near Custer lay his two brothers, his nephew and his Adjutant.

Custer took into the fight 11 officers and 191 enlisted men—all were

killed. The officers were: Lieut.-Col. Geo. A. Custer; Capt. Myles W. Keogh, commanding Troop I; Capt. Geo. W. Yates, commanding Troop C; First Lieut. Wm. W. Cooke, Regimental Adjutant; First Lieut. Algernon E. Smith, commanding Troop E; First Lieut. Jas E. Porter, with Troop I; Second Lieut. Henry M. Harrington, with Troop C; Second Lieut. Jas. G. Sturgis, with Troop E; Second Lieut. Wm. Van W. Reilly, with Troop F.

The following accompanied the command and were killed with Custer: Second Lieut. John G. Crittenden, 20th Inf., attached to Troop L; Acting Asst. Surgeon J. M. De Wolf; Mr. Boston Custer and Mr. Artie Read, civilians, brother and nephew of Gen. Custer; Scout Charley Reynolds and Curley, a negro.

With Reno two officers of the 7th Cavalry were killed—First Lieut. Donald McIntosh, commanding Troop G; Second Lieut. Benj. H. Hodgson, Squadron Adjutant, and 46 enlisted men. Those attached to the command and killed were Acting Asst. Surgeon G. E. Lord, and Scout Bloody Knife, a Ree Indian. Forty-four enlisted men were wounded.

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